XXXIIC.25

I

142 FinsR FolkReviser. pianoforte arranged by Fritz Arlberg
3 SvensR " " " " " "
4567 " " " " " " "
8 FinsR " " " " " "
9 NorsR " " " " " "
10+11 NorsR " " " " " "
12 SRotsR " " " " " "
13 SvensR " " " " " "
14 IrsR " " " " " "
15 SRotsR " " " " " "

II

2 Sonetto di Dante Alighiere " Hans de Bulow
3 The Sun rises bright in France " " " "
4 To mary in Heaven " " " "
4a The snow White Rose " " " "
5 Le Point dei Jour " music by Henry Clay
6 The Shades of Evening close around " " " "
7 She wandered down the mountain side " " " "
8 Thee English Ballads by Gerard F. Cobb
9 The Heart Ever faithful, Set of 4 songs. 1 There is my heart. 2 Why did you come
3 The last Farewell, 4 Constancy
10. Sonato duo for Piano & soprano by Charles Fowler
10a Six songs music by Otto Goldschmidt. 1 wood song. 2 greeting the Evening
3 To me thy love is like the spring 4 The love charm 5. Hark how still.
6 The spring spell
11 Wilt thou change too? by Ethel Harraden
12 I go prove my soul " " "
13 Six songs by Ann S. Bartholomew
14 glückliche Stunden bei H. S. Oakeley
15 Old Bellgate by Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley
16 Six songs by Sir " " " "
17 songs of the Silent Land by George Russell
18 Friendship " " "
19 Twelve English Bass Songs arranged by Alfred Roffe
20 The touching Pathos by Charles Salaman
21 Heart to Heart " " "

BOUND BY R. S. BUFFERY
22, MORTIMER STREET, W.

XXXII-C-25

I
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BOUN
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XXXII. d. 25.
1 – 25

FOLKEVISER

MED

PIANO

arrangerede

af

FRITZ ÆRLBERG

Op. 9

1. Fjärran han dröjer (Finsk)
2. Hvadan kom du (do.)
3. Alls ingen flicka (Svensk)
4. Å när ja kommer hem (do.)
5. Du har sörjit (Svensk)
6. Och jungfrun gick til källan (do.)
7. Om dagen inrätt arbete (Svensk)
8. Vacker är min hjertanskär (Finsk)
8bis Vacker är min hjertanskär (Finsk)
9. Jeg lo og jeg spøgte (Norsk)
10. Å Ola, Ola min egjen Unagje (Norsk)
11. Ola Glomstulen (Norsk)
12. Den bittra dag (Skotsk)
13. När jag var ett litet barn (Svensk)
14. Der ligger i Kvalsolens Flamme (Irsk)
15. Jeg ved ej selv hvor det er fat (Skotsk)

Forlæggerens Eiendom.

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Elkan & Schildknecht.

KJÖBENHAVN.
Wilh. Hansen.

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Nº1. FINSK FOLKEVISE.

F. Arlberg, Op.9a.

SANG.

PIANO.

1. Fjär - ran han drö - jer från
2. Sä - kert der fin - nas de
3. O kom till - ba - ka till

1. grön - skan - de da - lar, bor - ta i kon - un - gens gyl - le - ne sa - lar;
2. fa - gra - ste tär - nor; glöm - mer du mig för de strå - lan - de stjer - nor?
3. grön - skan - de da - len an - nars för - gås jag af tä - ran - de qva - len;

1. ack, lil - la fo - ge - len, ack, lil - la hjer - ta - vän, kom - mer du ej snart,
2. ack, lil - la fo - ge - len, ack, lil - la hjer - ta - vän, kom - mer du ej snart,
3. ack, lil - la fo - ge - len, ack, lil - la hjer - ta - vän, kom - mer du ej snart,

1. kommer du ej snart!
2. kommer du ej snart!
3. kommer du ej snart!

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Nº2. FINSK FOLKEVISE.

1. Hva - dan kom du, hva - dan kom du, kä - ra - ste gos - se min?
2. Hvad var det väl der du gjor - de, kä - ra - ste gos - se min?
3. Hvar - för är din fot så blo - dig, kä - ra - ste gos - se min?
4. Hvar - för är ditt svärd så blo - digt, kä - ra - ste gos - se min?

p

il basso sempre legato.

1. hva - dan kom du, hva - dan kom du, kä - ra - ste gos - se min?
2. hvad var det väl der du gjor - de, kä - ra - ste gos - se min?
3. hvar - för är din fot så blo - dig, kä - ra - ste gos - se min?
4. hvar - för är ditt svärd så blo - digt, kä - ra - ste gos - se min?

1. i - från hafs - stran - den, i - från hafs - stran - den, kä - ra - ste mo - der min,
2. vatt - nat haf - ver jag mi - na hä - star, kä - ra - ste mo - der min,
3. hä - sten tram - pa - de mig med järn - sko, kä - ra - ste mo - der min,
4. dö - dat haf - ver jag e - gen bro - der, kä - ra - ste mo - der min,

1. i - från hafs - stran - den, i - från hafs - stran - den, kä - ra - ste mo - der min.
2. vatt - nat haf - ver jag mi - na hä - star, kä - ra - ste mo - der min.
3. hä - sten tram - pa - de mig med järn - sko, kä - ra - ste mo - der min.
4. dö - dat haf - ver jag e - gen bro - der, kä - ra - ste mo - der min.

f *p* *pp*

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XXXII. C. 25.
1 — 25

FOLKEVISER

MED

PIANO

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af

FRITZ ÅRLBERG

Op. 9

1. Fjärran han dröjer (Finsk)
2. Hvadan kom du (do.)
3. Alls ingen flicka (Svensk)
4. Å när ja kommer hem (do.)
5. Du har sörjit (Svensk)
6. Och jungfrun gick til källan (do.)
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.
16.

Forleggerens Eiendom.

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C.C. Lose. (Fr. Borchorst)

Nº 3. SVENSK FOLKEVISE.

F. Arlberg, Op 9. b

p

Alls in-gen flic-ka la-star ja, der-till ä ja för

rall.

p

mf *dim.*

rin-ga; men nog vet ja hvem ja vill ha, som hjer-tat mån-de tvin-ga. När

mf *dim.*

mf

cresc. *f* *dim.* *p*

ho i-bland de an-dra står lik-som e ros bland lil-jor små ja glömmer all-ri hen-ne.

p *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *p* *rall.*

p

Ja, en-sam lef-ve den som vill, men ja ska ha mi lil-la Ka-ri, ho ä mej kär, ho

cresc. *p* *mf*

mf

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cresc. f

hör mej till, ja dä ska bli som dä ha va - ri. Å herrgårds Per han ska få si att

cresc.

dim. p

ho ä mi å ska så bli tills ble - ka dö - den oss skil - jer.

f m.d. dim. p rall. pp dim.

Nº 4. SVENSK FOLKEVISE.

Ej för fort.

mf

Å när ja kommer hem te mi lil - la - de An - na då

mf pp rit. mf p mf p mf

ska ho få e salm - bok å han - skar der - te; sjung hopp - fal - le - ral - la - - la, sjung

p

f *pp* *rit.*

hopp_fal_le_ral_la_ _la, ja salm_bok å han_skar, om pen_ga räe_ker te.

mf *f* *pp* *rit.*

Poco piu lento.

p

Å när ja står för pre_sten mä

rit.

p *f* *p*

pp

lil_ _la_de An_na då ska ho få en ring, som dä ski_ner ut_å; sjung

p

mf *p*

hopp_fal_le_ral_la_ _la, sjung hopp_fal_le_ral_la_ _la, då ska ho få en

pp *p*

Tempo I°

ring, som dä ski - ner ut - å.

Å

fp

f rall.

Ped. *

när ja går i dan - sen mä - fil - la - de An - na då tar ja na i fam - men, för

p

mf

då så ä ho mi; sjung hopp-fal - le - ral - la - - la, sjung hopp-fal - le - ral - la - - la, då

p

mf

rit.

f

tar ja na i fam - men, för då så ä ho mi!

a tempo.

pp

rit.

f

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Op. 9

Forlæggerens Eiendom.

1. Fjärran han dröjer (Finsk)
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7. Om dagen i mitt arbete (Svensk)
8. Vacker är min hjertanskär (Finsk)
8 bis Vacker är min hjertanskar (Finsk)
9. Jeg lo og jeg spögte (Norsk)
10. Å, Ola, Ola, min egjen Ungje (Norsk)
11. Ola Glomstulen (Norsk)
12. Den bittra dag (Skotsk)
13. När jag var ett litet barn (Svensk)
14. Der ligger i Kvælsolens Flamme (Irsk)
15. Jeg ved ej selv hvor det er fat (Skotsk)

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Nº 5. SVENSK FOLKEVISE.

F. Arlberg, Op 9. c

Du har sör - jit nu i - gen, du har grå - tit, lil - la vän, ef - ter den du ej kan få, ef - ter den du sör - ja

må. Nej, det är vist dagg du ser i - från löfven fal - la ner: när som löf - vet viss - nadt är fal - ler ej dag - gen

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mer; när som löf_vet viss_nadt är fal_ler ej dag_gen mer.

№ 6. SVENSK FOLKEVISE.

Och jung_frun gick till käl_lan, hon skul_le hem_ta vann; der stod en li_ten has_sel_gren, han var så myc_ket grann. Och

hör du li - ten has - sel - gren, hvar - för är du så grann? jag ä - ter jord, jag

br.

pp

dric - ker vann, der - för är jag så grann. Och

br.

p

mf

Ped. *

hör du li - ten jung - - fru, hvar - för är du så fin? jag ä - ter soc - ker,

p grazioso.

dric - ker vin, der - för är jag så fin. Och hör du li - ten

mf

loco.

8

dim. rit.

mf

a tempo.

p *mf*

has_ _sel_gren, för_ _små ej mi_na ord: jag har två brö_der på

f *p* *mf* *f*

kun_ _gens gård, de hug_ _ga dig i rot. De

p *p*

långsammare.

hug_ga mig om vin_te_ren, om som_marn står jag grön; men viss_nar jung_fruns

f *f*

ro_senkind, den blom_mar ej i_gen, den blom_mar ej i_ _gen.

p *rit.* *p* *rit.* *pp* Ped. *

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FOLKEVISER

MED

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FRITZ ARLBERG

1. Fjärran han dröjer (Finsk)
2. Hvadan kom du (do.)
3. Alls ingen flicka (Svensk)
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6. Och jungfrun gick til källan (do.)
7. Om dagen i mitt arbete (Svensk)
8. Vacker är min hjertanskär (Finsk)
8bis Vacker är min hjertanskar (Finsk)
9. Jeg lo og jeg spögte (Norsk)
10. Å, Ola, Ola, min egjen Ungje (Norsk)
11. Ola Glomstulen (Norsk)

Op. 9

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№ 7. SVENSK FOLKEVISE.

F. Arlberg. Op. 9. d.

Om da - gen vid mitt

ar - be - te är du u - ti mitt sinn, om nat - ten när jag sof - ver är

du i drömmen min; om mor - gon när jag vak - nar, hvem sak - nar jag väl

då? jag sak - nar lil - la vän - nen, som är långt här - i - - frå.

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Nº 8. FINSK FOLKEVISE.

♩.= 112

delicatissimo.

pp

poco rit.

Vac_ _ker är min hjer_ _tans_kär och rö_ _da läp_ _par har hon,

vac_ker är min hjer_ _tans_kär och rö_ _da läp_ _par har hon, ö_ _gon blå och kind så skär och

gyll - - - ne loc - kar har hon, ö gon blå och

kind så skär och gyll - - - ne loc - kar har hon.

Sörj ej, vac - kra vän - - - nen min, fast

poco rit.

jag får tje - - na an - - - dra, sörj ej, vac - - kra

vän - - - nen min, fast jag får tje - na an - - - dra;

cresc.

f

vän - - tar du med tro - get sinn så få vi nog hvar - -

fp

dim.

an - - - dra, vän - - tar du med tro - get sinn så

få vi nog hvar - - an - - - dra.

p

mf

pp

ppp

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FRITZ ARLBERG

Op. 9

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2. Hvadan kom du (do.)
5. Du har sörjit (Svensk)
6. Och jungfrun gick til källan (do.)
8. Vacker är min hjertanskär (Finsk)
9. Jeg lo og jeg spögte (Norsk)

3. Alls ingen flicka (Svensk)
4. Når jeg kommer hem (do.)
7. Om dagen i mitt arbete (Svensk)
8. Vacker är min hjertanskär (Finsk)
10. Å Ola, Ola, min egjen Unge (Norsk)
11. Ola Glomstulen (Norsk)

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Nº 8 bis. FINSK FOLKEVISE.

F. Arlberg, Op. 9. c.

sempre legato. *poco rit.*

p *dim.*

Vac - ker är min hjer - tans - kär och rö - da läp - par har hon, vac - ker är min hjer - tans - kär och rö - da läp - par har hon; ö - gon blå och kind så skär och gyll - ne loc - kar har hon,

ö - gon blå och kind så skär och gyll - ne loc - kar har hon.

poco rit.

K.W. 265

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Sörj ej, vae - kra vän - nen min, fast jag får tje - na an- - dra, sörj ej, vae - kra

vän - nen min, fast jag får tje - na an- - dra; vän - tar du med tro - get sinn så

cresc. *f* *fp*

få vi nog hvar - an- - dra, vän - tar du med tro - get sinn så få vi nog hvar -

an - dra.

mf *pp* *ppp*

Nº 9. NORSK FOLKEVISE.

(Teksten af senere Haand.)

1. Jeg lo og jeg
2. Men saa blev de

p sempre legato. *rit.* *p*

1. spög - te naar Gut - ter - ne suk - ked, jeg lo og jeg spög - te naar
2. bor - te og kom ei til - ba - ge, men saa blev de bor - te og

1. Gut - ter - ne suk - ked; for Kjær - lig - heds Kla - ger mit Hjer - te jeg
2. kom ei til - ba - ge; og da var det mig, som fik suk - ke og

ri - tar - dan - do.

1. luk - ked, for Kjær - lig heds Kla - ger mit Hjer - te jeg luk - ked.
2. kla - ge, og da var det mig, som fik suk - ke og kla - ge.

ri - tar - dan - do.

1. 2.

Thi leer ej og spö - ger med Gut - ter - nes

mf *f* *rit.* *p*

Hjer - te, thi leer ei og spö - ger med Gut - ter - nes Hjer - te: den Leg plei - er

ri - tar - dan - do.

en - de med Suk og med Smer - te, den Leg plei - er en - de med Suk og med

Smer - te.

mf rit. a tempo. *p* *pp*

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FOLKEVISER

MED

PIANO

arrangerede

af

FRITZ ARLBERG

Op. 9

1. Fjärran han dröjer (Finsk)
2. Hvadan kom du (do.)
3. Alls ingen flicka (Svensk)
4. A när ja kommer hem (do.)
5. Du har sörjit (Svensk)
6. Oehjungfrun gick til källan (do.)
7. Om dagen i mitt arbete (Svensk)
8. Vacker är min hjertanskär (Finsk)
8bis Vackert är min hjertanskär (Finsk)
9. Jeg lo og jeg spøgte (Norsk)
10. Å Ola, Ola min egjen Unge (Norsk)
11. Ola Glomstulen (Norsk)

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№ 10. NORSK FOLKEVISE.

F. Arlberg. Op. 9. f

Tempo rubato.

sempre legato.

p

Å O_ _la,

sempre colla parte.

O_la! min e_gjen Un_gje, kvi la' du på meg den Sorg så tun_ge? Eg trud_de al_dri du bryld' deg

om å nar_re meg som du såg var ung, å nar_re meg som du såg var ung.

Ja mang ei Tår på mi Kinn har

E. W. 269

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run - ni, eg tenk - te Vi - te det had - de sprungji; å eg har grå - ti så mang ei Tår som der er

mf *p*

Da - gar i tu - sen År, som der er Da - gar i tu - sen År.

p

Ja Kjær - leg - hei - ta ho kan be - drö - ve; dei veit det

in - kje för dei få prö - ve! ja Kjær - leg - hei - ta ho er så heit, ho svi - der så - rar' enn no koa

rall. *f*

veit, ho svi - der så - rar' enn no - kon veit.

fp *fp* Ped. *

Å O - la, O - la! min e - gjen Un - gje, kvi la' du på meg den Sorg så

tun - ge? Eg trud - de al - dri du brydd deg om å nar - re meg som du såg var ung, å nar - re

rall.

meg som du såg var ung.

pp

Nº 11. NORSK FOLKEVISE.

1. O - la Glom - stu - len had - de ei
Glom - stu - len had - de ei
Glom - stu - len had - de så

1. ga - mall grå Geit, O - la Glom - stu - len had - de ei ga - mall grå Geit. Å kjæ - re mi
2. halv Skjæppe Malt, O - la Glom - stu - len had - de ei halv Skjæppe Malt. Å kjæ - re mi
3. lang ei Bru - fær, O - la Glom - stu - len had - de så lang ei Bru - fær. Ho nåd - de frå

1. Ka - ri, gjer Pöl - sa væl feit! For i Mor - gon ska O - la Glom - stu - len gif - te seg.
2. Ka - ri, du bryg - ger væl Alt? For i Mor - gon ska O - la Glom - stu - len gif - te seg.
3. So - lum te Grå - ten hjå Blehr. For i Mor - gon ska O - la Glom - stu - len gif - te seg.

2. O - la
3. O - la

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FOLKEVISER

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af

FRITZ ÅRLBERG

Op. 9

1. Fjärran han dröjer (Finsk)
2. Hvadan kom du (do.)
5. Du har sörjit (Svensk)
6. Och jungfrun gick til källan (do.)
8 bis Vacker är min hjertanskar (Finsk)
9. Jeg lo og jeg spögte (Norsk)
12. Den bittra dag (Skotsk)
13. När jag var ett litet barn (Svensk)

3. Alls ingen flicka (Svensk)
4. Å när ja kommer hem (do.)
7. Om dagen inätt arbete (Svensk)
8. Vacker är min hjertanskär (Finsk)
10. Å Ola, Ola min egjen Ungje (Norsk)
11. Ola Glomstulen (Norsk)

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C. C. Lose (Fr. Borchorst)

Nº12. SKOTSK FOLKEVISE.

F. Arlberg. Op: 9. g.

mf

Den bitt - ra dag på

mf sempre legato.

p

Che - vys mark jag hel - gar sän - gens gärd, der Doug - las föll, så

ung och stark, för o - väns löm - ska svärd.

p

O

Mor - vens land, in - vid hans bår hur mån - gen suck du göt!

ej

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stäm - de dock din stri - da tår det dy - ra blod som flöt.

f

f

Men hjel - tens namn och stol - ta fall kan trot - sa glöm - skans

makt: till o - född slägt det klin - ga skall i sån - gens trog - - na

vakt.

Ped. *

Nº13. SVENSK FOLKEVISE.

♪ = 80.

När jag var ett li - tet barn be -
graf - de de min mor, in - te var jag gammal när de jor - da - de min far:
hvad skul - le jag in - te sör - - - ja!
All - dra - mest så sör - jer jag den vän jag gaf min tro; långt är him - me -

p *mf* m. s. m. s.

len från jord, långt gick han från sitt ord: hvad skul - le jag in - te sör - -

ja! m. s. m. s. Li - ten få - gel qvitt - rar up - på ro - sen - de -

f *p*

qvist, sor - ge - li - ga sjun - ger den som vän - nen sin har mist: hvad skul - le

jag in - te sör - - - ja!

pp *dim.* *ppp*

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FRITZ ARLBERG

Op. 9

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3. Alls ingen flicka (Svensk)
4. Å när ja kommer hem (do.)
7. Om dagen i mitt arbete (Svensk)
8. Vacker är min hjertanskär (Finsk)
10. Å Ola, Ola min egjen Ungje (Norsk)
11. Ola Glomstulen (Norsk)
14. Der ligger i Kvælsolens Flamme (Irsk)
15. Jeg vet ej selv hvor det er fat (Skotsk)

Forlæggerens Eiendom.

CHRISTIANIA
C. Warmuths Musikforlag
Dépôt for nordisk Musikliteratur.

STOCKHOLM,
Elkan & Schildknecht.

KJÖBENHAVN,
C. C. Lose (Fr. Borchorst)

Nº 14. IRSK FOLKEVISE.

f *dimi - nu - en - do.* *pp*

Der lig - ger i Kvæl - so - lens Flam - - me mit fa - - gre Hjem for min
Der lig - ger i qväll - so - lens lå - - gor mitt fa - - gra hem för min

Tod, og Kjær - net og Bjer - ke - nes Stam - - me, Alt er, som da jeg det for -
blick och lun - den och bäc - kens vä - - gor, allt är som när bort jag

lod. Blot jeg er ej mer den sam - - me thi hun, ak, thi hun er der
gick. Men få - fängt mitt ö - - ga sö - - ker de mil - da, de äl - ska - de

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ej—
drag—

Alt vaa - res og blomstrer og syn - - - ger, blot ik - ke hun og
all blom - strar och jub - lar och sjun - - - ger, blott ic - ke hon och

jeg.
jag.

Ja,
Ja,

f

di - minuen - - do.

pp

tom er den kjend - te Stu - - e, hvor tidt vi sam - le - des før, og
tom är den kä - - ra hyd - da, der of - ta vi möt - - tes förr, och

sluk - ket er Ar - nens Lu - - - e og luk - ket den løv - krand - ste Dør. Nu
vän - nen från ti - - der flyd - - - da hon öpp - nar ej mer sin dörr. Nu

ej _ _er jeg kun den Tu _ _ _e, som gjem_mer dig e _vig for
spi _ _rar det gräs öf _ver torf _ _ _van, som göm_mer de äl _ska _de

mig— Alt vaa _ _res og blom_strer og syn _ _ _ger, blot
drag— allt blom _strar och jub _lar och sjun _ _ _ger, blott

ik _ _ke du og jeg. (L. Dietrichson.)
ik _ _ke hon och jag.

f

p

pp

ppp

Nº 15. SKOTSK FOLKEVISE.

1. Jeg ved ej selv hvor det er fat, jeg
2. Nei al - drig me - re blir jeg glad i -
1. Jag vet ej sjelf hur det är fatt, jag
2. Nej al - drig blir jag glad och nöjd får

1. tæn - ker blot paa Guld - bar - net, ly - sen Dag og mør - ken Nat jeg drømmer blot om Guld - bar - net.
2. fald jeg ei faar Guld - bar - net, Guld og Glands og Vin og Mad ei lok - ke mig fra Guld - bar - net.
1. tän - ker jemt på hjert - un - gen; lju - san dag och mör - kan natt jag drömmer blott om hjert - un - gen.
2. jag ej lil - la hjert - un - gen; guld och glans och ä - rans höjd ej loc - ka mig från hjert - un - gen.

1. Tan - ken hos Guld - bar - net; Drømmen om Guld - bar - net; al min Fryd, min bed - ste Skat
2. Hyt - ten med Guld - bar - net; Gra - ven med Guld - bar - net; Lyst og Nød og Graad og Kvad,
1. Tan - ken hos hjert - un - gen, dröm - men om hjert - un - gen; all min fröjd, min hög - sta skatt
2. Hyd - dan med hjert - un - gen, graf - ven med hjert - un - gen; lif - vets mö - da, lif - vets fröjd,

cresc.

1. det er lil - le Guld - bar - net.
2. Alt med lil - le Guld - bar - net!
1. det är lil - la hjert - un - gen.
2. allt med lil - la hjert - un - gen!

SANG-MUSIK

udkommen paa Carl Warmuths Musikforlag i Christiania.

Bemærk: Ordre paa nedenstaaende, for hvilke Beløbet indsendes, effektueres direkte og franko til Bestilleren.

Arlberg, Fritz. Folkeviser med Piano.
Nr. 1. Fjerran han drõjer. (Finsk) } • Kr. 50 Øre
- 2. Hvadan kom du. (Finsk) }
- 3. Alls ingen flicka. (Svensk) } • - 50 -
- 4. Å när jag kommer hem. (Svensk) }
- 5. Du har sörjit. (Svensk) } • - 75 -
- 6. Och jungfrun gick till källan. (Svensk) }
- 7. Om dagen i mit arbete. (Svensk) } • - 75 -
- 8. Vacker är min hjertenskär. (Finsk) }
- 8bis. Vacker är min hjertenskär (Finsk) (lettere arrang) } • - 75 -
- 9. Jeg lo og jeg spøgte. (Norsk) }
- 10. Å Ola, Ola min egen Ungje. (Norsk) } • - 75 -
- 11. Ola Glomstulen. (Norsk) }
- 12. Den bittre Dag. (Skotsk) } • - 75 -
- 13. Når jag var ett litet barn (Svensk) }
- 14. Der ligger i Kvældrødens Flamme (Irsk) } • - 75 -
- 15. Jeg ved oj selv hvor det er fat (Skotsk) }

Bergwitz-Goffeng. 5 Sange Arne. Nøkken Synnøve. Fuglen i Buret Hvor tindrer nu min Stjerne. . . . • - 80 -
7 Sange. Aftenhvile Aftensang. Af en glad Gut. En Sommerdag Serenade. Ørneungen Morgenbøn 1 - 20 -
5 Sange Jeg undres paa. Det var hin Kongesøn. Liden Gunver. Lær mig Stille Nat . . . . . 1 - • -

Borg, Ossar. Op. 1. Roserne . . . . . • - 50 -
Op. 2. 3 Sange. Sångarens hem. Gjeter Jenten Under en Gran 1 - • -

Bugge, Magda. Op. 5. 4 Sange. Med en Vandlilie. Søndag. Gjeter Jenten. Under en Gran . . . . . 1 - • -
Op. 6. 3 Sange med norsk og tydsk Text. Naar i Sommeraftenroden. Mai Sang. Hjemve . . . . . 1 - • -

Cappelen. Op. 2. 3 Sange. Serenade. Aftenstemning. Oscarshal . . . . . • - 75 -

Collan. Rose-Marie } Favorit Sange . . . . . • - 50 -
Du är min ro } . . . . . • - 50 -

Conradi. Gudbrandsdølerne. Klaver Udtog . . . . . 2 - 40 -

Cormontan, Theodora. Op. 2. 4 Sange. Hvad jeg elsker. Aftenklokken Margarethes Vuggesang. Ønsker . . 1 - • -
Op. 3. 3 Sange. Aftendæmring. Landskab. Ved Rokken 1 - • -
Tre religiøse Sange for Sopran & Alt. Duetter. Dyb Sne Guds Miskundhed. Jesusnavnet . . . . . 1 - • -

Dahl, Emma, Op. 10. 5 Sange. Naar du vil paa Fjeldsti. Glæde over Hjemmet. Smaabørns Sang. Hjemmefærdsdag. En glad Gut . . . . . 1 - • -
Op. 11. 4 Sange. Soen. De to Haner. Bukken og Grisen. Hundehvalpen . . . . . 1 - • -
La séparation. (Farvel) fransk og norsk Text . . . . . • - 50 -
The dream of home. Heimathstraum (Drøm om Hjemmet (engelsk, tydsk og norsk Text) . . . . . • - 75 -

Egeberg, Frederikke. 3 norske Sange. Buesnoren. Fjeldplanten Til min Gyldenlak . . . . . 1 - 20 -
Digte af Wergeland . . . . . 1 - 50 -
Tre Julesange . . . . . 1 - • -
3 Sange af Bjørnsons Arne. Træet. Marits Bøn. Killebukken • - 80 -
Lyksalig Pintse. 3 Sange . . . . . 1 - • -
Kirkesange af Grundtvig, Kingo og Oldenburg . . . . . 1 - • -
4 religiøse Sange . . . . . 1 - 60 -

Floessel. I en tung Stund. (Bjørnson) . . . . . • - 50 -

Grimstad, Lauritz. 3 Sange. Taksigelse. Spinnerskens Bølge mod Kyst . . . . . 1 - 50 -

Grøndahl. Ung Magnus f. M. S. eller Baryton . . . . . • - 50 -

Harris, Adèle. 3 Sange. Stille. Sangens Væld. Agnes min dejlige Sommerfugl . . . . . 1 - • -
To aandelige Sange . . . . . • - 50 -

Kjerulf, Halfd. 8 Romancer og Sange.
Elvelobet. Buesnoren. Alfernes Hvisken. Paa Fjeldet. En Vaarnat. Syng, Syng. Aly og Gulhundy. Og vil du være Vennen min. (4de Oplag) . . . . . 2 - • -
To Sange. Nøkken. Min Skat. (3die Oplag) . . . . . • - 75 -
Brudefærden i Hardanger . . . . . • - 40 -

Klewe, A. Herrens Bøn (Fader vor) . . . . . • - 50 -
To Sange. Ungbirken. Morgenstemning . . . . . • - 75 -
Til Aftonstjernan. Digt af Ø . . . . . • - 50 -

Kücken. Mit hjerta hvad är kärlek . . . . . • - 50 -
Maurisk Serenade . . . . . • - 50 -
Die Auserwählte . . . . . • - 40 -

Lasson, Bredo. Op. 1. Fire Sange. Alfernes Hvisken. Afsked Den hvide rede Rose. Lokkende Toner . . . . . 1 - 20 -
Op. 2. Fem Sange. Serenade. Ak nej hun nævnes aldrig mer. O var du i den kolde Bæst Længsel. Vesle Gut 1 - 20 -

Lehmann. 3 Sange . . . . . • - 75 -

Lund, Emilius. Det døende Barn. (Das sterbende Kind) H. C. Andersen . . . . . • - 75 -

Min Hustru vil ha roligt. To Kupletter . . . . . • - 50 -

Min Rose i Skoven. Favoritsang . . . . . • Kr. 25 Øre
Munch, Nathalia. Kilden. Ma vocation i Skoven. . . . . • - 75
Nordraak, Rik. Op. 1. 6 Romancer og Sange. Jeg har sagt. Ingrid Sletten. Holder Du af mig? Liden Gunver. Over de høje Fjelde. Nu tak for Alt. (3die Oplag) 1 - 20 -
5 norske Sange. Træet. Tonen. Solveje. En underlig Vise. Killebukken . . . . . • - 67 -
Kaares Sang af Sigurd Slembe. (Bass) . . . . . • - 80 -
Taylors Sang af „Marie Stuart" . . . . . 1 - 60 -
Aftenstemning . . . . . • - 25 -
Fædrelandssang (Ja vi elske) . . . . . • - 25 -
Om dagen i mitt arbete. Svensk Folkevise (med Christine Nilsons Portrait) . . . . . • - 25 -
Reiss. To Sange af Fiskerjenten . . . . . • - 75 -
Reissiger. 20 Børnesange. I Samling . . . . . 1 - • -
20 Børnesange. II Samling . . . . . 1 - • -
Sømandskonens Vuggevise . . . . . • - 50 -
Til Sæters. Idyl. Klaver Udtog . . . . . 2 - • -
Ægtemandens Repræsentant. Vaudeville . . . . . 2 - • -
Rung, Fred. To russiske Folkeviser . . . . . 1 - • -
Schytte, Caroline. 4 Sange . . . . . 1 - • -
Sperati. Anna Colbjørnsdatter. Udtog med Sange . . . . . 1 - • -
S. D. To Sange. Draaben Naar Solen gaar til Hvile . . . . • - 50 -
Teilmann, Chr. Zigeunerflickan . . . . . • - 50 -
Serenade for Tenor-Baryton . . . . . • - 75 -
Thrane, W. To Sange af Fjeld-Eventyret . . . . . • - 50 -
Udbye, M. A. En Sangers Bøn. Duet for 2 Stemmer . . . . • - 50 -
Margarethes Romance af Operaen „Fredkulla" . . . . . • - 40 -
Warmuth, Carl jun. Op. 1. 4 Sange. Aftenhvile. Ved Nattetid. En Vinterdag. Hvad fattes mig? (3die Oplag) 1 - • -
Op. 2. Jag älskar Dig! for Tenor eller Sopran (2det Oplag) • - 50 -
Op. 2. Jag älskar Dig! for Mezzo, Sopran eller Baryton. (2det Oplag) . . . . . • - 50 -
Ich liebe Dich (oversat fra det svenske). Udgave for Sopran eller Alt . . . . . à • - 50 -
Winter-Hjelm, Otto. Valse Etude (Rask for Tiden) Separataftryk af Sangstudierne . . . . . 1 - • -

Sangstudier og Øvelser.

Masset. Sang Øvelser . . . . . • - 50 -
12 Vocaliser for Sopran. (Benyttes ved Sangundervisningen af de første Lærere og ved alle Conservatorier i Udlandet) 4 - • -
Panofka. Op. 85. 24 Vocaliser for alle Stemmer, undtagen Bas 4 - • -
Op. 81. (Fortsættelse af op. 85). 24 Vocaliser for Sopran Mezzo Sopran eller Tenor . . . . . 4 - • -
Op. 81. Vocaliser for Alt eller Bas, Baryton . . . . . 3 - • -
Winter-Hjelm. 12 Sangstudier med Text . . . . . 3 - • -
Koppang. 164 Toniske og rytmiske Øvelser til Brug ved Nodeundervisning i Skoler og Sangforeninger . . . . . • - 40 -

Flerstemmige Sange
med og uden Piano.

Arlberg, Fritz. 3 svenske Folkeviser for Sopran, Alt, Tenor, Baryton og Bas . . . . . • - 75 -
Becker, Svärmeri for 4 Mandsstemmer eller 4 Damestemmer • - 40 -
Grieg, Edv. To Sange for 4 Mandsstemmer. „Aftenstemning. Bjørneskytten . . . . . • - 40 -
Haslerud. Ivar Aasens „Symra" for Sopran, Alt, Tenor, Bas. 1 - • -
Kjerulf, Halfd. Quartett Album for 4 Mandsstemmer. 45 Kvartet Sange . . . . . 2 - • -
Klewe. Herrens Bøn, for Sopran Alt, Tenor, Bas (blandet Chor) med Piano eller Orgel (norsk og engelsk Text) . . . 1 - • -
Koppang. Samling af førstemmige Sange for blandet Chor (Sopran, Alt, Tenor, Bas). 3. Hefte . . . . . à • - 40 -
Trestemmige Sange til Brug for Skoler og Hjemmet. 7 Hefter à • - 20 -
Lindeman, Ludv. 34 Psalmemelodier af Kingos Gradual 1699, harm. 4stemmig for Piano eller Orgel (med Text) . . 1 - 50 -
Reissiger, A. F. 4 muntre Sange for Sopran, Alt, Tenor og Bas 1 - • -
Sankey. Sange for blandet Chor, indb. 4,00. Papbind 3,20. heftet . . . . . 2 - 67 -
Svendsen, Joh. To Sange for 4 Mandsstemmer. Til Sverrige. Aftonrøster . . . . . • - 80 -

Partiturer.

Arlberg, Fritz. Sten Sture, for Tenor-Baryton og Orkester 2 - • -
Zwei Lieder vom Tode, (for Mezzo Sopr. eller dyb Tenor) og Orkester . . . . . 2 - • -
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ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.

mf *f*

con Ped.

ten *Dolce.* *ten*

Tan_ _ to gen_ti _ _ _ le e tan_to o_ne_sta pa_ _ _ re la

p

don _ _ na mi _ _ a quand' el _ la altrui sa _ lu _ _ _ ta,

chio _ _ _ gni lin _ _ gue di _ _ vien tre _ man _ do, mu _ _ ta,

p *cres.*

e..... gli occhi non ar _ di _ scon' di guardi _ _ re,

mf *dimim* *rit.*

p *a tempo.*

El _ _ _ la sen' va..... sen _ ten _ do _ si lauda _ _ _ re,

pp a tempo.

be _ _ ni _ gna _ men _ _ _ te d'u _ mil _ tà ve _ stu _ _ ta,

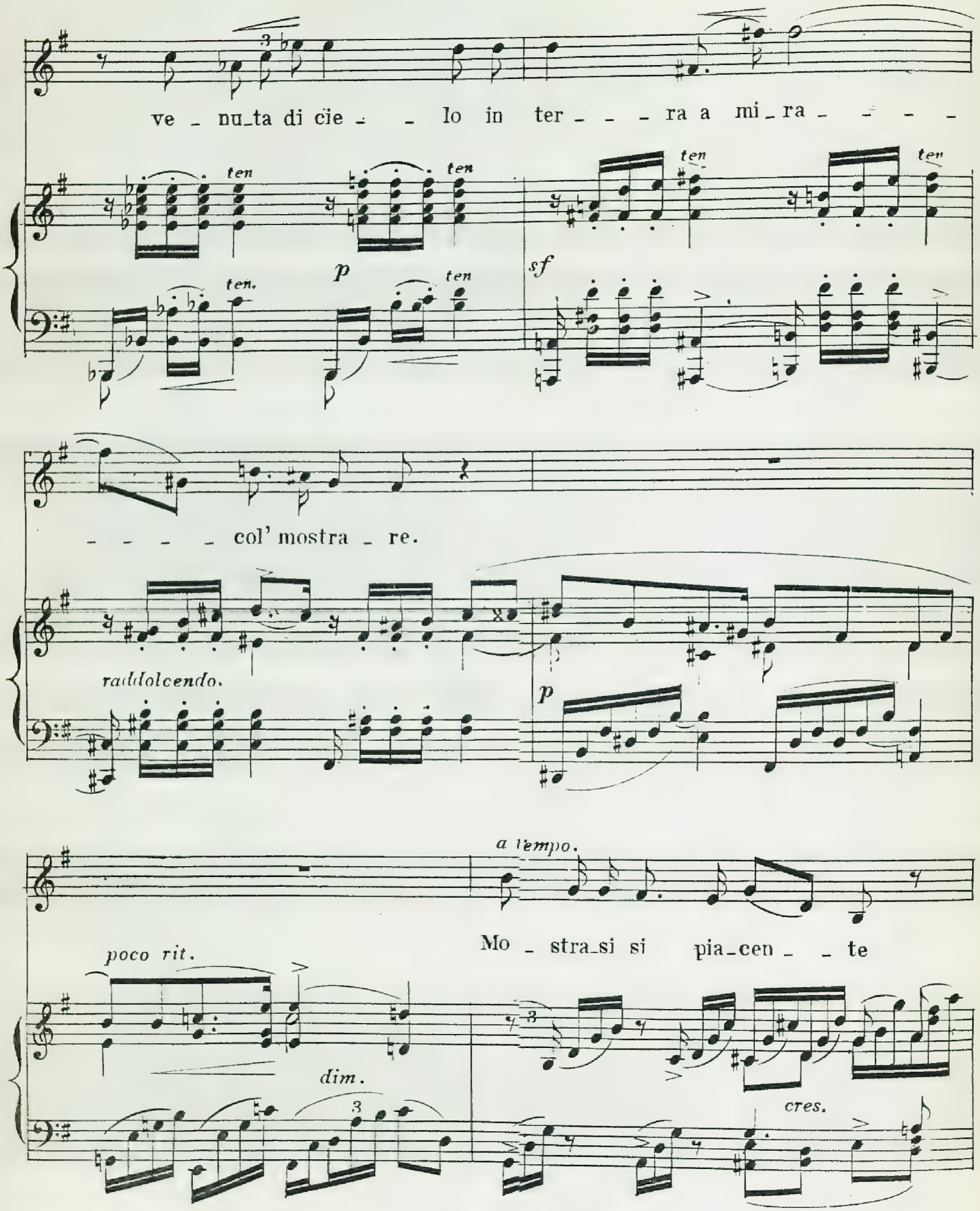
pp

e par' che sia u _ na co _ sa

f espress.

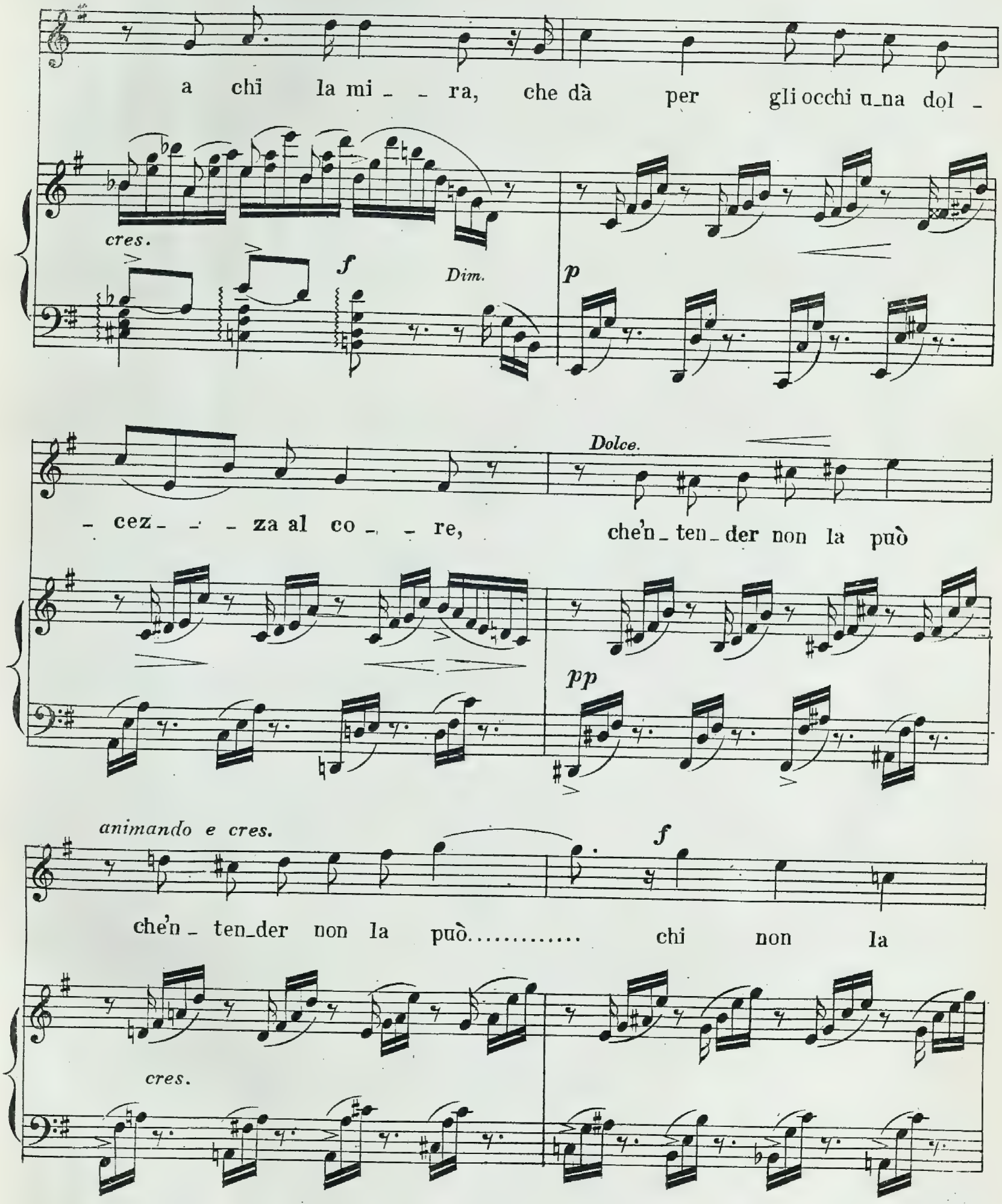
Dim.

ten *ten* *ten* *ten*


ve _ nu_ta di cie _ _ lo in ter _ _ _ ra a mi _ ra _ _ _ _

_ _ _ _ col' mostra _ re.
raddolcendo.

a tempo.
Mo _ stra_si si pia_cen _ _ te
poco rit.
dim.
cres.


a chi la mi - - ra, che dà per gli occhi u_na dol -

Dim.

- cez - - - za al co - - re,
Dolce.
che'n_ten_der non la può

animando e cres.

che'n - ten_der non la può..... chi non la

Dim.

pro - - - - - - va,

tranquillo.

f Dim. *p espress.*

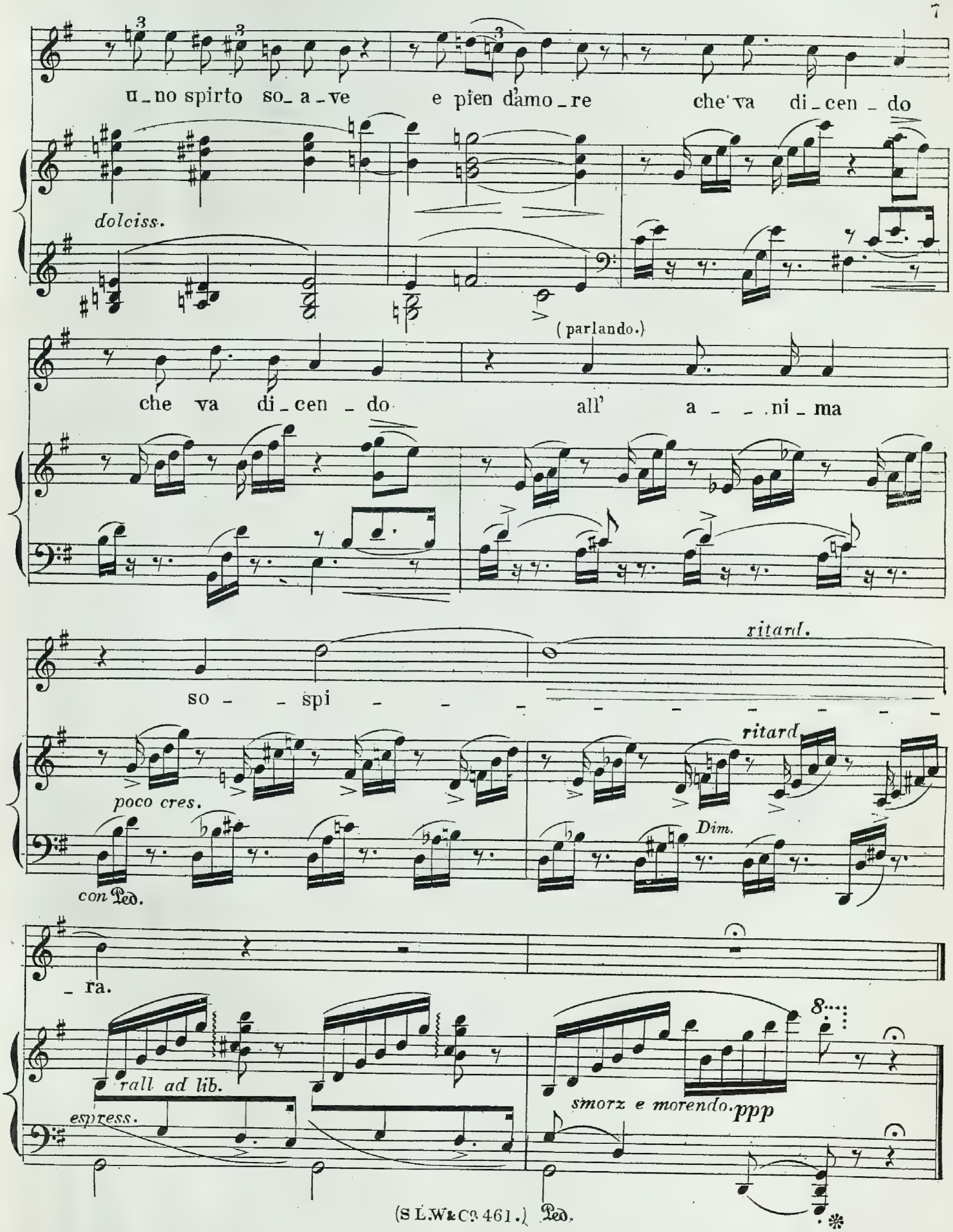
e par che dal - le sue lab - bia si muo - - - va

ten *ten* *ten* *ten*

pp *pp*

pp dolce espress. *pp*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped.


u_no spirto so_a_ve e pien d'amo_re che va di_cen_do
dolciss.
che va di_cen_do
(parlando.)
all' a_ni_ma
so_spi_ra.
ritard.
poco cres.
con Ped.
ritard
Dim.
rall ad lib.
espress.
smorz e morendo.
ppp
Ped.

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JACOBITE SONG.

Arranged by
HANS von BULOW.

Molto moderato, ma deciso.

PIANO.

mf *ten. sempre* *p* *espr.* Ped. *fp*

sostenuto *mf* *p*

VOICE.

The Sun ri - ses bright in France an fair... sets he.....; but he's tint the blythe

dim. *p*

blink he had in my ain coun - trie..... It's nae my ain ru - in that

weets aye my e'e....., but the dear Ma_rie I left a_hin, wi' sweet bair_nies

p

rit. *ad lib.*

three, and it's O wae's me!

a tempo e ben tenuto

colla parte

p *f*

Fu' bien_ly low'd my ain..... hearth, and

dolce legato

Ped. *

smil'd my sweet Ma_rie.....! O I've left a' my heart be_hind, in my

p

3

ain coun – – trie..... O I'm leal to high hea – ven which

aye was leal to me.....; and its there I'll meet you a' – – soon, frae my

sempre piano ma marcato

dolce

rit.

ain coun – – trie. And its O..... wae's me!

colla parte

a tempo

To Mary in Heaven,

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Robert Burns,

SUNG BY

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TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Poetry by
ROBERT BURNS.

Arranged by
HANS von BÜLOW.

Andante.

sempre legato

VOICE.

1. Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray, That lov'st to greet the ear-ly morn, A-gain thou ush-er'st
2. That sa-cred hour can I for-get, Can I for-get the hal-low'd grove, Where by the wind-ing
3. Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his peb-bled shore, O'er-hung with wild woods, thick'ning green, The fra-grant birch, and
4. Still o'er these scenes my mem'-ry wakes, And fond-ly broods with mi-ser care! Time but th'impres-sion

PIANO.

mf *p* *mf* *p*

mf *p* *ten.* *mf* *poco cres.*

in the day My Ma-ry from my soul was torn.
Ayr we met, To live one day of part-ing love!
haw-thorn hoar Twin'd am'-rous round the rap-tur'd scene;
strong-er makes, As streams their chan-nels deep-er wear.

fp *colla parte*

Oh Ma - - ry, dear de - part - ed shade! Where
E - - ter - - ni - ty will not ef - face Those
The flow'rs sprang wan - ton to be prest, The
My Ma - - ry! dear de - part - ed shade! Where

mf *p*

is thy place of bliss - ful rest? See'st
re - - cords dear of trans - ports past; Thy
birds sang love on ev' - ry spray— Till
is thy place of bliss - ful rest? See'st

thou thy lov - er low - ly laid? Hear'st thou the groans that
im - age at our last em - brace; Ah! lit - tle thought we
too, too soon, the glow - ing west Pro - claim'd the speed of
thou thy lov - er low - ly laid? Hear'st thou the groans that

rall. *rall.*

dolce

rend his breast?
'twas our last!
wing - ed day.
rend his breast?

rit. *morendo*

dim. *p* *f* *p* *sfz*

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Jacobite Song,

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JACOBITE SONG.

Arranged by
HANS von BULOW.

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

p *mf* *mf espress.*

espress. *mfz*

The rose, the rose, the snow-white rose! The badge of our Prince Char_lie! The this_tle aye was Scot_land's pride, But the white rose she lo'es dearly. For

p *poco cres.* *p*

oh! the bon _ nie flow'r had grown Three hun_dred lang years with her, And her

legato sempre *cres.* *mfz* *p* *fzp*

heart maist broke When it was thrown on a fo _ reign land to wither.

p *pp* *mfespr.*

Lang, lang the frail and

dim. *cres.* *dolce* Ped.

droop _ ing flow'r By leal, leal tears was nourish'd; Till by that warm and

espress. *poco marc.* *p*

animando

kind _ ly show'r It rais'd its head and flourish'd. Gay, gay it show'd on

animando *ten.*

cres. *mf* *ten.*

rallentando

braw Gladsmuir, And gay by Car _ ron riv _ er, But on Drummos _ sie

rallentando

f *p*

morendo

bleak and bare It fell, and fell for ev_er!

colla parte

pp *pp*

una corda

dolce espress.

mancando

ten.

ppp

Ped.

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with truest regards
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À

Monsieur E. E. Courtenay.

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ANDANTINO.

p

p

Le point du jour_ le point du jour à nos bos-

--quets rend tou--te leur pa--ru--re. Flore est plus belle..... à son re-

--tour, l'oi-seau re-prend doux chant d'a--mour..... Tout cé-

mf

mf

2

--lē-----bre dans la na--tu--re le point du jour— le point du

jour— tout cé-lē---bre dans la na-tu--re le point du jour.....

f *p*

ritard.

..... le point du jour!

Au point du jour— au point du

jour dé_sir plus vif est tou_jours prêt d'é_clo_re jeune et sen_

_si_____ble Trouba_dour quand vient la nuit chan_te l'a_mour.....

mf

Mais il chan____te bien mieux en_core..... au point du

mf

jour au point du jour..... il chan_te bien mieux en_co_re au point du

f

f

4

ritard.

jour..... au point du jour.

p

p

Le point du jour Le point du

jour..... cau-se par-fois, cau-se dou-leur ex--trê-me, Ah! que l'es-

--pa----ce des nuits est court ... pour le Ber-ger brûlant d'a-mour.....

hr

mf

for__cē de quit_ter ce qu'il ai____me au point du

mf

jour_ au point du jour_ for__cē de quit__ter ce qu'il

f

f

ai__me au point du jour au point du

p

ritard.

hr

p

jour!

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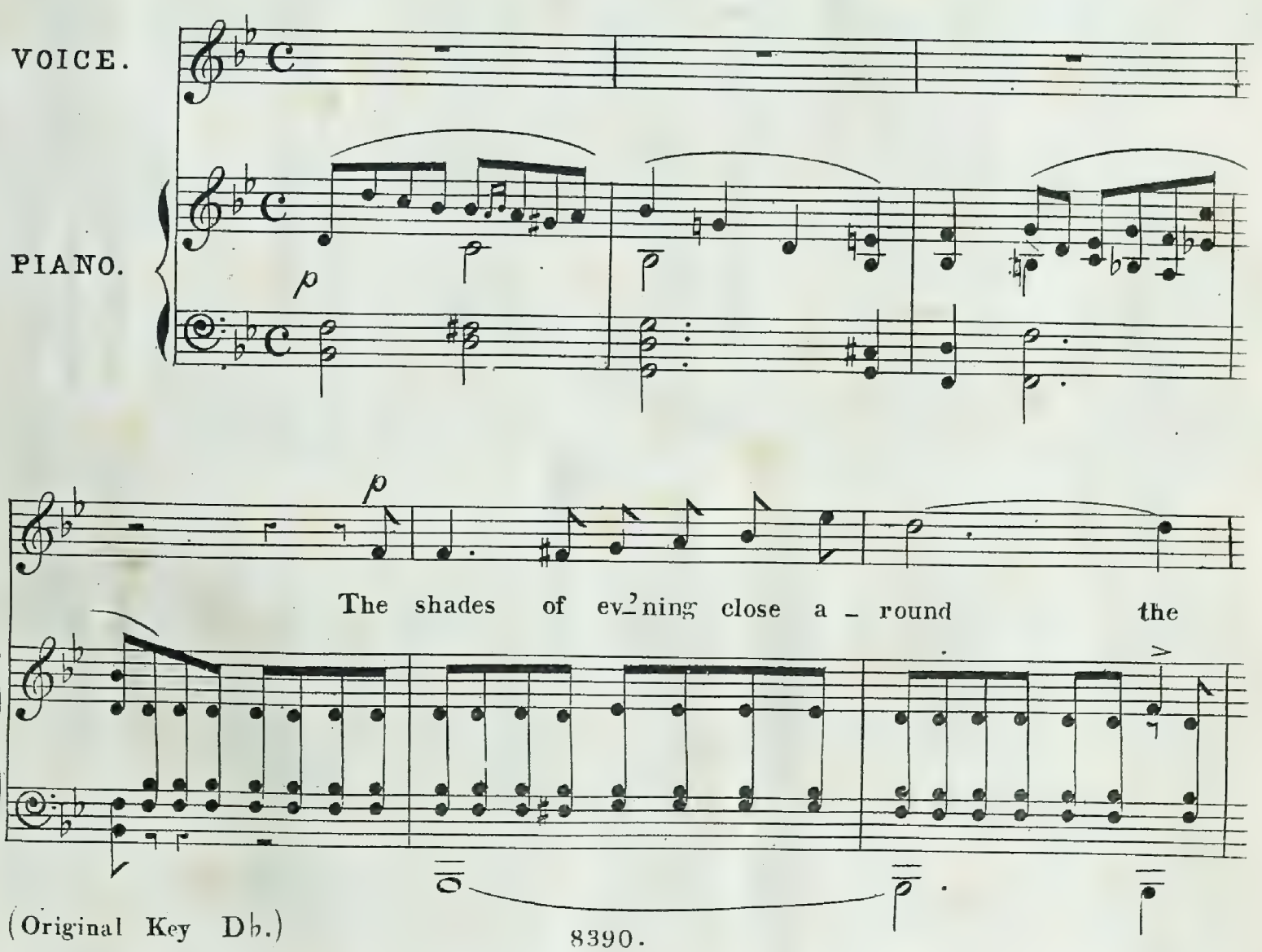

(Original Key Db.)

2

land _ scape once so bright · Here let us rest while not a

sound dis _ _ turbs ..... the summer night, While not a

sound disturbs the summer night. Here side by side and hand in

hand ..... Here would I e _ ver be _ For _ getting that there is a

mf *ritard:*

world Ex - - cept ..... for thee and me, For -

ritard:

dolce. *ff*

- get - ting that there is a world, a world ..... Except for thee and

a tempo.

p *ff*

pp

me Ex - cept for thee and me.

ritard:

p *p* *p*

p

The

breeze is hush'd up-on the hill Each bird has sought its nest — All

na-ture seems so calm so still The world has gone to rest, The

world has gone has gone to rest; Then tell me love while none can

hear..... With-in this si-lent grove — Ah!

mf *ritard:*

tell me but breathe it in mine ear D..st thou know how to love — Then

ritard:

dolce. *ff*

tell me but breathe it in mine ear Dost thou,..... dost thou know how to

a tempo.

p *ff*

pp

love, dost thou know how to love, know how to love, know how to

ritard:

p *p* *p*

love.

molto ritard:

p

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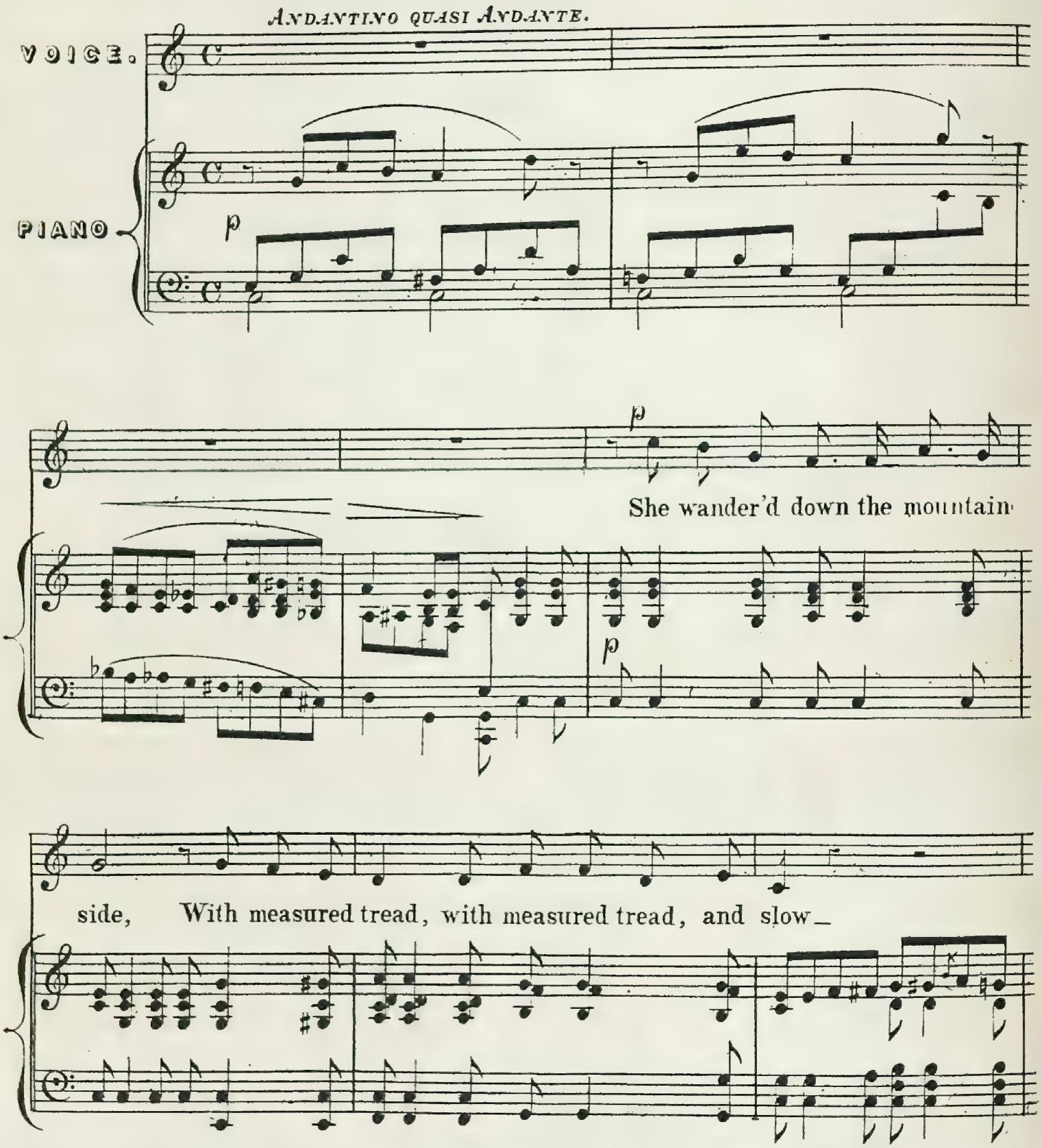

"She wandered down the mountain side."

ANOTHER EDITION IN E♭.

She heard the bells at e_ven_tide, Down in the vale below, the vale be_

_low, A bird was sing_ing its psalm of rest. But she

heed_ed, heeded not its song, For other thoughts fill'd full her

heart_ And she sang as she went a_ _long. "I shall

Un poco piu Lento.

rilard:

meet him where we always meet_ He is wait_ing, wait_ing for

me, My heart is full_ I hear it beat_ I am coming my love, to

thee, My heart is full, I can hear it beat, I am com_ing, I am

com_ing_ I am com_ing oh my love_ to

thee.

Poor child! he's gone to his last rest; A_las! he

per_ish'd in a foreign land_ He nobly died with face to

foe, Slain by a ruthless hand, a ruthless hand, Ah me! she

she wandered down the mountain side."

p

knows not what they mean, For she heeds not ___ what they

pp

say _ And still at eventide again she's seen, And she

pp

Un poco piu Lento.

sings as she wends her way, "I shall meet him where we always

ritard:

meet _ He is wait_ing, waiting for me _ My heart is

"She wandered down the mountain side."

full _ I hear it beat _ I am com _ ing, my love, to

thee _ My heart is full I can hear it beat, I am

com _ ing _ I am com _ ing _ I am com - - - - - - - - -

- - - - ing, oh! my love _ to thee. _____

ri_ _tar_ _do.

"She wandered down the mountain side."

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'G' from G.R.C
Nov 27. 84

THREE ENGLISH BALLADS

Words by

SCOTT, CUNNINGHAM, & HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Music by

Gerard F. Cobb.

72

No. 1. AH! COUNTY GUY, THE HOUR IS NIGH
2. A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA
3. SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW

Price Two Shillings each (net)

London,
REID BROS 436, OXFORD STREET. W.
1884.

Gerard F. Cobb

DI 47719

To my Nephew JOHN BARTLETT COBB.

AH! COUNTY GUY.

BALLAD. (Nº I.)

Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT. Music by GERARD F. COBB.

(♩= 56.)

Andante espressivo e legato.

p

Ah! County Guy, ..the hour is

cres:

nigh, The sun has left has left the lea, The orange -

poco rit.

- flower perfumes the bower, The breeze is on the

colla voce.

Nº 1. *This subject is that of the Hour-Chimes of Great St. Mary's Cambridge. G.F.C.

a tempo. *f* *p*

sea. *a tempo.* The lark, his lay who trill'd all day, ... Sits

cres: *f* *p*

Ped:

mf

hush'd his part_ _ner nigh; Breeze bird and flower confess the

mf

cres: *f con passione.*

p

hour, But where, but where? But where? but where . . .

p *cres:* *f*

p ad lib:

. . . . is County Guy? But where is County Guy . . .

ritard: *p colla voce.* *cres.*

Ped: *Ped*

p semplice.

The village

ritardo.

p a tempo.

maid steals thro' the shade . . . Her shep_ _herd's suit to

hear; To beauty shy, by lattice high, . . . Sings

mf

cres:

high born Ca_ _ va_ _lier. The star of Love, all stars a_

mf

cres:

f *mf*

– – bove Now reigns o'er earth . . . . . and sky, . . . And high and

f *mf*

cres: *f*

low, the in_fluence know But where . . . . is County

f

Ped

con molto passione. *rit: e dim: al fine.*

Guy? But where . . . . . is County Guy? . . . But where, but

con forza. *sempre colla voce al fine*

Ped

where is Coun_ty Guy? . . .

rall:

ben marcato.

'G' from S.F.C
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SCOTT, CUNNINGHAM, & HARTLEY COLERIDGE,

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Gerard F. Cobb

rem a16492
D 1477/10

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A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

BALLAD.

(No 2.)

Words by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. Music by GERARD F. COBB.

CON SPIRITO. ♩ = 60.

VOICE. *f*

A wet sheet and a flow_ing sea. A wind that follows

PIANO. *f*

Pedal throughout.

fast . . . . And fills the white and rustling sail And bends the gal_lant

mast;. . . . And bends the gal_lant mast, my boys, While like the eag_le

free . . . A_ _ way the good ship flies, And leaves Old Eng_ land on the

ben marcato.

lee . . . .

poco ritenuto.

Poco meno mosso.

p legato.

O for a soft and gen_ tle wind! I heard a fair one

Meno mosso. *p legato.*

Tempo primo.
con spirito.

f

cry; But give to me the snoring breeze And white waves heaving

Tempo primo.

f

high; . . . . And white waves heaving high, my lads, The good ship tight and

free . . . The world of wa_ters is our home, And mer_ry men are

con forza.

we

poco ritenuto.

sf

There's tempest in yon horn_ed moon, And light'ning in yon

a tempo. *sf*

№ 2. A wet sheet and a flowing sea.

ff 3

cloud; . . . . But hark the mus_ _ic ma_ _ri_ners! The

ff
sempre ben marcato.

wind is pip_ _ _ing loud; . . . . The wind is pip_ _ing

con forza.

loud, my boys, The light'_ning flashes free . . . . . While the

marcato.

largamente e rall: al fine.

hol_ _low oak our pa_ _lace is, Our her_ _i_tage the sea.

largamente e eolla voce.

№ 2. A wet sheet and a flowing sea.

'G' from S & C. Nov 27. '84.

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Words by

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Gerard F. Cobb

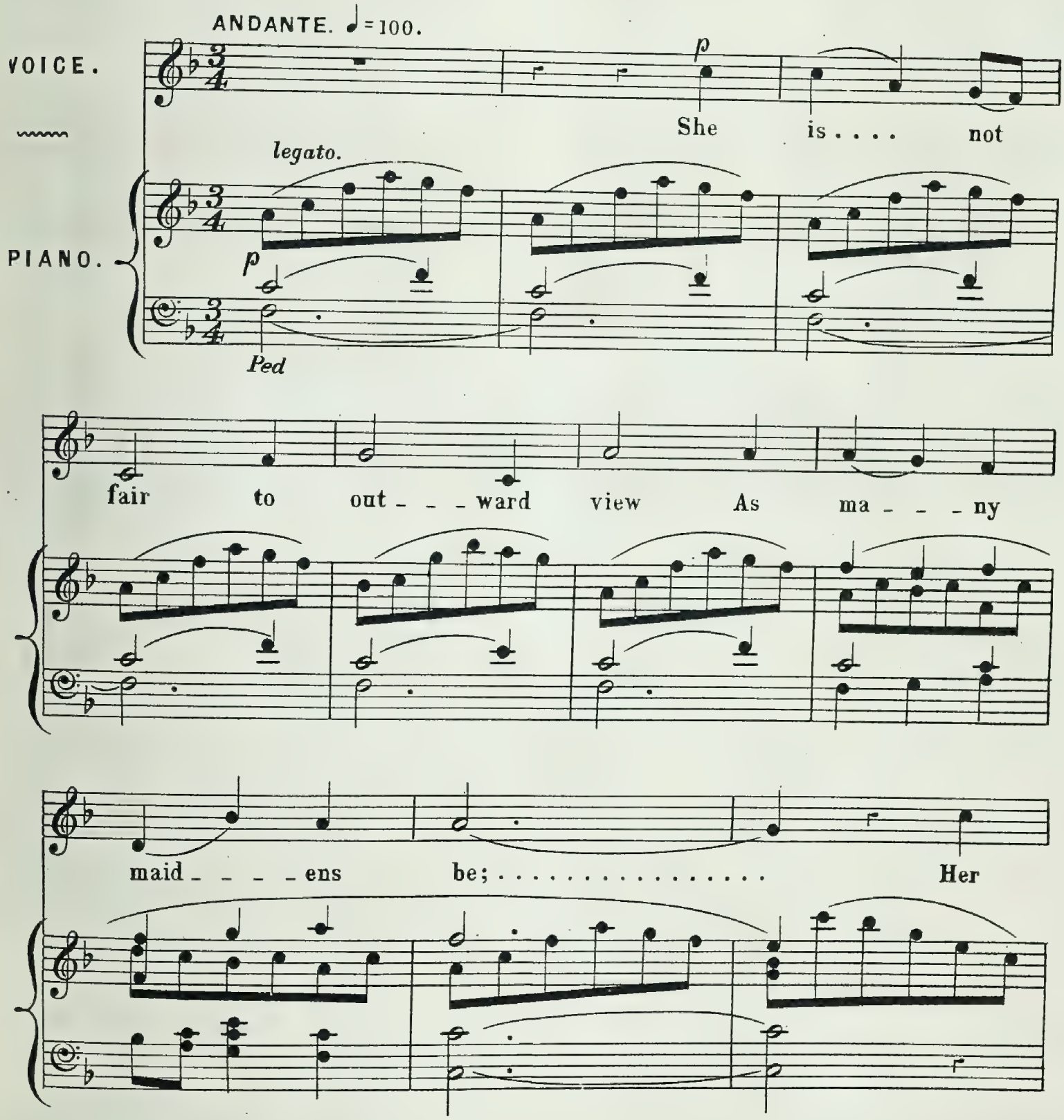
To my Nephew JOHN BARTLETT COBB.

SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.

BALLAD.

(Nº 3.)

Words by HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Music by GERARD F. COBB.



love - - li - - ness I ne - ver knew Un - - til she

cres - - - cen - - - do.

smil'd on me. O then I saw her

cres - - - cen - - - do.

eye was bright, A well of love, a spring of

light O then I saw her eye was bright, A well of

No. 3. She is not fair to outward view.

love, a spring of light. O then I saw her

eye.. was bright, A well of love, ... a spring of

light. But now her looks are

coy and cold, To mine they ne'er re_ _ply, ... And

No. 3. She is not fair to outward view.

yet... I cease not to be - - hold The

love light in her eye: Her ve - - - ry

frowns are fair - - - er far Than smiles, than smiles of

o-ther maidens are. Her ve - - - - ry frowns are fair - - - er

No. 3. She is not fair to outward view.

far... Than smiles of o - - - ther maid - - - ens are. Her

ve - - - - - ry frowns are fair - - - - er far.... Than

ad lib: *rall: al fine ad lib:*

smiles, than smiles of other maidens are... Than smiles, than

colla voce al fine.

smiles of o - ther maid - - ens are.

Ped

No. 3. She is not fair to outward view.

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"THE HEART EVER FAITHFUL"

A

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FOUR SONGS

Words by

R. S. Hichens

Music by

GERARD F. COBB.

Opus 17.

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ALBERT BACH, "Principles of Singing."

"THERE IS MY HEART!"

THERE is my heart, where flows a stream
  Down to a sea, and golden sand:
There is my heart, where tall trees sway,
  By wandering breezes ever fanned:
Where wild birds cry, and soft winds sigh,
And mountain streams go rippling by,
  There,— there is my heart!

There is my heart, where all alone
  A cottage stands with roses twined:
There is my heart, where 'neath the eaves
  Returning swallows shelter find:
'Neath azure sky sweet flow'rets lie,
And fields are bright with golden rye;
  There,— there is my heart!

There is my heart, where one I love
  Grows brighter, gladder, when I come:
There is my heart, where tender tones
  Bid me returning welcome home:
Where eyes are bright with love's brave light,
That shines—a star—through darkest night,
  There,— there is my heart!

R. S. HICHENS.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE GIFT OF

SIR GEORGE GROVE

1891

To Orlando Harley Esq.

THERE IS MY HEART.

SONG.

Words by
R. S. HICHENS.

Music by
GERARD F. COBB.
Op. 17. Nº 1.

ANDANTE LEGATO. ♪ = 96.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

dolce.

There is my heart, . . where flows a

Ped. *Ped.*

poco cres:

stream. . . Down to a sea and gold - en sand: . . . . There is my

sempre cres:

heart. . . where tall trees sway, ... By wandering breez - - - es e - ver

cres: *sempre cres:*

p *cres:*

fanned: . . Where wild birds cry. . . . . and soft winds sigh, And mountain

dim:

Più lento ♪= 116.
molto appassionato.

poco rall:

streams. . . go rip-pling by. . . . . There, . . there is my

ritard. Più lento ♪= 116.

poco rall:

heart. . . . . There, ... there is my heart. . . . . .

pesante. *cres:* *pesante.*

ff

rit:

There, . . there is my heart . . . 'tis there, 'tis

ff

rall: . . . . .

there!

Tempo primo.

p

dolce.

There is my heart, . . where all a -

Ped.

Ped.

poco cres:

- lone. . . . . A cot - tage stands with ro - - ses twined; . . There is my

sempre cresc:

heart . . . where'neath the eaves . . . . . Re-turn-ing swal - - - lows shel-ter

cres: *sempre cresc:*

mf

find . . . . . 'Neath a-zure sky . . . . . sweet flow'rets lie, And fields are

mf

Più lento ♪ = 116.

poco rall: *f molto appassionato.*

bright . . . with gold-en rye . . . . . There, . . . there is my

ritard:

rall: *f*

Ped. *

heart! . . . . . There . . . there is my heart! . . . . . .

pesante. *cres:* *pesante.*

ff *rit:*

There . . . there is my heart! . . . . 'tis there, 'tis

ff *rall:* . . . . . .

there!

tempo primo.

p

Poco più animato.

mf *Poco più animato.*

There is my heart . . . where one I

mf

Ped. *Ped.*

cres:

love . . . Grows brighter glad-der when I come . . . There is my

heart . . . . . where ten - der tones . . . . . Bid me re -

cres:

molto animato.

f

- turn - - - ing wel - come home: . . . . Where eyes are

f

bright . . . . . with loves brave light . . . . . That shines a

poco rall:

star . . . . . through dark - est night . . . . . .

rall:

poco rall:

Piu lento. ♪= 116.

f molto appassionato.

There . . . . . there is my heart! . . . . . .

f

pesante.

There . . . . . there is my heart! . . . . . .

cres:

pesante.

ff

There, ... there is my heart! . . . . . 'tis

ff

rit:

there! 'tis there! . . . . . .

rall:

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Music by

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mus 16408
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ALBERT BACH, "Principles of Singing."

"WHY DID YOU COME?"

WHY did you come when the sun sank low,
  Sank to the sea in the eventide?
Was it to hear the wild west wind blow
  Over the plain so barren and wide?
Was it to list to the surge of the waves
  Beating the rocks by the seagull's home?
Was it to hark to the voice of the storm?
  Why did you come, love? why did you come?

Why did you come when the storm was hushed,
  When stars grew pale and the dawn was chill?
Was it to list to the nightingale,
  See the morn rise o'er the beacon hill?
Was it to catch the first glow on the waves,
  The shimmer of gold on the silver foam?
Was it to watch the white sails go by?
  Why did you come, love? why did you come?

Not for the moan of the wind I came,
  Not for the surge of a storm-tossed sea,
Not for the song of the nightingale
  Chanting his plaint to his mate in the tree:—
But only to look on a face that I love,
  Hear a soft voice with its whispers true,
Only to be at your side once more,
  Only for you, love— only for you!

R. S. HICHENS.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE GIFT OF

SIR GEORGE GROVE

1891

WHY DID YOU COME?

SONG.

Words by
R S HICHENS

Music by
GERARD F. COBB.
Op: 17. Nº 2.

Moderato, ma un poco agitato. ♩. = 66.

VOICE.

p

Why did you come . . . . . when the sun sank

PIANO.

p

low, Sank to the sea . . . . . in the e - ven - tide: . . . Was it to

hear . . . . . the wild west wind blow O - ver the

plain . . . . . so bar - ren and wide? . . . . . Was it to

poco cres:

poco cres:

list . . . . . to the surge of the waves, Beat - ing the

più cres:

più cres:

rocks . . . . . by the sea - gull's home: . . . . . Was it to

sempre cres - -

sempre cres - -

- cen - - - do e ac - ce - le - - ran - - - do.

♩. = 80.

f Più mosso.

hark . . . . . to the voice of the storm? . . . . . Why did you

- cen - - - do e ac - ce - le - ran - - - do.

f Più mosso.

ff molto rall:

come, Love? why did you come? Why did you

ff molto rall:

rit: ad lib:

come, Love? why did you come?

tempo primo.

colla voce.

mf

Ped.

Poco meno mosso. ♩. = 58. *pp*

Why did you

Poco meno mosso. ♩. = 58.

dim: e rall: - - - - - -

pp

come . . . . when the storm was hush'd , . . When stars grew pale . . . . and the dawn was

cres: un poco.
poco rit

chill? Was it to list . . . . . to the night - in - gale , . . . See the Morn
cres: un poco.

poco rit

più cres:

rise . . . . o'er the bea - con hill? . . . Was it to catch . . . . the first glow on the

più cres:

Ped. *Ped.*

poco rit:

waves , ... The shim - mer of gold . . . . . on the sil - - - ver

poco rit:

poco a poco accelerando e crescendo.

foam? . . . . . Was it to watch . . . . . the white sails go

poco a poco accelerando e crescendo.

f

by? . . . . . Why did you come, Love? why did you

f

molto rall: *ff* *rit: ad lib:*

come? Why did you come, Love? why did you

ff

molto rall: *colla voce.*

Ped.

come? Not

tempo primo.

mf *dim: e rall:*

♩ = 66.

dolce e legato.

Not for the moan of the wind I came,

dolce e legato.

Ped.

poco cres: e agitato.

Not for the surge of a storm — toss'd sea;

poco cres: e agitato.

molto legato *poco* *ri - tar - - dan - - - - do.*

con espress:

Not for the song of the night - - - - - in - gale

legato.

con espress: *poco ri - tar - - dan - - - - do.*

cantando.

Ped.

dim:

Chant - - ing his plaint to his mate on the tree, But

dim:

rall:

Poco più lento. ♩. = 54.

pp con tenerezza.

on - - - ly to look on a face that I love,

Poco più lento. ♩. = 54.

pp

sempre p

Hear a soft voice with its whis - - pers true,

poco cres - - - -

On - - ly to be at your

sempre p

poco cres - - - -

rit: *f* *ac - - ce - - - - - - le - - ran -*

side . . . . once more,

On - ly for you,

Love — on - ly for

rit: *f* *ac - - ce - - - - le - - - ran - - do.*

molto rall: ff

- do.

or On - - ly, on - - - - ly

p a tempo.

you!

On - ly for you,

Love — on - ly for you!

On - ly to

a tempo.

molto rall: *ff*

p

Ped.

poco rit: *pp*

look . . . . on a face that I love,

Hear a soft voice . . . . with its whis-pers

poco rit: *pp*

cres: e accel:

true,

On-ly to be . . . . . at your side once more,

cres: e accel: *f*

On-ly for

f

molto rall: *ff*

or On - ly, on - - ly

you, Love — on-ly for you!

On-ly for you, Love — on-ly for

molto rall: *ff*

Ped.

you . . . . . .

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ALBERT BACH, "Principles of Singing."

THE LAST FAREWELL.

QUIET eve, that softly brooding
Speaks in silence to my heart;
Silver stream that gently flowing
Bids me linger, nor depart;
Golden stars, that shine above me
In the far off azure sky,
Find a voice, and tell my darling
This must be our last good-bye:
Good-bye, good-bye, my love, for aye,
The stars are fading in the sky,
The dawn is near, night's shadows fly,
Then, dearest heart, good-bye, good-bye!

Nightingale, that sweetly singest
From the tree that gives thee shade;
Moonlight gleams that pierce from heaven
To this lonely forest glade;
Tender breeze of night that stirring
Like a Zephyr passest by,
Find a voice, and tell my darling
This must be our last good-bye:
Good-bye, good-bye, my love, for aye,
The stars are fading in the sky,
The dawn is near, night's shadows fly,
Then, dearest heart, good-bye, good-bye!

R. S. HICHENS.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE GIFT OF

SIR GEORGE GROVE

1891

THE LAST FAREWELL.

Words by
R. S. HICHENS.

Music by
GERARD F. COBB.
Op: 17. Nº 3.

Legato e molto moderato. ♪=108.

PIANO.

mf

p

Qui - - et eve, that soft - - ly brood - ing Speaks in si - - lence to my heart;

p

poco cresc - - - - en - - - do.

Sil - - ver stream that gen - tly flow - ing Bids me lin - - ger, nor de - part.

cresc - - - en - do.

f con passione.

Gol - den stars that shine a - bove me In the far off a - zure sky,

f

Ped.

dim:

Find a voice, and tell my dar - ling This must be our last goodbye:

dim:

cres: *poco rall:*

Find a voice, and tell my dar - ling This must be . . our last goodbye.

cres: *poco rall:*

f

Good - bye, good - bye, my love, for aye, The stars are fad - - ing

f

poco rit: *poco*

in . . . the sky, The dawn is near, night's sha - - dows fly, Then

poco *rit:* *poco*

Ped.

dim:

dear - - est heart, good - bye, good-bye!

dim:

mf

mf

Night - in - gale, that

sweet - ly sing - est, From the tree that gives thee shade; Moon-light gleams that

cres:

pierce from Hea - - ven To . . this lone - - ly fo - - rest glade;

cres:

p espressivo.

Ten - - - der breeze of night that stir - - ring Like a ze - - phyr

p

Ped.

pass - - est by, Find a voice and tell my dar - - ling,

cres:

This must be our last good-bye, Find a voice and

cres:

rit:

rall: - - - - - - -

tell my dar - - ling, This . . must be . . . our last good-bye:

rit:

rall: - - - - - - -

f

Good - bye, good-bye, my love, for aye, The stars are fad - - ing

f

rall: - - - -

in . . . the sky, The dawn is near, night's sha - dows fly! Then,

rall:

Ped.

dim:

dear - est heart, good - bye, goodbye! Good - bye, good-bye!

mf *dim:* *mf*

rall: ad lib:

Good - bye, good - bye! . . . . .

p

Ped.

January 14th 1887.

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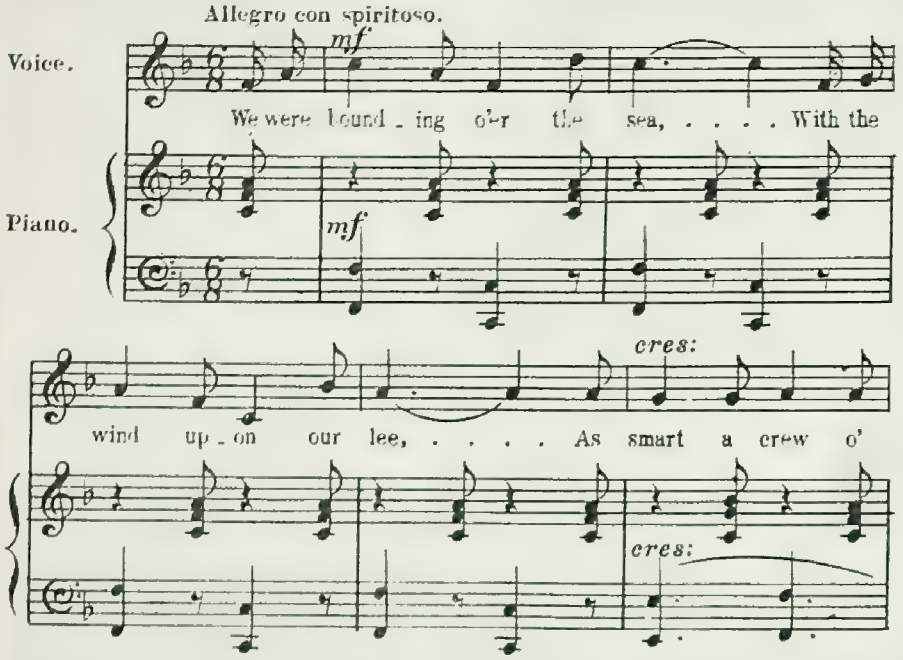
Words by H. V. BARWELL. Music by G. H. R. MARRIOTT.

Allegro con spiritoso.



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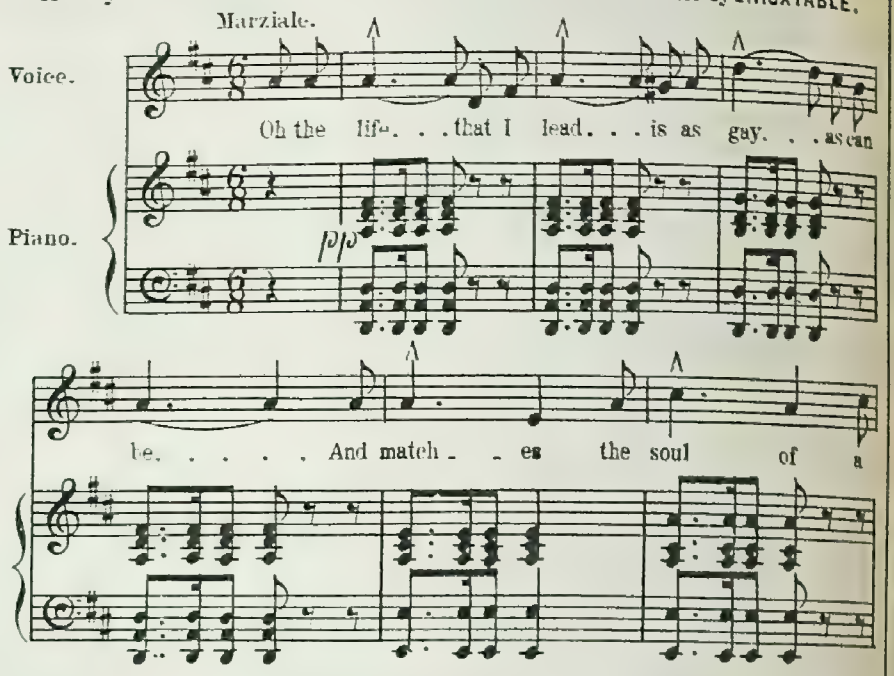
(Compass A to D)

Words by R. McKENZIE. Music by L. HUXTABLE.

Marziale.



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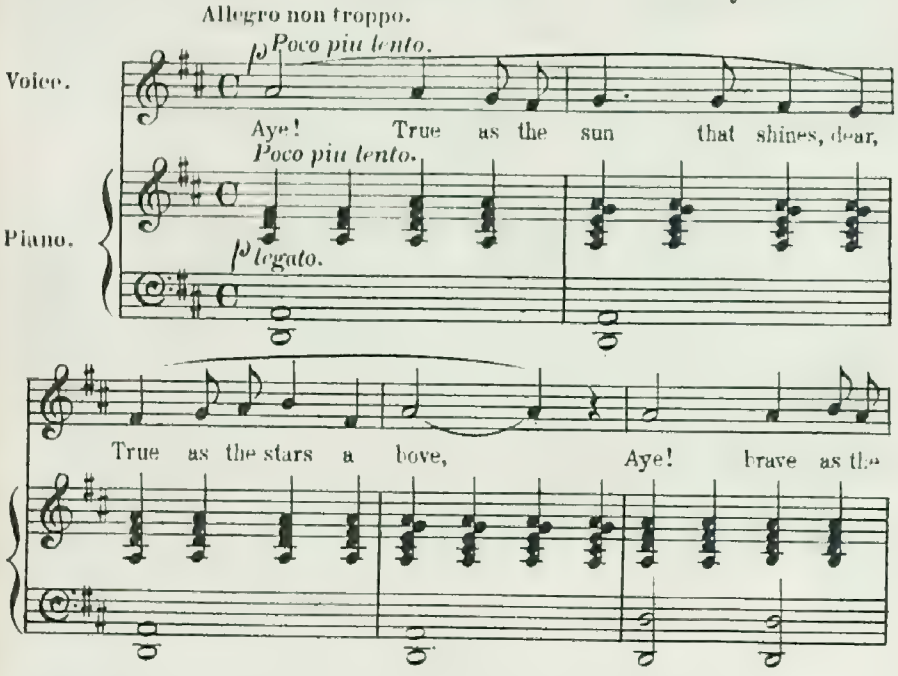
BRAVE AND TRUE.
(Compass D to E.)

Words by T. A. FURLONG. Music by C. GOODALL.

Allegro non troppo.



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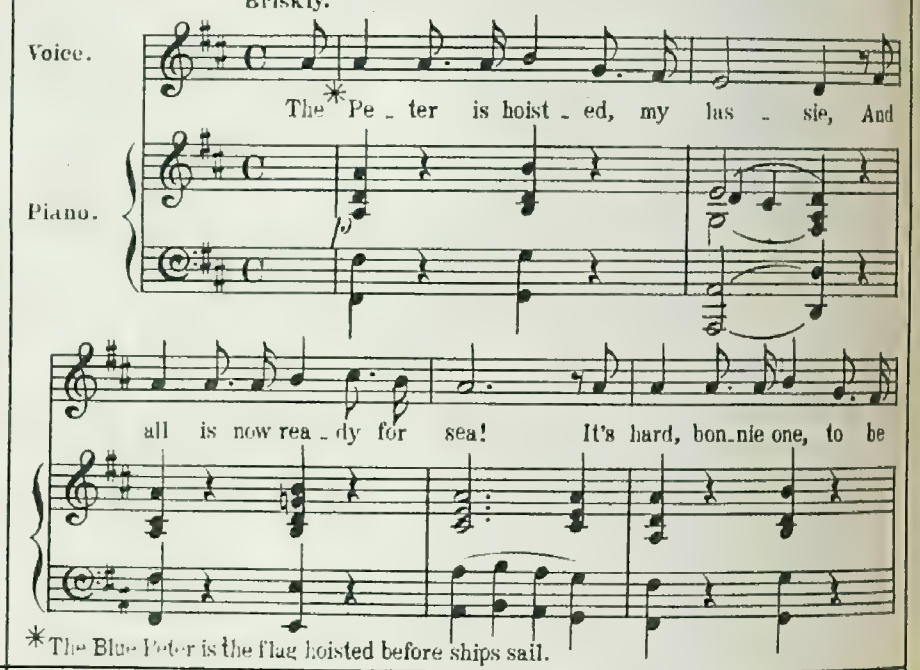
Briskly.



*The Blue Peter is the flag hoisted before ships sail.

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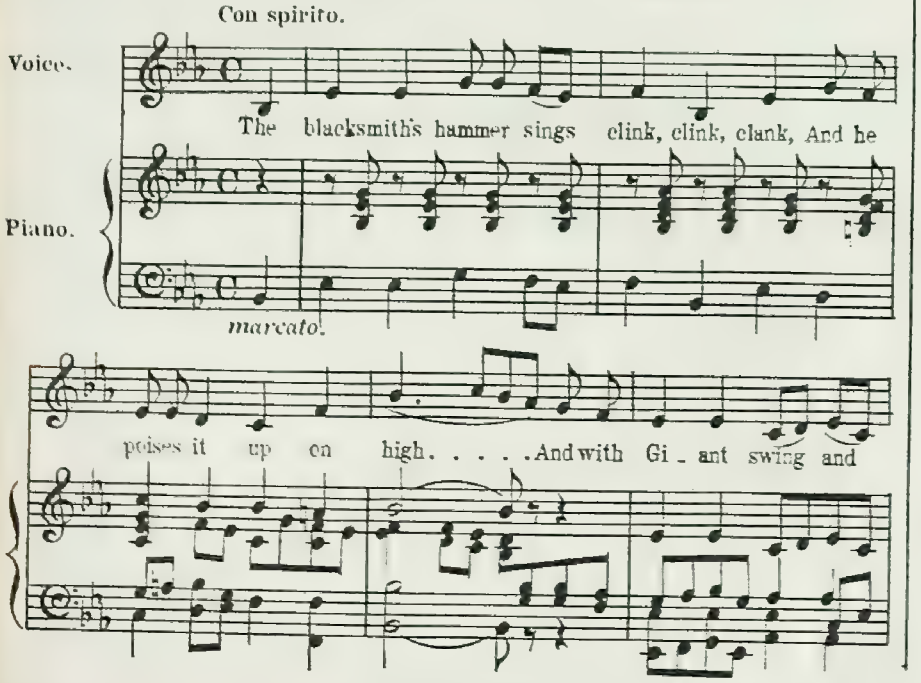
Words by F. HILL. Music by T. J. LINEKAR.

Con spirito.

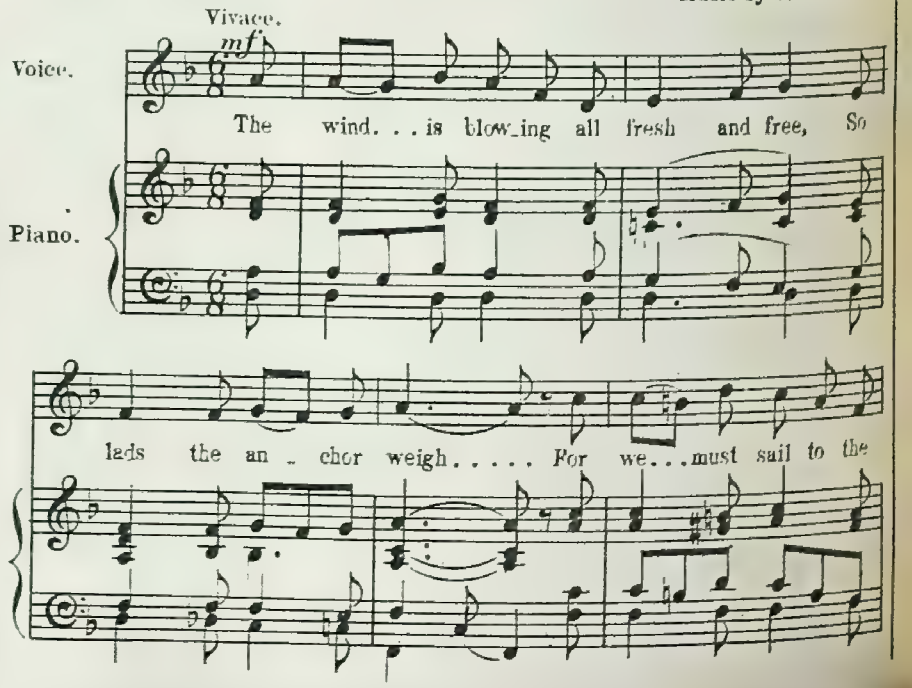


Price 4/-

THE WHALERS.
(Compass A to E.)

Words by E. OXENFORD. Music by J. DAWBER.

Vivace.



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ALBERT BACH, "Principles of Singing."

CONSTANCY.

I WILL come back my dearest
  In dreams to visit thee,
When shadows veil the mountains
  And sleep upon the sea!
When toilers work no longer,
  And busy day is o'er,
I will come back my dearest,
  And clasp thy hand once more,
And whisper that my heart is thine
  Through all the years that fade away,
And softly ask thee,—art thou mine,
  My faithful love for aye and aye?

I will come back my dearest
  When chimes the midnight hour,
When summer winds are sighing,
  And sleeps each folded flower;
When weary hearts remember
  The love that once they bore,
I will come back my dearest
  And kiss thy lips once more,
And whisper that my heart is thine
  Through all the years that fade away,
And hear thee answer thou art mine
  My faithful love for aye and aye!

R. S. HICHENS.

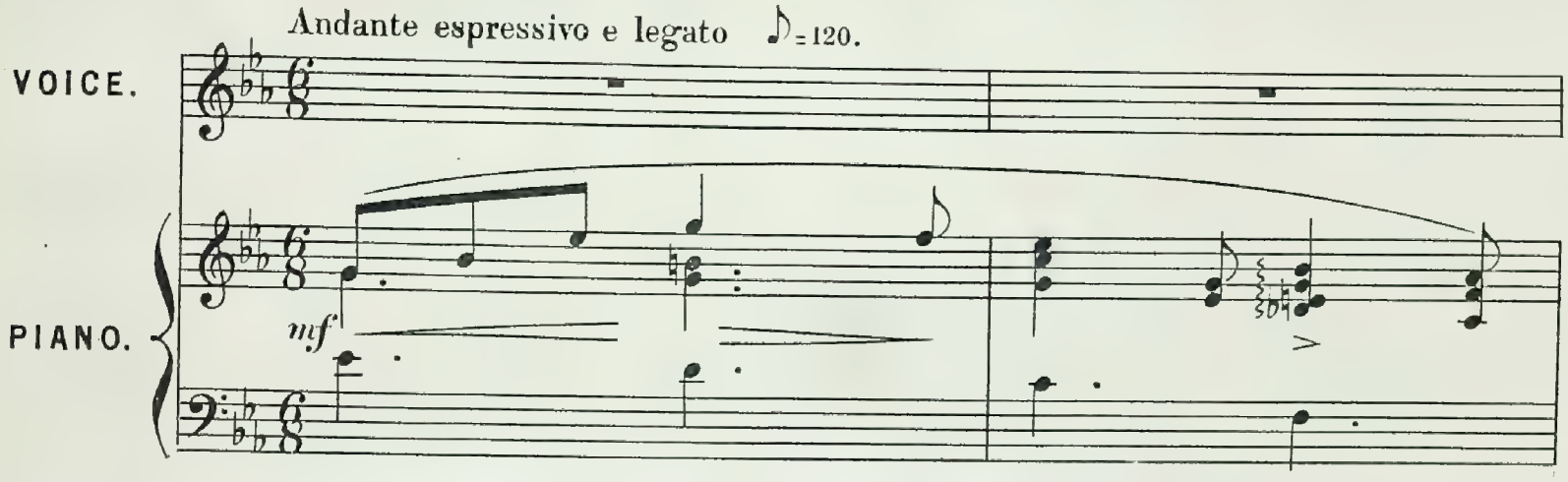
To Orlando Harley Esq.

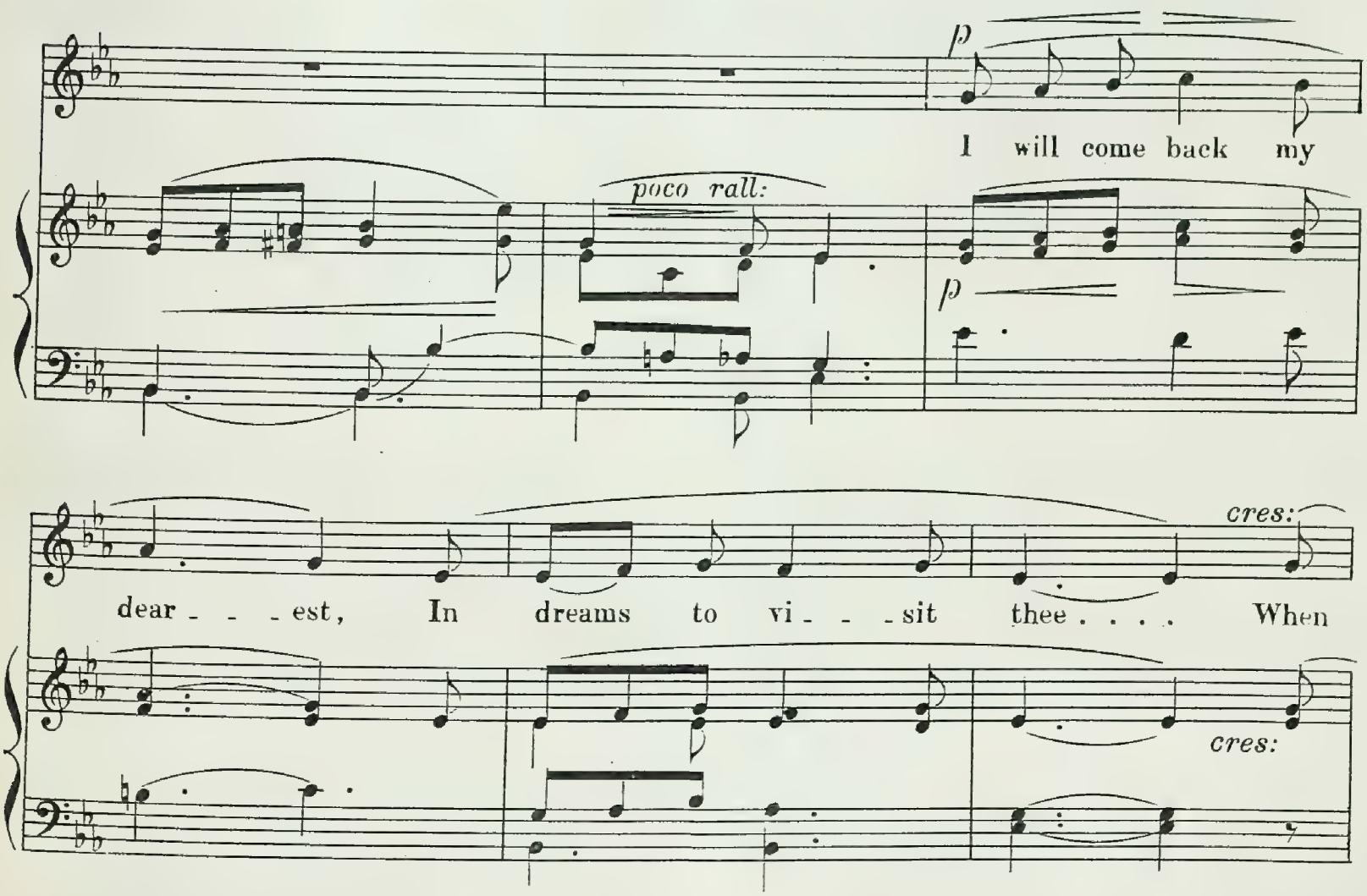
"CONSTANCY."

SONG.

Words by
R. S. HICHENS.

Music by
GERARD F. COBB.
Op: 17. Nº 4.





sha - dows veil the moun - tains And sleep up - on the sea . . . . When

toil - ers work no lon - - ger And bu - sy day is o'er . . . . .

I will come back my dear - - est, And clasp thy hand once

more . . . And whis - - per that my heart is thine, Through

all the years that fade a - way, And soft - - ly ask thee,—

cres:

cres:

Art thou mine? My faith - - ful love for aye and aye?

ral - - - - len - - - tan - - - do.

ral - - - len - - - tan - do.

Molto più Lento. ♪ = 80.

ritardando.

p

I will come back,

Molto più Lento. ♪ = 80.

p ritardando.

Adagio. ♪ = 48.

pp molto rall:

I will come back.

Adagio. ♪ = 48.

pp molto rall:

Tempo primo.

nf

poco rall:

Poco meno mosso. ♪ = 92.

mf

I will come back my dear - - - - - est, When

mf

Ped.

chimes the mid - - - night hour . . . . . When

poco cres:

espress:

poco cres:

dolce e dim:

pp

sum - - - mer winds are sigh - - - - - ing, And

dim:

pp

sleeps each fold - - - ed flow'r . . . . . When

espress:

wea - - - - ry hearts re - - mem - - - - - - - - ber The

cres:

cres:

love that once . . . they bore . . . . . .

f *rit:*

I will come back my dear - - - - est, And

dim:

sf

dim:

e rall:

kiss thy lips once more . . . . . And

pp

e rall:

pp

whis - - per that my heart is thine Through all the years that

cres: *rit:* *sempre*

fade a - way, And hear thee an - swer thou art mine, My

cres:

cres:

faith - ful love for aye and aye! My faith - - ful love, my

sempre cres: *f*

Ped.

Molto più Lento ♪ = 66. Adagio ♪ = 40.

f *dim:* *pp*

love for aye! I will come back, I will come back.

delicato.

dim: *pp*

Ped. *Ped.*

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SONATA DUO

for the

PIANOFORTE and SOPRANO VOICE.

C. FOWLER.

ALLEGRO MODERATO

p legato.

dim. e rall.

p

Stay, ... stay thou love - ly fear - ful snake, Nor hide thee in yon

tempo.

p

dark - some brake . . . . . But let me oft . . . thy charms re - view, Thy glitt'ring

rall.

scales . . . . . and gold - - - - - - - en hue From

tempo.

legato.

colla voce. *rall.*

tempo.

For the words of this movement see last page.

these a cres - - cen - - do chap - - - - - let shall be f wove . . . . . To

cres - cen - do f

grace the youth I dear - - ly love leggiero. Stay . . . . . thou love-ly ad-der

p stacc. leggiero.

Stay . . . . . thou lovely ad-der love - - ly ad - - - der Stay thou

8a

love - - - ly ad - - - der Stay . . . . . thou love - - - - - - - - ly

dim. p cres - - -

snake

8a - cen - - - do. f 8a

sf *sf* *dim.*

poco rit. But let me

poco rit. *dim.* *poco rit.*

oft thy charms re-view But let me oft thy charms But let me oft thy charms But

cres ed accellerando -

cres ed accellerando -

cres e rit *ff* *dim*

let me oft thy charms But let me oft thy charms . . . . . re- -view . . . . .

rallentando. *ten.* *p rall.*

colla voce. *ff*

misterioso. *ppp*

pp lento. *rall.*

più lento ed espressivo.

p

Then a - - - ges hence when . . . . . thou no more

p

when thou no more . . . . . shalt . . . . . creep . . . a-long the sun - - - - - ny

shore the sun - - - - - ny shore . . . . . *rall.*

8a

rall.

rall.

Thy co-pied beau-ties shall be seen Thy red . . . . and a - - - - - zure

mix'd with green In mi-mic folds thou shalt display

sf

pp 1st time.

Stay..... stay..... stay..... stay..... stay.....

pp

rall.

stay stay thou love - - ly fear-ful ad-der stay.

rall.

accellerando.

2d time.

Stay ..... stay..... stay thou love-ly fear-ful

cres.

cres.

f accell:

snake..... Nor hide thee in yon dark - - - - some

cres.

f

accell. e cres. tempo Iº ff con passione.

brake, lovely snake, fearful snake But let me oft thy charms re-view....

tempo Iº

accell. e cres. ff sf con passione.

Thy glitt'- -ring scales and golden hue . . . .

sf

But let me oft thy charms re-view . . . .

fff *cres.* *sf* *sf*

Thy glitt'- ring scales and golden hue . . . .

sf 8a *con fuoco.*

sf *sf* *marcato.*

sf

From these a

sf dim. p

cres.

chap - - - - - let shall be wove . . . . . to grace to

cres.

f poco rit. tempo.

grace the youth I dear - est I dear - est love to

8a 8a 8a

f colla voce. f tempo.

grace the youth I dear - - - - - est love . . . . . .

8a 8a 8a

rall. e dim. rall. e dim.

poco più lento.

pp

From these a chap-let shall . . . . . .

rit.

pp

A

. . . be wove To grace the youth I dear - - - - - est

8a

tempo primo.

love.

rit.

accell.

p

dim e rall.

tempo.

p

Stay, stay thou love-ly fear-ful snake, Nor hide thee in yon dark-some brake

p tempo.

rall.

But let me oft.... thy charms re - view, Thy glitt'ring scales . . . . . and

colla voce. rall.

tempo.

gold - - - - - - en hue From these a

tempo.

cres - cen - do. f

chap - - - - - let shall be wove . . . . . To grace the youth I

8a

cres.

f

p

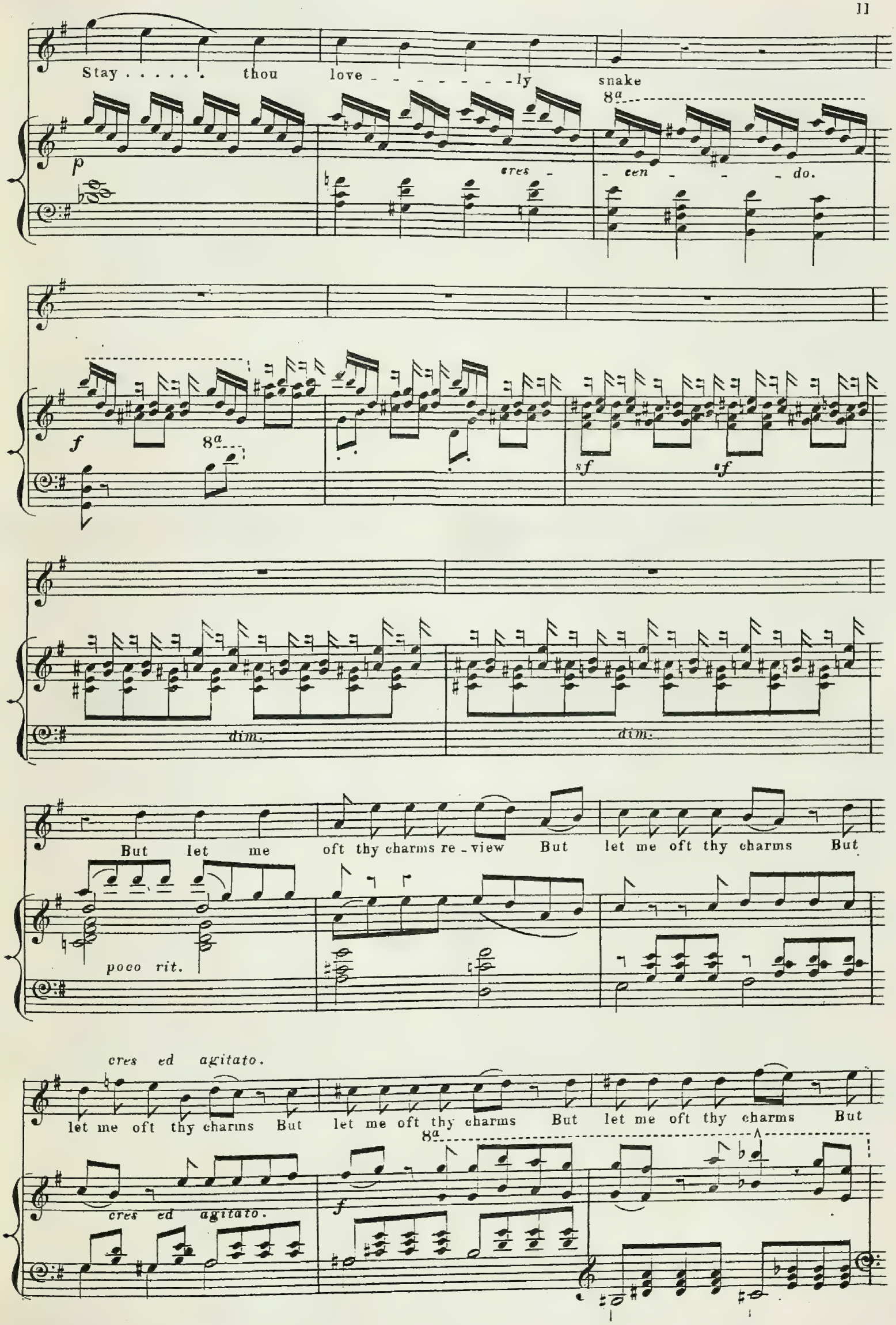
stacc.

dear - - - est love Stay . . . . . thou love-ly ad-der, Stay . . . . . thou lovely adder,

8a

love - - - ly ad - - - der, Stay thou love - - - ly ad - - - der

dim.


Stay . . . . . thou love - - - - - - - - ly snake

cres - - cen - - - do.

dim.
dim.
But let me oft thy charms re - view But let me oft thy charms But
poco rit.
cres ed agitato.
let me oft thy charms But let me oft thy charms But let me oft thy charms But

cres ed agitato.

rit. ff rall.

let me oft thy charms . . . . . re - - - - view

colla voce ff rall. piu lento. pp

pp piu lento.

ppp Then a - - - - ges hence when . . . . . thou no more

rall. pp

when thou no more . . . . . shalt . . . . . creep . . . a - long the sun - - - - - ny

8a

leggiero.

shore the sun - - - - - ny shore . . . . . rit.

tempo.

Thy co-pied beauties shall be seen Thy red and a-zure mix'd with green, In mimic folds thou

tempo.

accell.

shalt display In mimic folds thou shalt display . . . .

Con molto spirito.

passione.

ff

Stay . . . . thou love_ly

accell. *molto cres.*

ff *sf*

fear_ful ad_der stay . . . .

Stay . . . . thou love_ly fear_ful ad_der stay . . . .

sf

ff

Stay, stay thou love _ _ _ ly fear _ _ _ ful snake . . . . .

ff

sf *sf*

Nor . . . . . hide ye in yon dark _ _ some

brake But let me oft thy charms . . . . . re _

-view 8a

sf sf sf

con fuoco.

sf sf

cresendo. ff piu lento.

To grace . . . . . the youth I dear - - - est

sf sf ff colla voce. sf

rallentando e crescendo.

con forza.

love to grace the youth I dear - - - - est love, to grace the

ten. ten. ten.

sf colla voce.

youth I dear - - est love . . . .

8a

tempo. rall.

O SLEEP MY PRETTY DARLING.

CRADLE SONG

C. Fowler.

Andante con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE.

O sleep my pret - ty dar - - ling,

pp *ppp*

Soft Ped.

And dream that an - gels guard thee,

8a

O sleep my pret - ty dar - - ling ' And

dim.

rise with the new-born day O sleep my pret - ty dar - ling

delicato.

And dream that an - gels guard thee

cres. rall.

O sleep my pret - ty dar - - ling And rise with the new - born

rall.

tre corde. Ped. *

tempo.

day At morn - ing's break I'll wake thee

tempo.

f pp

Through fields and woods well wan - - - der, On mos - - sy banks I'll

cres. f delicato. pp

una corda.

rit. tempo.

take thee, My love - ly smi - ling child O

tempo.

tre corde.

cres. f dim.

sleep my pret - ty dar - - ling And dream that an - gels guard thee O

p cres: Ped.

p dim e rall. pp

sleep my pret - ty dar - - ling And rise with the new - born day . . . . . But

dim. dim e rall. pp lento.

poco piu lento.

now 'tis dark and drea - - ry The rain beats on the win - dow, Thy mo-ther too is

pp poco piu lento. una corda.

rit.

wea - - ry With watching thee so long.

tempo. tre corde.

poco più lento.

But now 'tis dark and

lento.

drea - - ry The rain beats on the win - - dow Thy mo-ther too is

rall. *accel:*

wea - ry With watching thee so long . . . With watching thee so long . . . .

rall.

accellerando.

pp tempo primo.

Sleep . . . . . sleep my pret - ty dar - - ling,

8va

tempo

leggierissimo.

una corda.

rall e dim. *pp*

Sleep . . . . . sleep my pret - ty dar - - - ling,

rall e dim.

rall.

tempo.

Thy dim - - pled face- so dove - like

8ª

ppp

Ped.

Thy pratt' ling voice so sim - - - ple

8ª

Thy

che - - rub smile so love — like So sun - - ny, fond and

pp

ppp

8ª

rall.

tempo.

gay . . . . . At last he sleeps my dar - - - ling

rit.

8ª

rall.

ppp tempo.

He dreams that an - - gels

8a

pp

guard him

The

delicato.

poco rall e cres.

molto dim e rall.

mo - - ther rocks her dar - - - ling Till both in slum - - ber

pp

8a

colla voce.

pp piu lento.

rest . . . . . In slum - - - - - - - - - ber, in slum - - - - -

rit.

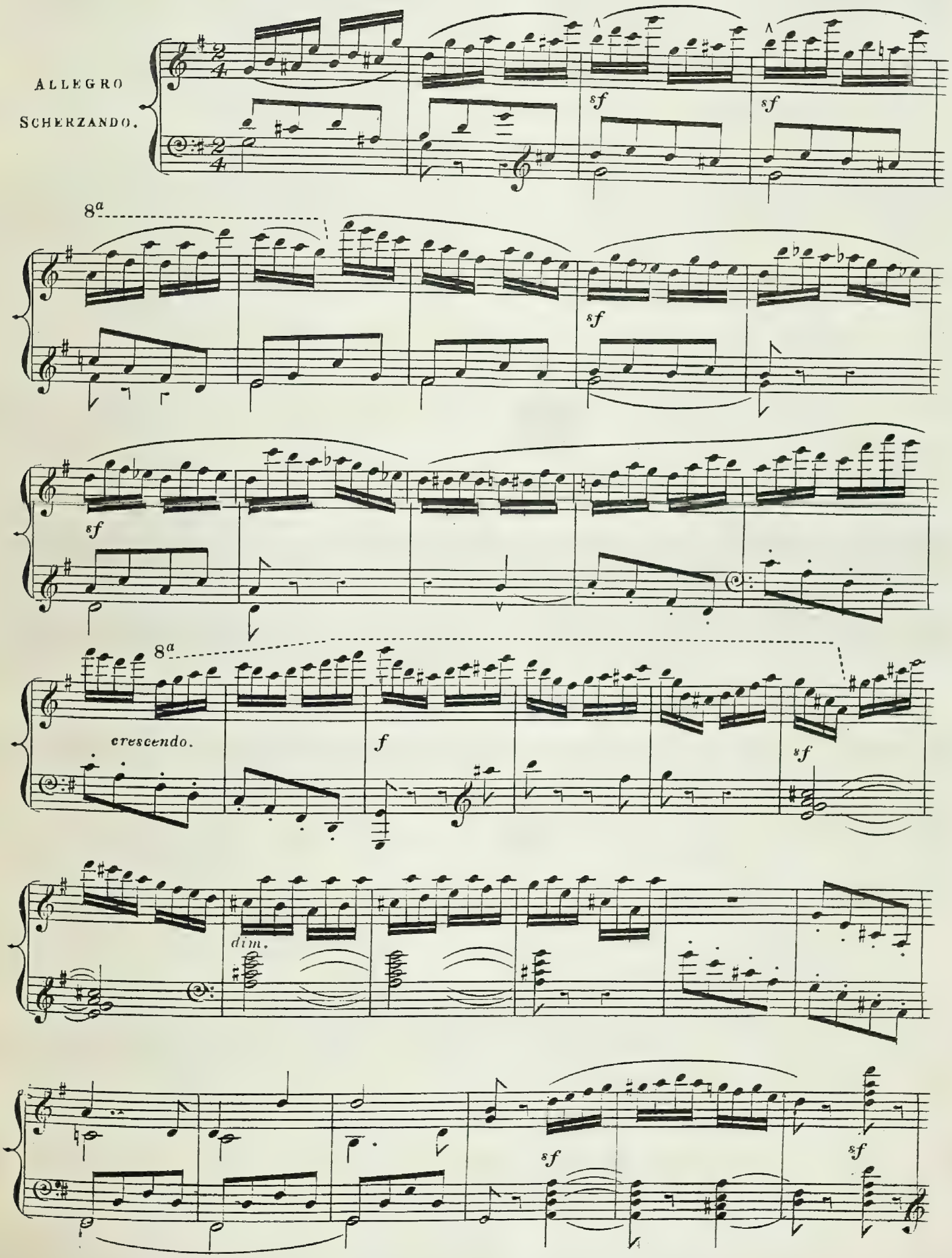
pp

rall.

- - - - ber, in slum - - - - - - - - - ber rest . . . . .

MERRILY THE STREAMLET GLIDETH.

C. FOWLER,



Mer - - ri - - - ly the stream-let gli - deth On its rock - - - - y

8a

sf sf

bed a - - - long While the wood - land voi - - ces e - cho

sf sf

cres.

f

Back the mur - - mur of its song . . . . . Mer - - - ri - ly the

8a

cres. f

stream - - let gli - - deth On its rocky bed a - long . . . . . .

dim.

8a

sf sf sf dim.

p espress.

While the wood - land voi - ces e - - cho Back the murmur of its song

espress.

8a

sf

While the wood - land voi - - ces e - - -cho Back . . . . .

sf *p*

rall. *rall.*

the . . . . . mur - mur of its song

8ª

colla voce *cres.* *accell.* *dim.*

p piu lento.

Near the bank there stands a

rall. *rit.* *p* *p colla voce*

lady Cloth'd in robes of deep-est green While a chap-let twin'd with flowers

cres - - cen - - do. *pp*

Well be-comes that fai - - -ry Queen As she smiles up - - on the landscape

cres - - cen - - do. *pp*

cres.

Buds their pe_ _tals gay un_ _fold...

8a

cres.

cres.

f

dim e rall.

rall.

While with_in the dew_ _y mea_dow Cows_lips gleam like stars of gold.

p delicato.

cres.

più animato.

1st Ro_bins flut_ter on the branches Ver_dant moss springs ev'_ry where Per_fume of a
2d Mer_ri_ _ly the streamlet glideth On its rock_y bed a_long While the woodland

Ped.

1st thousand flowers Float up_on the bal_my air For 'tis spring whose
2d voi_ces e_cho Back the murmur of its song Flow_ _ _ers fringe its

1st gen_ _ _tle pre_sence Now dis_pels each thought of gloom
2d sil_ _ _ver mar_gin Li_ _ _lies smile up_ _on its breast

8a

p

And with eyes so fond - - ly beam - - ing.
While a - - - bove in lof - - - ty branch - es.

8a

p

Cantabile.

Hangs bright wreaths on
Wild birds build their

win - - ter's tomb
down - - - y nest

1st time. 2nd time.

Wild ..... birds

rall.

dim.

tempo primo.

build ..... their down ----------- y nest.

dim.

molto cresc endo.

8a

sf *sf*

sf sf

8a

cres. f sf

dim.

Mer_ _ri_ _ _ly the stream_let gli_deth

sf sf sf

On its rock_ _y bed a_ _long While the wood_land voi_ces e_cho

8a

cres. f

Back the mur - mur of its song. . . . . Mer - - ri - ly the stream - let gli - deth

8a

cres. f sf

dim. p espress.

On its rocky bed a - long . . . . . While the wood - land voi - ces e - cho

8a

sf sf dim. p espress.

p

Back the murmur of its song While the wood - land voi - ces e - cho

8a

sf sf p

rall. rall.

Back . . . the . . . . mur - mur of its song.

8a

colla voce. cres. cres. accell. dim. rall.

rall.o

p

8a

poco a poco accell. e cres.

But when fair - est she will pe - rish

p leggiero. sf

p f sf sf

'Neath the sum - mer's warm - er sun, But when fair - est she will pe - rish

più lento.
espress.

'Neath the sum - mer's warm - er sun, Clo - sing her soft eyes in gladness

legato. colla voce.

pp a tempo.

All her toil and la - bour done, And her che - rish'd buds will nes - tle

cres.

f

dim.

On a not less peer - less brow For ap - pear - ing o'er the hills, See

cres

sf f

dim.

f *rit.*

Laugh_ing sum_mer greets us now Laugh_ing sum_mer greets us now

cres.

p tempo.

And her che_rish'd buds will nes_tle On a not less peer_less brow

p

For ap_ _pear_ing o'er the hills, See Laugh_ing sum_mer greets us now.

8*a*

Mer_ri_ _ly the streamlet gli_deth On its rock_y bed a_ _long

8*a*

sf *sf* *sf*

While the wood - land voi - ces e - cho Back the mur - mur of its

8a

song . . . . . Mer - - ri - ly the stream - let gli - deth On its rocky bed a -

sf sf

dim.

p

- long . . . . . While the wood - land voi - ces e - - cho Back . . . .

8a

sf p

. . . the mur - - - mur of . . . . . its song.

8a

sf sf f dim - - -

8a

- in - - u - en - do. p p

AN AMERICAN LOVE ODE.

1

Stay, stay thou lovely, fearful snake,
Nor hide thee in yon darksome brake
But let me oft thy charms review,
Thy glittering scales and golden hue.
From these a chaplet shall be wove
To grace the youth I dearest love.

2

Then ages hence when thou no more
Shalt creep along the sunny shore,
Thy copied beauties shall be seen
Thy red and azure mixed with green
In mimic folds thou shalt display.—
Stay, thou lovely fearful adder stay.

Thomas Warton,

A. D. 1698.

N°

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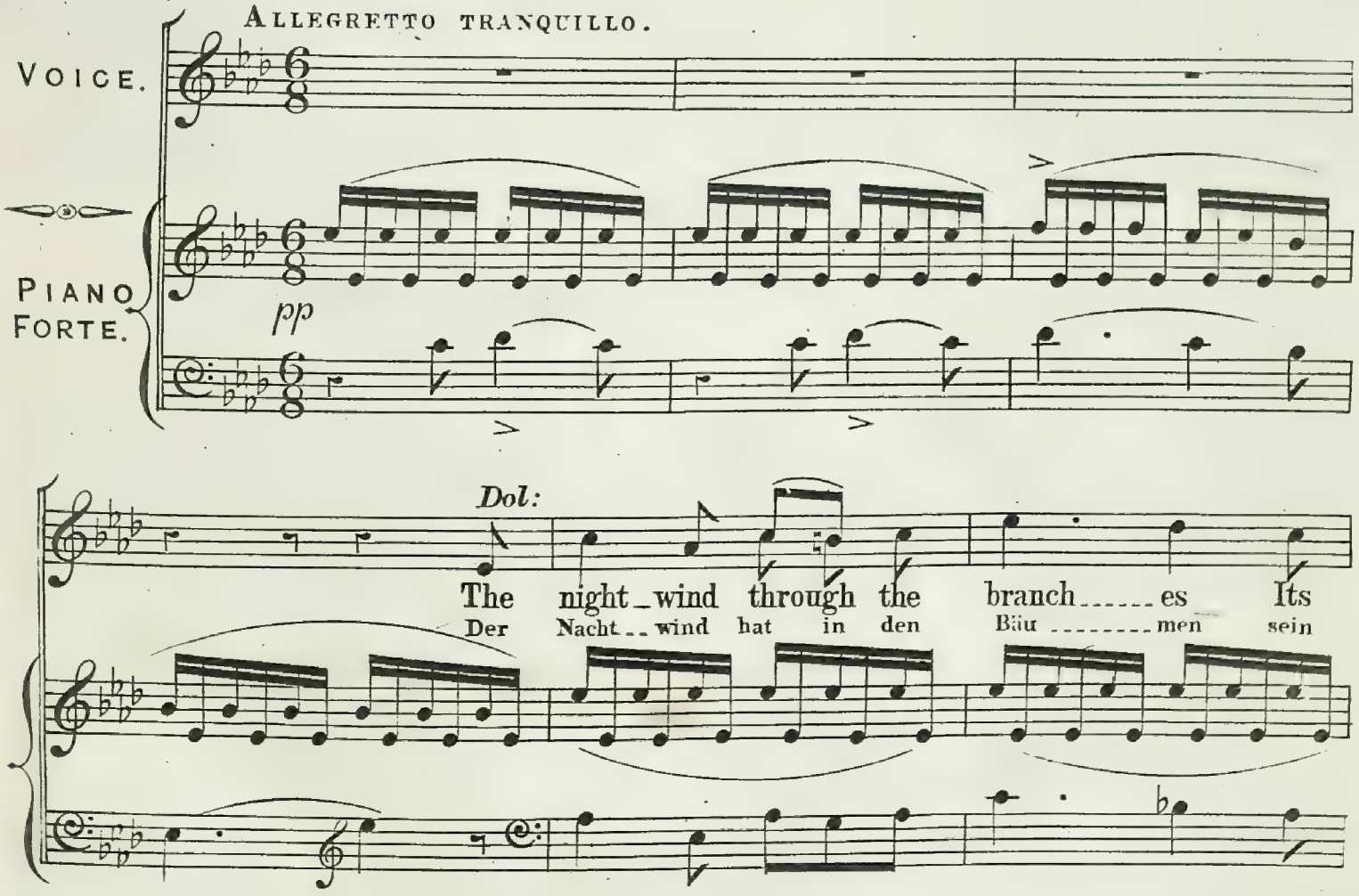
WOOD-SONG.

WALDLIED.

№ 1.



mur _ murs soft doth cease, ... The birds a _ bove are
Rau _ _ _ schen ein _ _ _ _ ge _ _ _ _ _ stellt, ... die Vö _ _ _ _ gel sit _ _ zen und

dream _ _ _ _ _ _ _ ing And all a _ round is peace . . . . . Yon
träu _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ men am A _ _ _ _ ste traut ge _ _ _ _ _ _ sellt, ... die

lit _ _ _ tle sil _ _ _ _ _ vry stream _ _ _ _ _ _ let The qui _ _ _ et woods a _
fer _ _ _ _ ne schmächt _ _ _ ge Quel _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ le, weil al _ _ _ _ les An _ _ _ _ dre

_ mong, Is heard as its _ wa _ ters are flow _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ ing,
ruht, lässt hörbar nun Wel _ le auf Wel _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ le

Tu_ning its gen ___ tle song..... And when the present is
hin flüstern ih_____re Flut, ... und wenn die Nä__he ver_

fa_____ding, Sweet mem'__ry holds her sway,..... And
klun_____gen, dann kom___men an die Reih'..... die

Cres:

faint ___ly, faintly in mur__murs floating, Her e_____choes die a_
lei_____sen lei__sen Er_____in_____ner__run_gen und wei_____nen fern vor_

_way..... Her e_____choes die a_____way.
bei..... und wei_____nen fern vor ____bei.

un poco rall: pesante.

That all things mortal do
Dass al - les vor - ü - ber

rall: *colla parte.*

a tempo.

wi - ther, Is known a - las! too well . . . . . Yet
ster - be ist alt und all be kannt: . . . . . doch

a tempo.

Dim:

f e espressivo.

grief like mine so bit - ter, Can no one, can
die - se Weh - muth, die her - be, hat Nie - mand,

più f

Dim:

un poco rall:

no one e'er dis - pel.
Nie - mand noch ge - bannt.

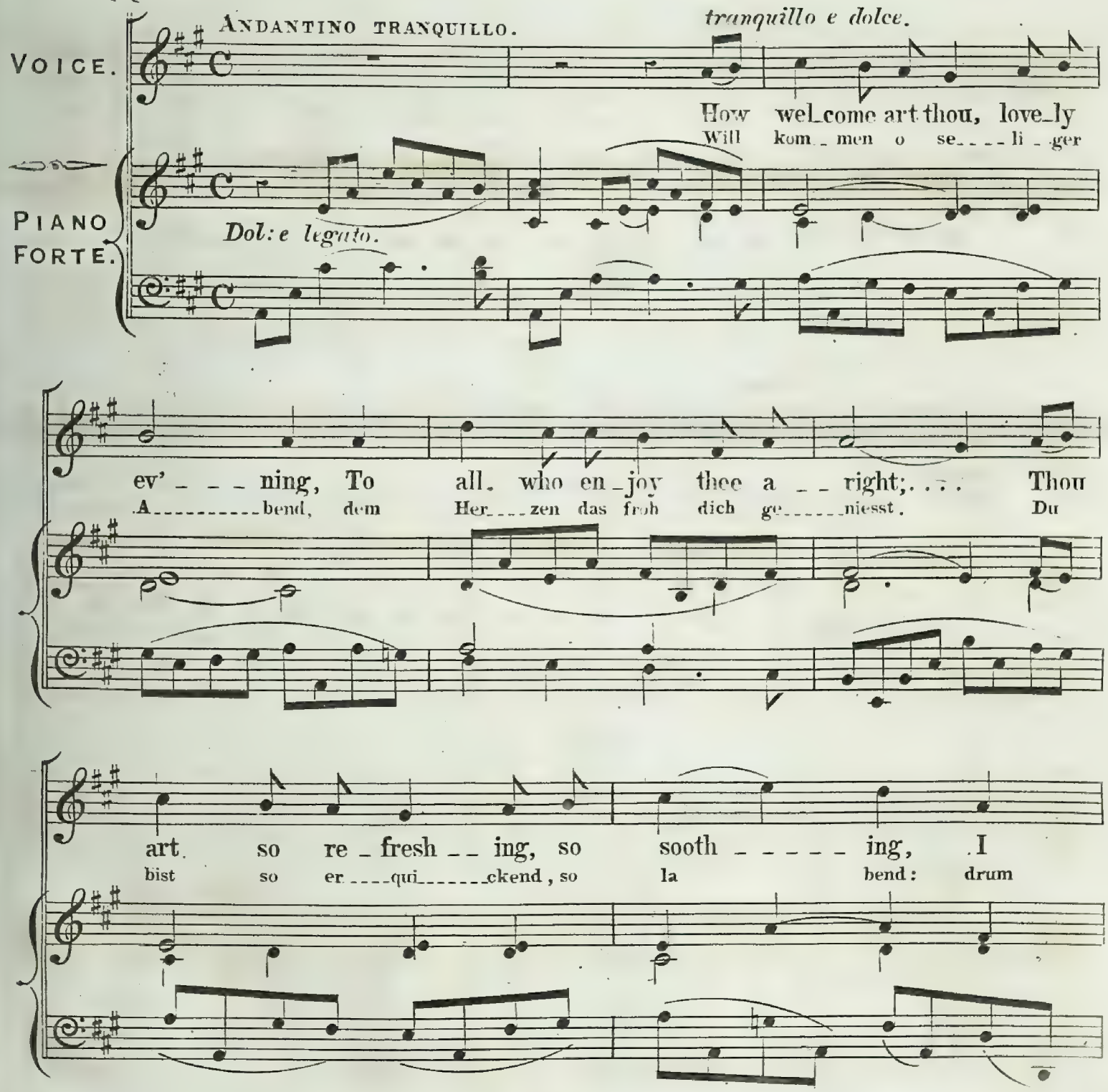
Rall:

un poco rall:

GREETING THE EVENING.

GRUSS AN DEN ABEND.

No. 2.



greet thee with heartfelt de_light.
sei mir recht herz__lich ge__grüsst!

In the coolness and calm that at_
In ei__ner er_fren__li_chen

_tend. thee, Our sor_rows and cares all de_
Küh__le ver__gisst man die Lei_____den der

part, The heat of the noon is for
Zeit, ver gisst man des Mit_____ta__ges

Cres:

un poco più marcato.

_got___ten, And thanks on_ly dwell in the heart. Then
Schwü_____le und ist nur zum Dan__ken be__reit Will

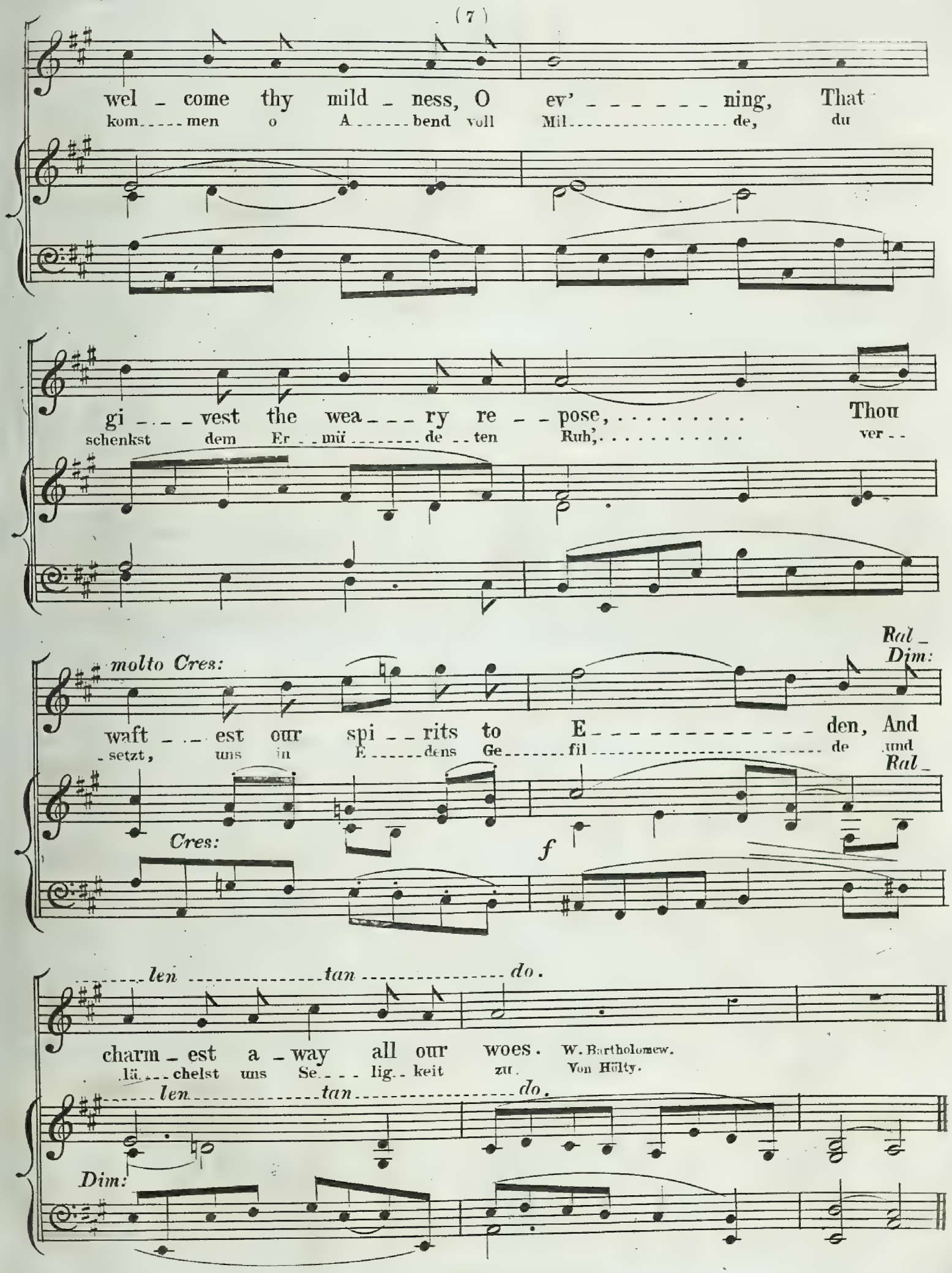
con espress.e

molto tranquillo.

Cres:

p

pp


wel - come thy mild - ness, O ev' - - - - - - - ning, That
kom - - - - men o A - - - - - bend voll Mil - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - de, du
gi - - - vest the wea - - - ry re - - pose, ... Thou
schenkst dem Er - - mü - - - - - - - de - - ten Ruh', ... ver - -

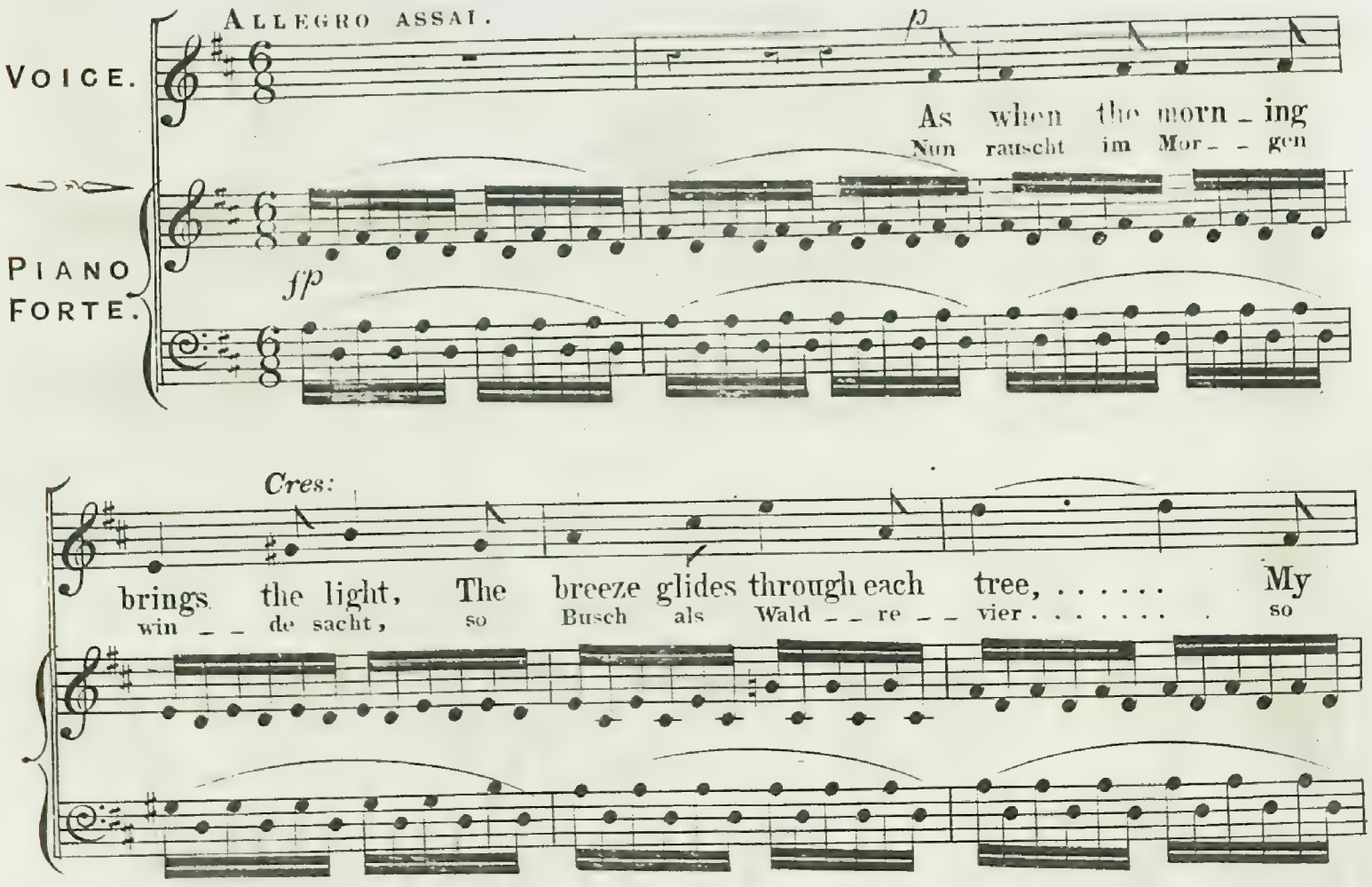
waft - - - est our spi - - rits to E - - - - - - - - - - - - - - den, And
- setzt, uns in E - - - - - dens Ge - - - - - fil - de und

- - - - - len - - - - - - - - - - - - - tan - - - - - - - - - - - - - - do.
charm - est a - way all our woes. W. Bartholomew.
lä - - - chelst uns Se - - - lig - keit zu. Von Hölty.

"TO ME THY LOVE IS LIKE THE SPRING."

IM GEBIRG.

№ 3.



ear_nest de_sire by day and night Un__cea__sing glides to
rauscht mei__ne Sehn__sucht Tag und Nacht, rauscht im_____mer__dar nach

f

Cres:

più p

thee..... Thou dost not hear, thou art a_way Too
Dir..... Du merkst es nicht, du bist so weit kein

p

far to hear my sigh;... Were I a bird, that
Laut her__ü__ber spricht; O schlim_____me Zeit,

I to thee Day af_ter day might fly..... Were
ein_sa__me Zeit, und Flü__gel hab__ich nicht,..... O

Cres: *Rall:*

I a bird that I to thee, Day af_ter day might
schlim_____me Zeit, e_ _in_same Zeit, kein Laut her_ _ü_____ber

Rall:

fly.
spricht.

a tempo.

marcato.

p

I climb the hills, ... and fond_ly gaze Where_
Vom höchs_____ten Berg . . . . . mein Au_____ge sieht um_ _

f *più p*

Cres:

_e'er I think thou art . . . . . I sing to thee, and
_ soust nach West und Ost, ... ein Gruss zu_ dir, von

p *Cres:*

Di ..... mi ..... nu ..... en ..... do.

tranquillo.

hear thy lays, And this, And this re-
dir ein Lied, das ist das ist mein

tranquillo.

Dim:

Rall: *a tempo e giojoso.*

-joi- - - - - - ceth my heart . . . . . In ev'- - ry wood and
ein - - - - - - - - - - - - - zi- - ger Trost, ... So sing ich denn durch

colla voce. *a tempo.*

Rall: *a tempo.*

f

vale I sing, While I wand'-ring seek re - - pose, ... For to
Wald und Dorn meine Weis' im Wan - - - - - der zug: . . . . . "dei-ne

a tempo.

Colla voce.

Cres:

me thy love is like a spring That thro' a de - - sert
Lieb das ist ein süs - - - sser Born dess trink ich nie . ge- -

f

Sempre f

flows, ... For to me thy love is like a spring, is

nug, ... de _ ine Lieb das ist ein sü _____ sser Born, dess

fz

ff

like a spring. . . . . That through . . . . . a

trink ich nie. . . . . nie. . . . . ja

f

Sempre f

de _____ sert flows.

nie ge _____ nug."

W. Bartholomew.
E. Geibel.

f e animato.

f al fine.

THE LOVE CHARM.

"ICH FÜHLE DEINEN ODEM."

No. 4.

ANDANTE.

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE.

Cantabile.
Dol:

I feel around me
Ich füh___le dei_nen

p

breath__ing Thy soft spell ev'_ry where, While Fan_cy, bright dreams
O_____dem mich ü___ber_all um_wehn, wo__hin die Au_gen

Cres:

Cres:

wreath_ing, Calls up thine image fair. And
schweï__fen wähn' ich dein Bild zu sehn. *più f ma Dol:* Im

f

legato.

Cres: molto

when that im _ age night _ ly Sinks in my thoughts deep sea, 'Tis

Mee _ re mei _ ner Ge _ dan _ ken kannst du nur un _ ter _ gehn, um

molto

fz

Cres: ff meno f

but to shine more bright _ ly, Sun _ like, at morn, to me, 'Tis

wie die Son _ ne des Mor _ gens schön wie _ der auf _ zu _ stehn, um

Cres: ff

Cres: f patetico

but to shine more bright _ _ ly, Sun _ like, at morn, to

wie die Son _ ne des Mor _ gens schön wie _ der auf zu

p sf sf ff

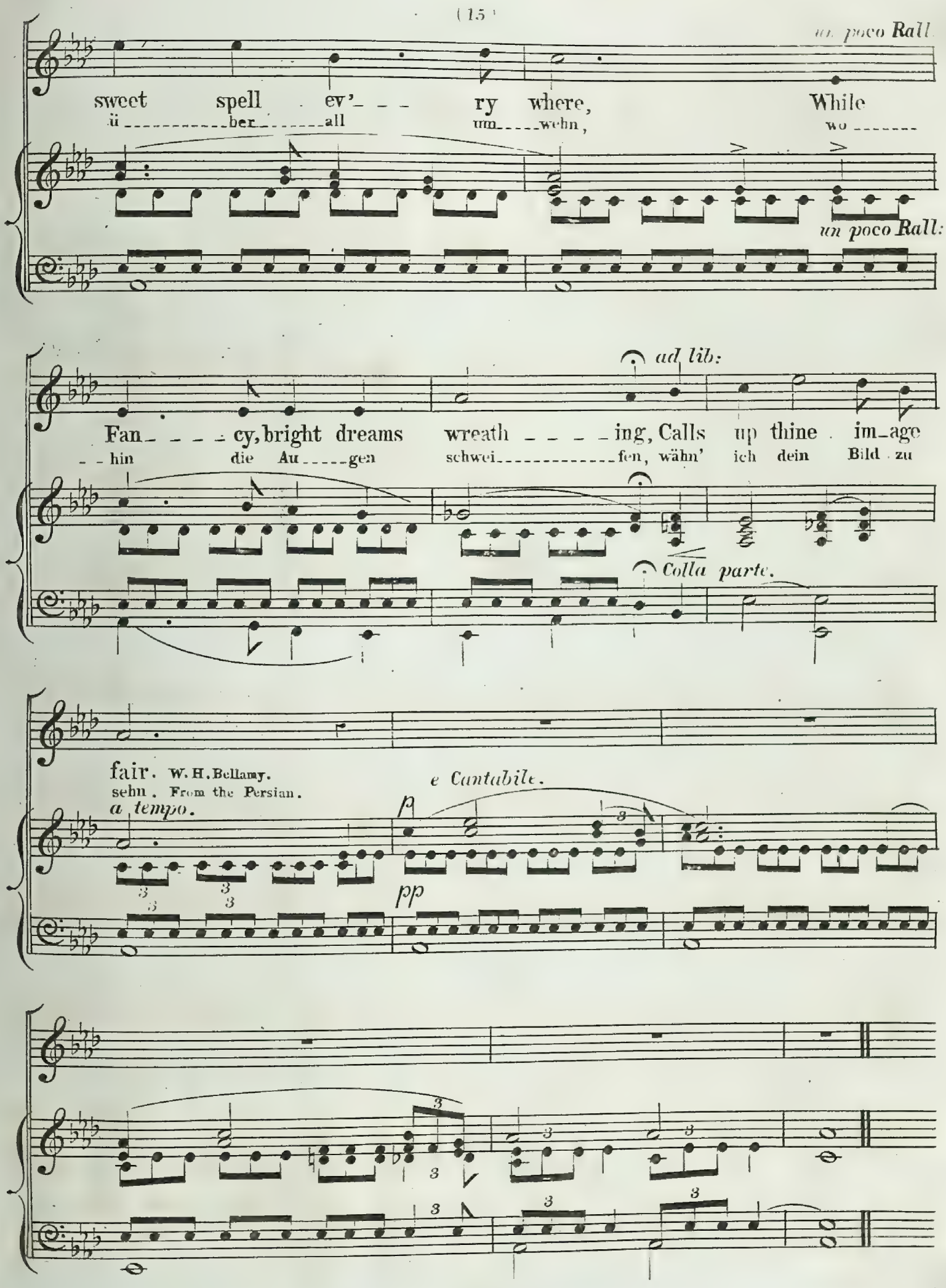
pp

me. I feel around me breath _ _ _ ing Thy

stehn. Ich fühle dei _ nen O _ dem mich

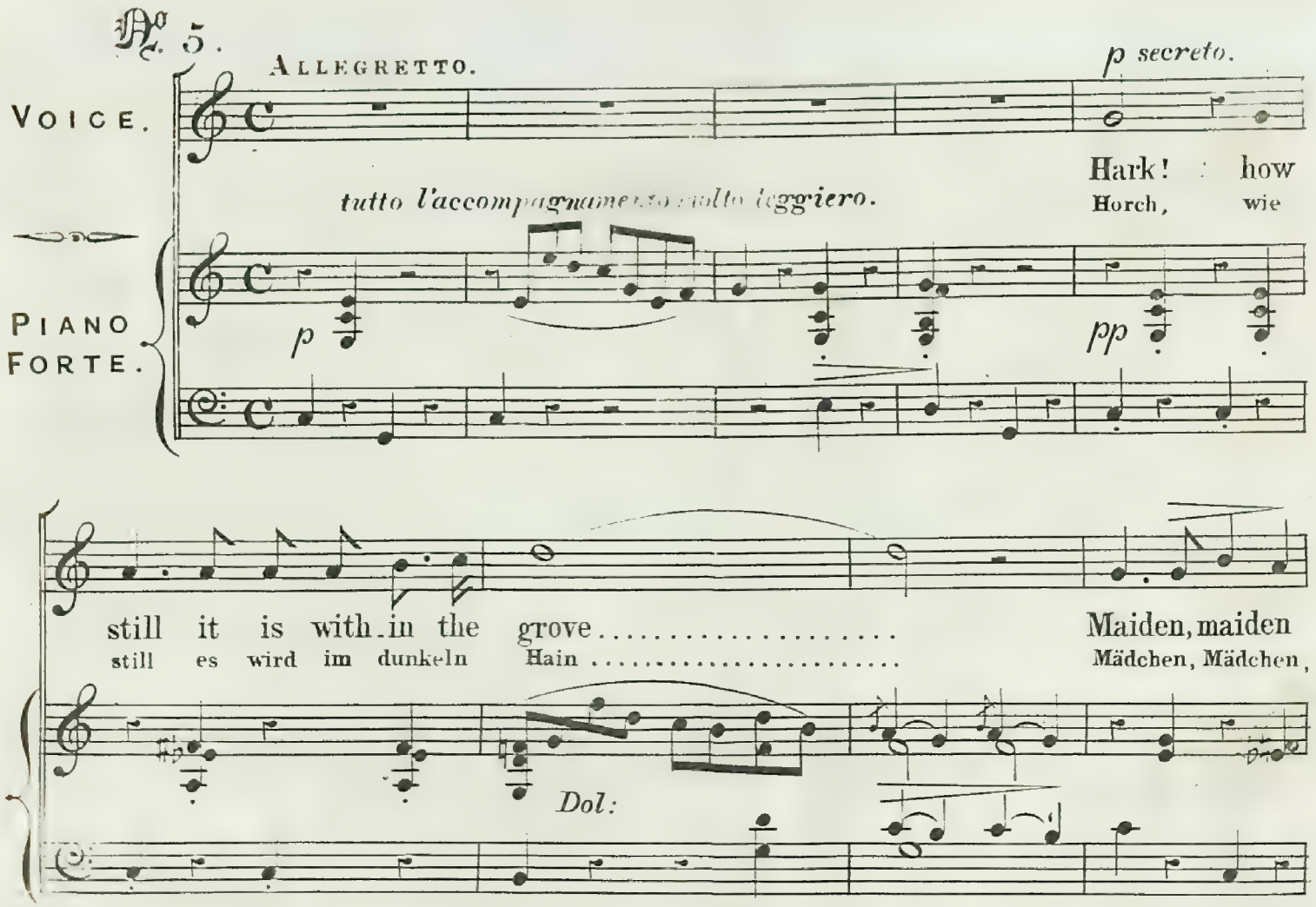
Dol: ma marcato.

molto Dim: pp


un poco Rall.
sweet spell ev'- - - ry where, While
ü - - - - - - - - - - ber - - - - - - - all um - - - - wehn, wo - - - - - - -
un poco Rall:
ad lib:
Fan - - - - cy, bright dreams wreath - - - - ing, Calls up thine im-age
- - hin die Au - - - - gen schwei - - - - - - - - - - - - fen, wähn' ich dein Bild zu
Colla parte.
fair. W. H. Bellamy.
sehn. From the Persian.
a tempo.
e Cantabile.
p
pp

"HARK, HOW STILL."

"HORCH, WIE STILL."



here we're hap - py, hap - py and a - lone,
wir sind si - cher, si - cher und al - lein.

p

Soft - ly stealing
Still ver - säu - selt

marcato ma p

o'er the mea - dow plain . . . . . Sounds the ev' - ning
hier am Wie - sen - hang . . . . . schon der A - bend -

rall:

bells' last dy - ing tone:
glo - cken mü - der Klang;

a tempo.

On that flow' - ret
auf den Blu - men,

a tempo.

rall:

pp PED

which be - fore thee bends . . . . . Sleeps the la - test
die sich Dir ver - neigt . . . . . schlief das letz - te,

pp

ze... phyr, and is still, is still, is still,
letz... te Lüft...chen ein und schweigt, und schweigt,

molto tranquillo.

is still, the la ..... test ze.....phyr now is
und schweigt, das letz ..... te Lüft.....chen schläft und

molto tranquillo.

f molto animato. *p molto Cres:*

still. Dare I tell thee now, we are a ..... lone, ...
schweigt. Sa...gen darf ich Dir, wir sind al..... lein, ...

molto animato. *appassionato.*

f *p molto Cres:*

appassionato.

ff 3

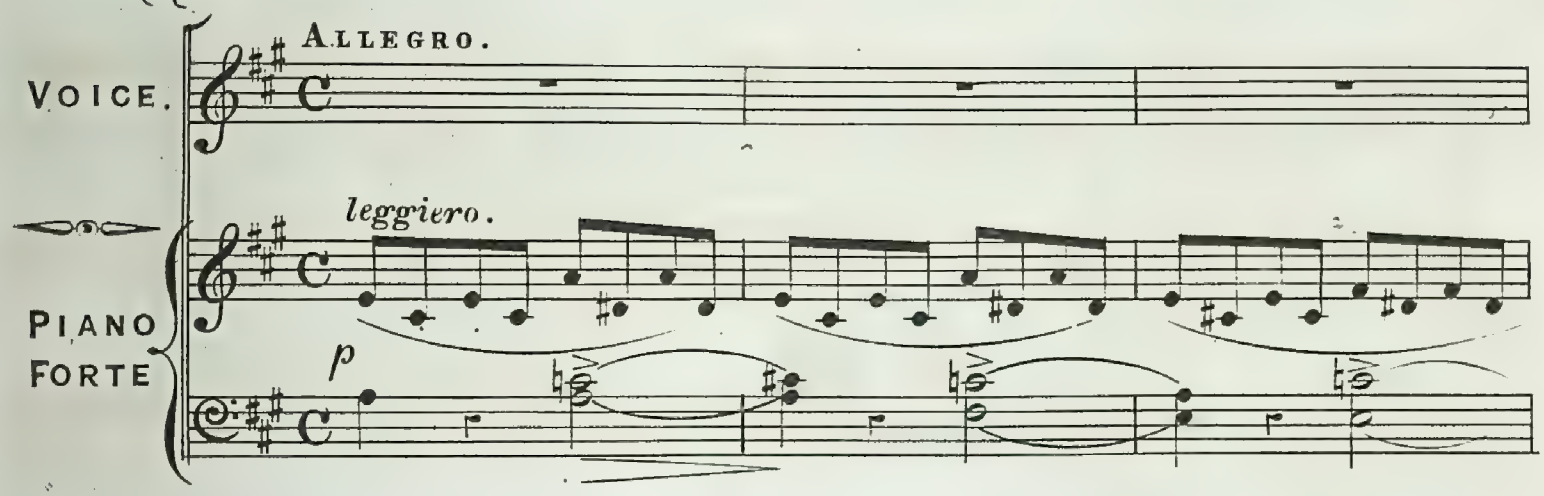
That my heart my heart is all ..... thine own! .....
dass mein Herz ist e...wig, e..... wig Dein! N. Lenau.

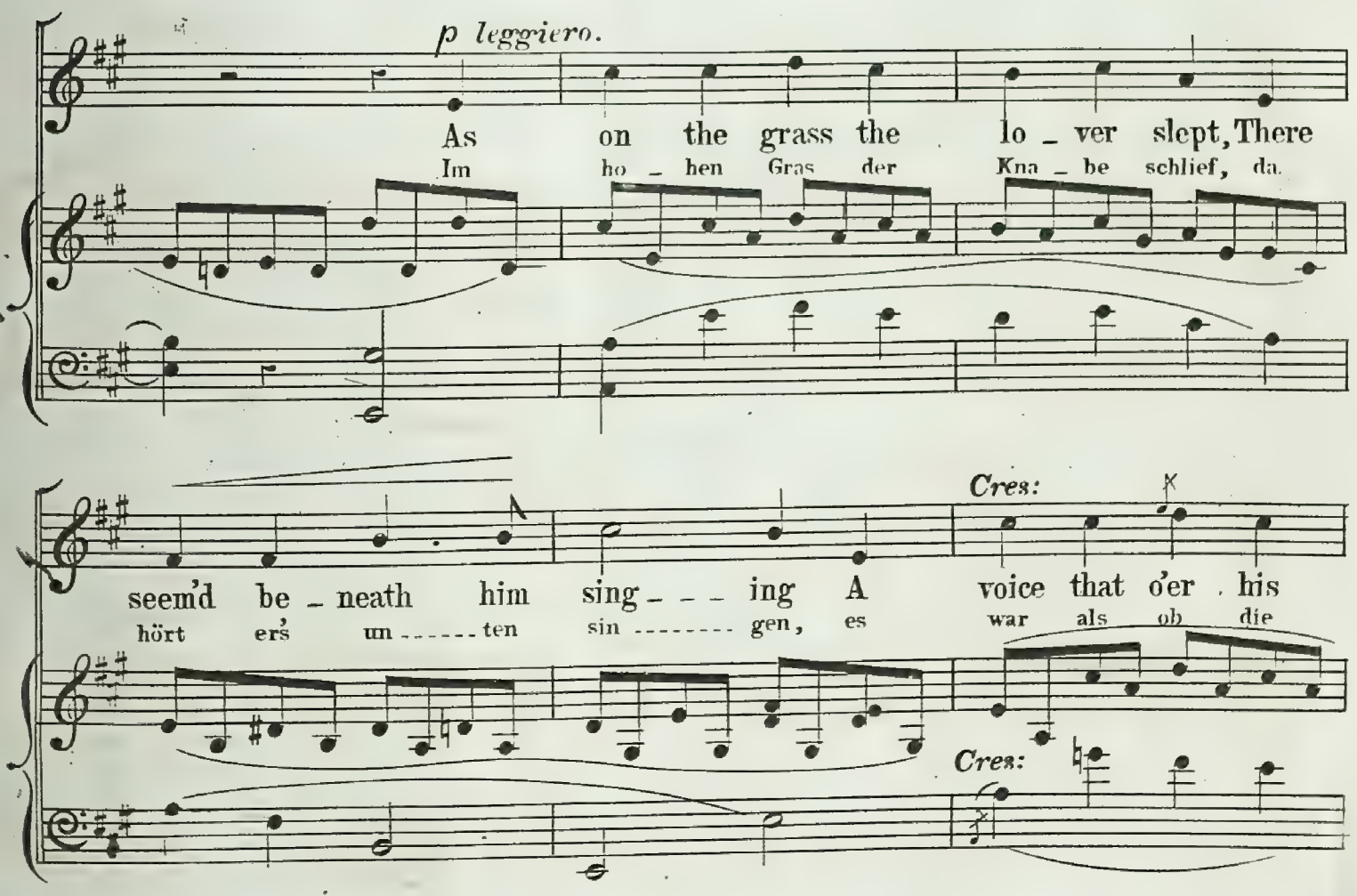
ff 3 *fz* *fz*

THE SPRING SPELL.

FRÜHLINGSNETZ.

№ 6.





sen_ses swept, A charm a_round him fling_ing.
Lieb_ste rief, das Herz wollt ihm zer____sprin____gen.

p

Cres: *Dim:*

A charm around, a__round... him fling_____
Es war als ob die Lieb____ste, die Lieb_____ste

Cres: *Dim:*

_ing.
rief.

Dol:

So
Und

soft the spell that o'er him shed The flow_rets gen__tly
ü___ber ihm ein Net____ze wirrt der Blu___men lei_____ses

Cres:

p *Cres:*

wa.....ving, Ah! who may tell how sweet_ly sped Those
Schwan.....ken, durch das die See_le schmachtend irrt in

Cres:

hours so soul_en_sla__ving. Oh!
lieb_li__chen Ge_dan___ken, *tranquillo.* und

a tempo.

Cres: *Rit:* *p Dol:*

who may tell how sweet_ly sped Those hours so soul_en_sla__ving.
ü___ber ihm ein Ne__tze wirrt der Blu_men lei_ses Schwan.....

Cres: *Rit:* *p Dol:*

___ken.

p

Poco a poco Cres:

Voice, charm, and flow'rs, all all were Spring's, Who thus enamour'd found him,

So süs-se Zau-be--rei war los und wun-der-ba-re Lie-------der,

Poco a poco Cres:

f Stringendo.

Sempre Cres:

Mu-sing up-on a thou-sand things, Mu-sing up-on a

gehn durch der Er--de Früh-lingsschooss, gehn durch der Er--de

f Stringendo.

Sempre Cres:

Con passione.

thou-sand things Of life..... and beau.....ty

Früh-lings--schooss, die las---sen ihn nicht

Con passione.

molto Dim:

morendo.

round..... him.....

wie..... der.....

W.H.Bellamy.
J von Eichendorff.

molto Dim:

morendo.

Sir George Grove
from
F. J. Furnivall
27 June 1884

TO

F. J. Furnivall, Esqre.

WILT THOU CHANGE TOO?

from

(JAMES LEE'S WIFE.)

BY

Robert Browning,

Set to Music by

ETHEL HARRADEN.

Price 4/=

London,
C. JEFFERYS, 67, BERNERS STREET.

By the same Composer

I GO TO PROVE MY SOUL *POETRY BY* ROBERT BROWNING.

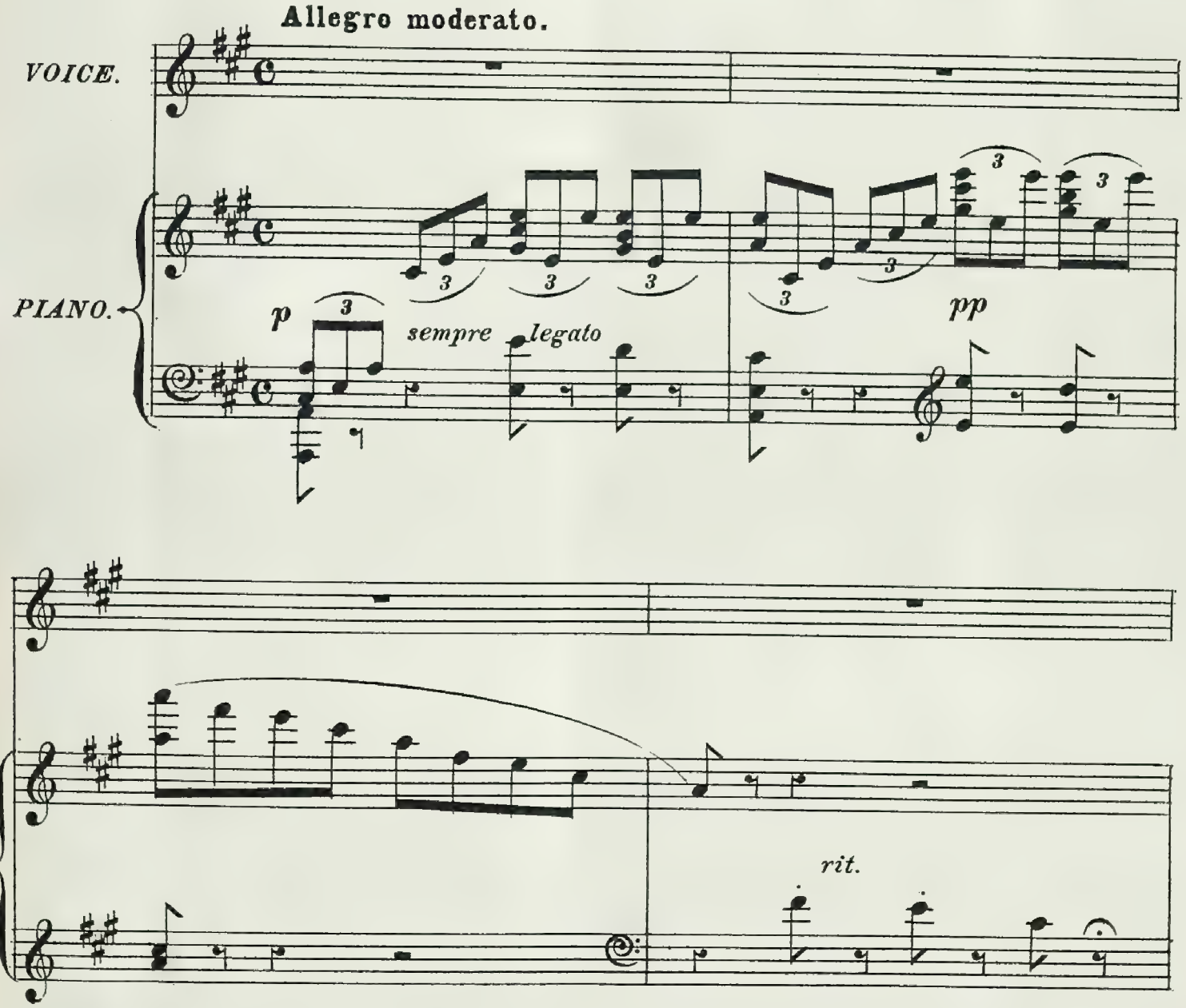
D1477/18

WILT THOU CHANGE TOO?

SONG.

*Words by
ROBERT BROWNING.

Music by
ETHEL HARRADEN



*By permission of the author.

2

p a tempo

Ah love,..... but a day..... And the world has

p

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

chang'd..... Ah, love,..... but a

Ped. ✻

day,..... And the world has chang'd!..... The

Ped. ✻

sun's a way,..... And the bird's es - trang'd,..... The

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

p ritardando *pp* *a tempo* *mf*

wind has dropp'd, And the sky's de_rang'd; Sum_mer has

p ritardando *pp* *mf a tempo*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

f

stopp'd,..... Sum_mer has stopp'd,..... And the

f

Ped. Ped. Ped.

rit. ad lib. *p*

world..... the world..... is chang'd.

p *colla voce* *p*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

pp *rit.*

Wilt thou change too?

più lento

p

Look in my eyes!..... Wilt thou,..... wilt thou change

pp

mf

too?..... Look in my eyes! Should

p

Ped. ✻

I, should I fear sur - prise?..... Shall

accelerando

I find aught new..... In the old and dear,..... In the

accelerando

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

good and true,..... With the chang – – ing year? Wilt

thou change too?..... Wilt thou change.....

too?..... With the chang – – ing year?

ff *Allegro con spirito.*

Thou..... art a man,..... Thou..... art a man,..... But

ff

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

rit. _ _ *con tenerezza* _ _ _

I..... am thy love,..... But I..... am thy

p

rit. colla voce _ _ _ _

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

a tempo

love:..... For the lake,..... its swan,..... For the

f *a tempo*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

Wilt thou change too?

dell,..... its dove; For the lake,..... its swan;..... For the

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

dell; its dove; But for thee,..... (O haste!)..... For

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

ff *accelerando* – – – – *al* – – – *fine*

thee,..... for thee,..... Me, to bend a – bove,.....

ff *accelerando* – – – – *al* – – – *fine*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

ff

Me, to hold embrac'd;..... For thee,..... for thee,.....

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

ff

Me,..... to bend a - bove.....

ff *ff*

Ped. ✻ Ped. Ped.

rit. *ff*

..... and hold em - brac'd.....

rit. *ff* *ff* *a tempo*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped.

ff *ff*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped.

Sir George Grove
from
F. J. Furnivall
27 June 1884

TO

ROBERT BROWNING, ESQ^RE.

I GO TO PROVE MY SOUL

from

Paracelsus,

BY

ROBERT BROWNING

Set to Music by

ETHEL HARRADEN.

Price 4/-

London,
C. JEFFERYS, 67, BERNERS STREET.

By the same Composer,

WILT THOU CHANGE TOO? POETRY BY ROBERT BROWNING.....4/-

Rem 16420
D1477/19

I GO TO PROVE MY SOUL.

* *Words by*

ROBERT BROWNING.

Music by

ETHEL HARRADEN.

ANDANTE MODERATO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f *ben marcato.*

PED * PED *

f

I go to prove my

mf

PED * PED *

soul!. . . . . I go to prove my soul!. I

PED * PED *

* By permission of the Author.

see my way, I see my way, As birds their track - - less

f rit.

f rit.

PED * PED *

way. . . . . I go to prove my soul! I

f a tempo.

f a tempo.

PED PED

go to prove my soul! . . . . . I see my way, I

accel.

accel.

PED PED

see my way, As birds their track - - - less way. . . . . .

rit. *ff* *rit.*

rit. *ff* *colla voce.* *f a tempo.*

PED * PED * PED * PED *

mf *poco più mosso.*

I shall ar_ _rive! . . . . . what

Dim. *p*

PED PED *

crescendo.

time, what circuit first, I ask not:. . . I shall ar_ .

crescendo.

PED *

f *rit.*

rive! . . . . . what time, what circuit first, I ask not: but un

rit.

PED *

f agitato e accelerando. *crescendo.*

_less God send His hail,. . . . Or blind _ _ _ _ing fire - balls,. . . .

nf *crescendo.*

PED PED PED PED

ff *ff* *p dolce.*

sleet, or sti _ fling snow,. . . . In some time, In some time, In

ff *ff* *p dolce.*

PED PED PED

rit. *p* *mf Allegro.*

His good time, I shall ar_ _rive: . . . . . .

p rit. *p* *mf*

PED PED

f

I shall ar_ _rive: . . . . . .

ff *ff* *f*

PED PED

ff ff

I shall ar_ _rive:. . . . . .

ff ff ff ff rall

PED PED PED

p Andantino.

. . . . . He guides me and the bird . . . . He guides me and the

ff pp

PED PED PED

crescendo. ff

bird . . . . In some time, His time, I shall ar_

crescendo.

PED PED PED PED PED

ff ff rallentando. ff

_rive:. . . . . In His good time! . . . . . .

ff ff rallentando. ff

PED PED PED PED PED PED

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FELIX GANTIER.

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11.	La Traviata	3	0	3	0
12.	La Figlia del Reggimento	3	0	3	0
13.	Rigoletto	3	0	3	0
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16.	La Favorita	3	0	3	0
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18.	Les Huguenots	3	0	3	0
19.	La Sonnambula	3	0	3	0
20.	Don Giovanni	3	0	3	0
21.	I Puritani	3	0	3	0
22.	Le Nozze di Figaro	3	0	3	0
23.	Don Pasquale	3	0	3	0
24.	La Gazza Ladra	3	0	3	0
25.	Der Freischütz	3	0	3	0
26.	Il Flauto Magico	3	0	3	0
27.	Zampa	3	0	3	0
28.	Tannhäuser	3	0	3	0
29.	The Crown Diamonds	3	0	3	0
30.	L'Ombre	3	0	3	0
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16.	Oh Erin, my Country	2	6
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4.	Auld lang syne, Ye banks and braes, There's nae luck about the house	2	6	3	0
5.	Kelvin Grove, Blue Bells of Scotland, The Campbells are comin'	2	6	3	0
6.	Charlie is my darling, Logie o' Buchan, A Highland Lad my Love was born	2	6	3	0
7.	Duncan Gray, Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled, Bonnie Dundee	2	6	3	0
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11.	Oh, Kenmure's on an' awa', The Lass o' Patie's Mill, Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie	2	6	3	0
12.	What's a the steer, kimmer, Here's a health to them that's awa', We're a' noddin'	2	6	3	0
13.	O whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad, Within a mile of Edinburgh town, Green grow the rushes, O!	2	6	3	0
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5.	Sul' aria do.	1	6
6.	Non piu andrai do.	1	6
7.	Dove sono do.	1	6
8.	Crudel perche finora do.	1	6
9.	Il mio tesoro (Don Giovanna)	1	6
10.	Ah! perdona (La Clemenza di Tito)	1	6
11.	La dove prende (Il Flauto Magico)	1	6
12.	L'Addio	1	6
13.	Fin ch' an dal vino (Don Giovanni)	1	6
14.	Gente é qui l'uccelatore (Fla. Magico)	1	6
15.	Colomba e Tortorella do.	1	6
16.	La mia Dorabella (Cosi fan tutte)	1	6
17.	Ah, lo veggio do.	1	6
18.	Una donna a quindeci do.	1	6
19.	Possenti Numi	1	6
20.	Gli Angui d'Inferno	1	6
21.	Oh! cara immagine	1	6
22.	Non so piu cosa	1	6
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24.	Qui sdegno	1	6

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To Dr Grove,
With the best regards of
Ann S Mounsey Bartholomew
Feb. 10

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1 "Crabbed Age and Youth," Poetry by W. Shakespeare,
2 Fair and True, " Charles Mackay, LLD,
3 Wedded Love, " Bishop Heber,
4 The Bells, " Edgar Allan Poe,
5 Parting, " Thomas Hood,
6 Queen Mab's Song, from the Percy Relics,

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No. I.

"CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
(From the Passionate Pilgrim.)

Mrs MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW.

Con energia.

PIANO.

mf

cres.

mf

Crab _ _ bed

p

Ped. ✻

Age and Youth can _ not live to _ ge _ ther,

Youth is full of plea - sure, Age is full of care.

f

Youth..... like..... sum - mer morn, Age, like win - ter

f

wea - ther: Youth..... like sum - mer brave,

Age like win - ter bare,..... Age like win - ter

bare.

p

p

Youth is full of sport,..... A _ ge's breath is

p

f

short,..... Youth..... is nim _ ble,

f

p

Age..... is lame, Youth is hot and bold,

p

S. L. W. & Co 1580.

f

Age is weak and cold; Youth..... is wild

f

p

ritard.

and Age is tame, and Age is tame.

p

ritard.

Tempo I.

mf

Age, I do ab -

p

mf

hor thee, Youth, I do a - dore thee; O, my love, my

cres.

love is young; O,..... my love is young;

cres.

ff

ff *p* *f*

Age, I do de - fy thee; O, sweet shep - herd, hie..... thee, For me -

p *f*

ff

thinks thou stay-est too long, Thou stay - - - - - est too

ff

long.....

p *p*

Ped.

No. II.

FAIR AND TRUE.

CHARLES MACKAY. L. L. D.

MRS MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

p

p

Ripe as peach - es, fresh as morn - ing,

p

cres.

Min - nie's cheeks with crim - son glow;

cres.

p *cres.*

On her lips..... the clus - t'ring kis - ses

p *cres.*

f

Woo the wind..... to taste and go.

f

mf

When she breathes..... the jea - lous ro - ses

mf

Long to share a fra - grance new,

Lurk - ing smiles ..... and art - less mean - ings

Slum - ber in her eyes of blue.

f

Ripe as peach - es, fresh as morn - ing,

f

Ped. ✻

Min - nie's cheeks with crim - son glow,.....

Ped. ✻

On her lips the clus - t'ring kis - - ses

Woo the wind to taste and go.

p *cres.*

f

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

S. L. W. & Cº 1581.

p *cres.*

But tho' beau - - ti - ful is Min - nie,

p *cres.*

f

She has charms all charms a - bove;

f

p *cres.*

Bright good hu - mour nev - er fail - ing,

p *cres.*

f

Good - - ness, gen - tle - ness, and love.

f

mf

Ye who doubt ..... the worth of wo - man,

mf

Look on Min - nie, and be wise;

Vir - tue beams ..... in ev' - ry fea - ture,

Truth's the sun - light of her eyes.

S. L. W. & Cº 1581.

f

But tho' beau - ti - ful is Min - nie,

f

Ped.

She has charms all charms a - bove;.....

Ped.

Bright good hu - - mour, nev - er fail - - ing,

Good - ness, gen - tle - ness, and love.

p

p

She has charms all charms a _ bove,

p

cres.

she has charms all charms a _ bove,

f

Good _ ness,

cres.

f

Ped.

p

gen _ tle _ ness,

f

gen _ tle _ ness and love.

p

f

ff

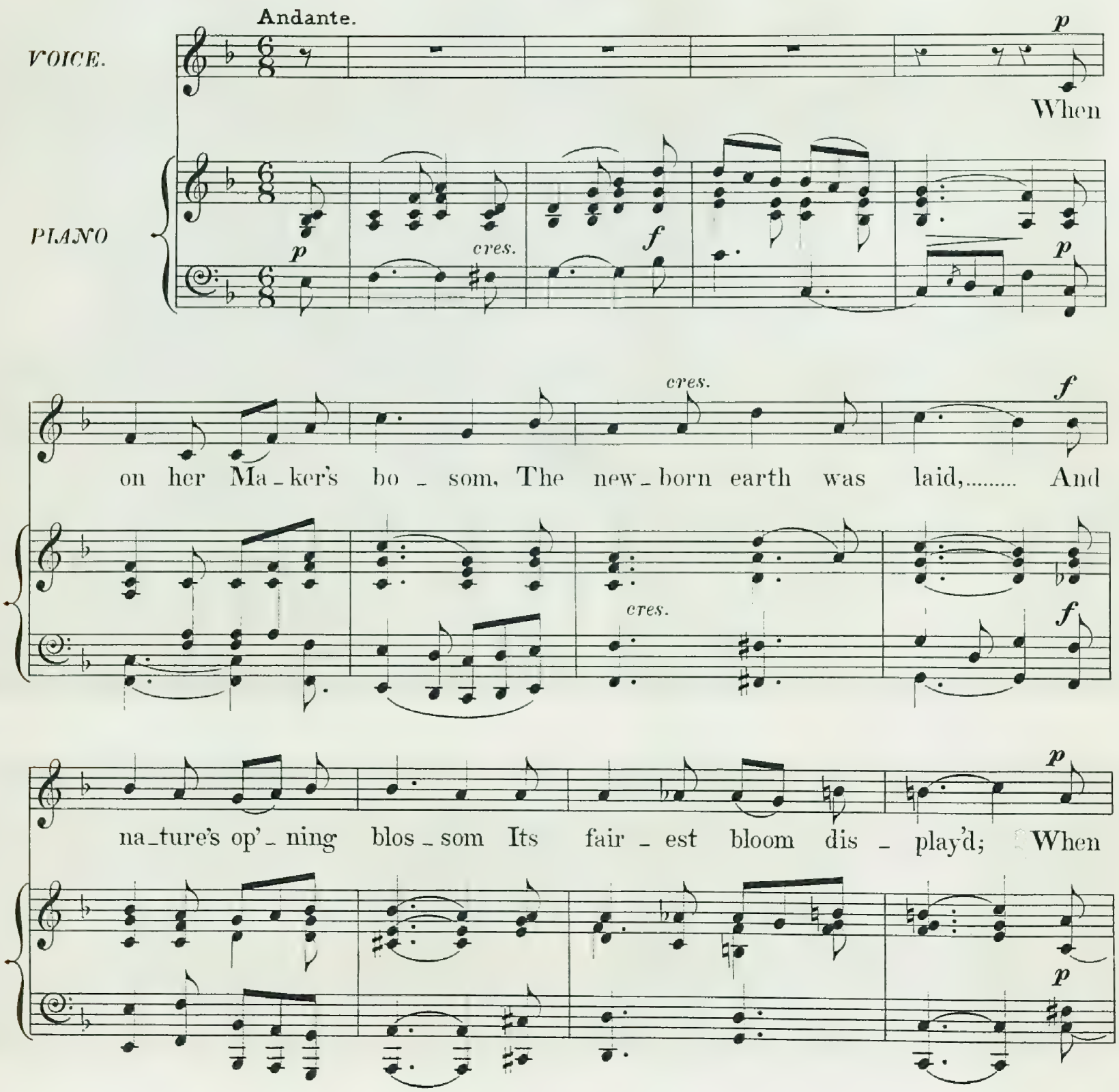
Ped.

*

No. III.

WEDDED LOVE.

BISHOP HEBER. Mrs MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW.



all with fruits and flow - ers The laugh - ing soil was

drest, And E - den's fra - grant bow - ers Re -

ceiv'd their hu - man guest;..... No sin his face de -

cres.

f

fi - ling The heir of na - ture stood,..... And

cres.

God, be - nign - ly smi - ling Be - held that all was good! And

f

God, be - nign - ly smi - ling, Be - held that all was good!.....

p

cres.

f

f

p

Yet, in that hour of bles - sing, A sin - gle want was known, A

f

p

wish, the heart dis - tres - sing, For A - dam was a - lone! a -

lone! A - dam was a - lone! O God of pure af -

fec - tion! By men and saints a - dor'd,..... Who ga - vest Thy pro -

tec - tion To Ca - na's nup - tial board; May such Thy boun - ties

cres. *f*

ev - er To wed - ded love be shown; And no rude hand dis -

cres. *f*

se - ver Whom Thou hast link'd in one, And no rude hand dis -

molto ritard.

se - - ver Whom Thou hast link'd in one!.....

Tempo I.

colla voce *p*

ritard.

No. IV.

THE BELLS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. Mrs MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW.

Più Allegro.

PIANO. *p*

mf

Hear the sled _ ges with the bells,

mf

p *mf*

Sil _ ver bells, sil _ ver bells! What a world of

p *mf*

cres.

mer _ ri _ ment their me _ lo _ dy fore _ tells!

cres.

p

How they tin - kle, tin - kle, tin - kle, In the i - cy

p

cres.

air of night! While the stars that o - ver sprin - kle

cres.

f

All the hea - vens seem to twin - kle With a crys - tal -

f

p

cres.

line de - light; Keep - ing time, time, time,

p

cres.

p *cres.* *f*

In a sort of Ru - nic rhyme, To the tin - ti - na - bu - la - tion that so

p *cres.* *f*

p

mu - si - cal - ly wells From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

p

f

Bells, bells, bells,— From the jin - gling and the tin - kling of the bells!

f *p*

mf

Hear the mel _ low wed _ ding bells, Gold _ en bells,

mf

p *mf* *cres.*

gold _ en bells! What a world of hap _ pi _ ness their

p *mf* *cres.*

p

har _ mo _ ny fore _ tells! Thro' the bal _ my

p

air of night How they ring out their de _ light!

cres. f

From the mol _ ten _ gol _ den notes, And all in tune, What a

cres. f

li _ quid dit _ ty floats To the tur _ tle _ dove that lis _ tens,

p cres. p

while she gloats On the moon! Oh! from out the

p cres. p

cres. f

sound _ing cells, What a gush of eu _ pho _ ny vo _ lu _ mi _ nous _ ly wells!

cres. f

How it swells! How it dwells On the

fu - - - ture! how it tells Of the

rap - ture that im - pels To the

swing - ing and the ring - ing Of the bells,

p

p *cres.*

bells, bells, To the rhyming, and the

cres.

f

chim_ing, to the rhyming and the chim_ing of the

f

ritard.

bells, to the rhyming, and the chim_ing of the

colla voce

Tempo I.

bells!

Tempo I.

p *ritard.*

Nº V.

PARTING.

THOMAS HOOD. Mrs MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW.

Andante, con espressione.

PIANO.

p *cres.*

p

We watch'd her breath _ ing thro' the night, Her

p

breath _ ing soft and low, ... As

in..... her breast the wave.... of life Kept heav_ing,

heav_ ing to and fro. So si_lent_ly we

seem'd to speak, So slow_ly mov'd a_bout, As if we lent her

half our pow'rs To eke her liv_ ing out. So si_lent_ly we

con licenza

seem'd to speak, So slow_ly mov'd a _ bout, As if we lent her

half our pow'rs To eke her liv_ing out.

Our ve _ ry hopes be _ lied our

p

fears, Our fears our hopes be _ lied; We

thought her dy - - ing when..... she slept, And

sleep - ing, sleep - ing when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad, And chill with ear - ly

show'rs, Her qui - et eye - lids closed — she had An -

o _ ther morn than ours. when the morn came

dim and sad, And chill with ear _ ly show'rs, Her qui _ et eyelids

closed, She had an _ o _ ther morn than ours, She had an_other

morn, an_o_ther morn than ours.....

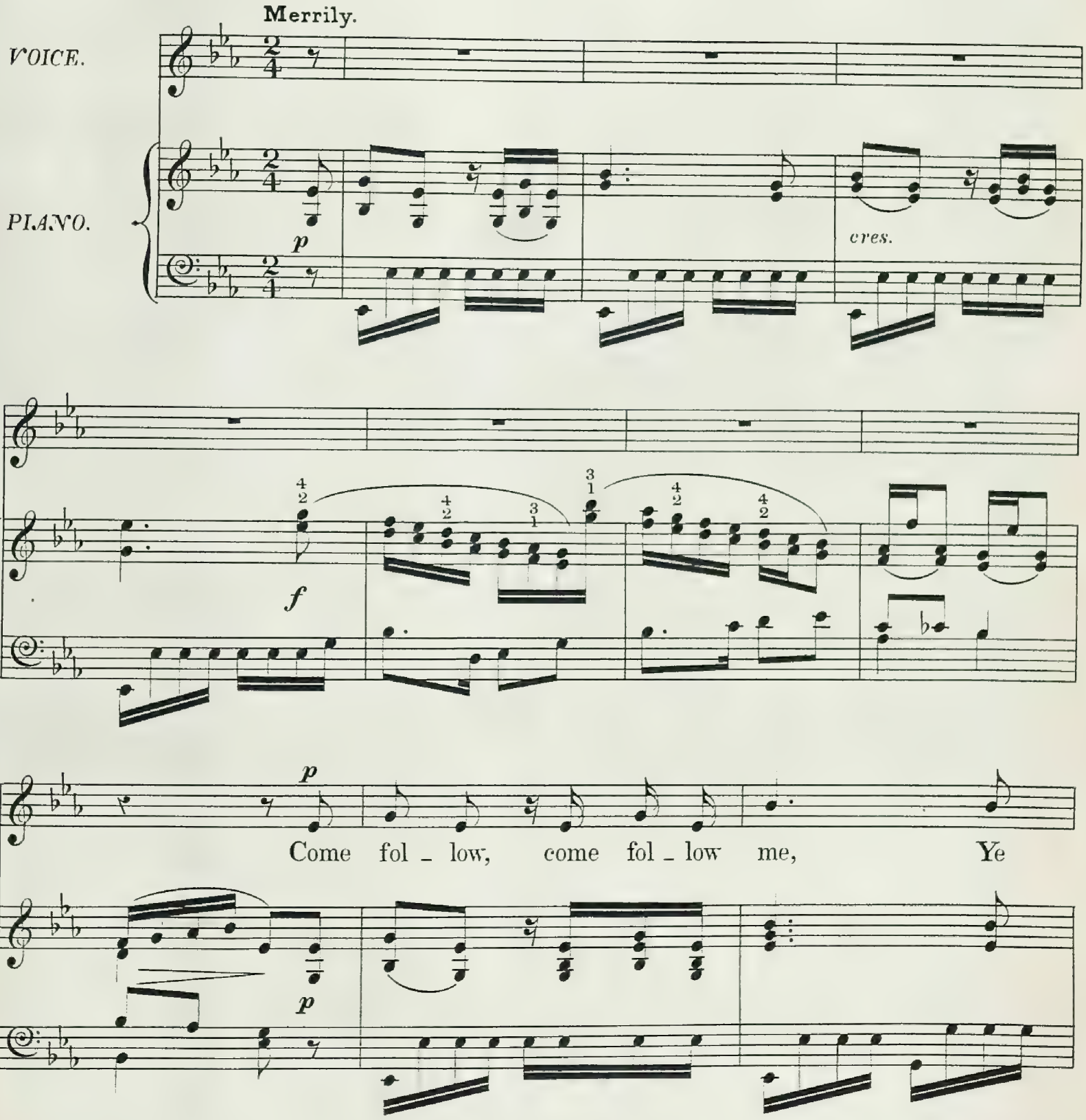
cres. f p cres. f p cres. f cres. f pp ritard Ped.

No. VI.

QUEEN MAB'S SONG.

From the Percy Relics.

Mrs Mounsey Bartholomew.



cres.

fai - ry elves that be;

p

Light trip - ping o'er the

cres.

p

f

green,.....Come fol - low Mab your Queen.

f

p

Hand in hand we'll dance a round,

cres.

For this place is fai - ry

p

cres.

Ped. ✻

f

ground, for this place..... is fai - ry ground.

f

Ped. ✻ Ped.

p

When mortals are a_sleep, Our

p

f

fai_ry watch we keep, Un_heard, and un_es_pied,..... Thro'

f

key_holes we do glide. O_ver ta_bles, stools and

mf

mf

shelves, We trip it with our fai_ry elves: we

p

trip it, we trip it, we trip it, we trip it, we trip it, we

cres.

trip it, we trip it, with our fai - ry elves. When

mor_tals are a_sleep, Our fai_ry watch we keep, Un_heard and un - es -

pied,..... thro' key - holes we do glide,.....

p *cres.* *f*

O - ver ta - bles, stools and shelves, We trip it with our fai - ry elves, we

p *cres.* *f*

mf

trip it, we trip it, we trip it. O'er

p

tops..... of dew - y grass So nim - bly we..... do

mf

pass, The young and ten - der stalk..... Ne'er bends where

we do walk. Yet in the morn_ing may be

seen, Where we the night be_fore have been, where

we the night be_fore have been.

from A.O.
1861.

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ANDANTE CON MOTO. (ALLEGRETTO.)

VOCE.

PIANO FORTE.

Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *

Die
Fe-

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *p*

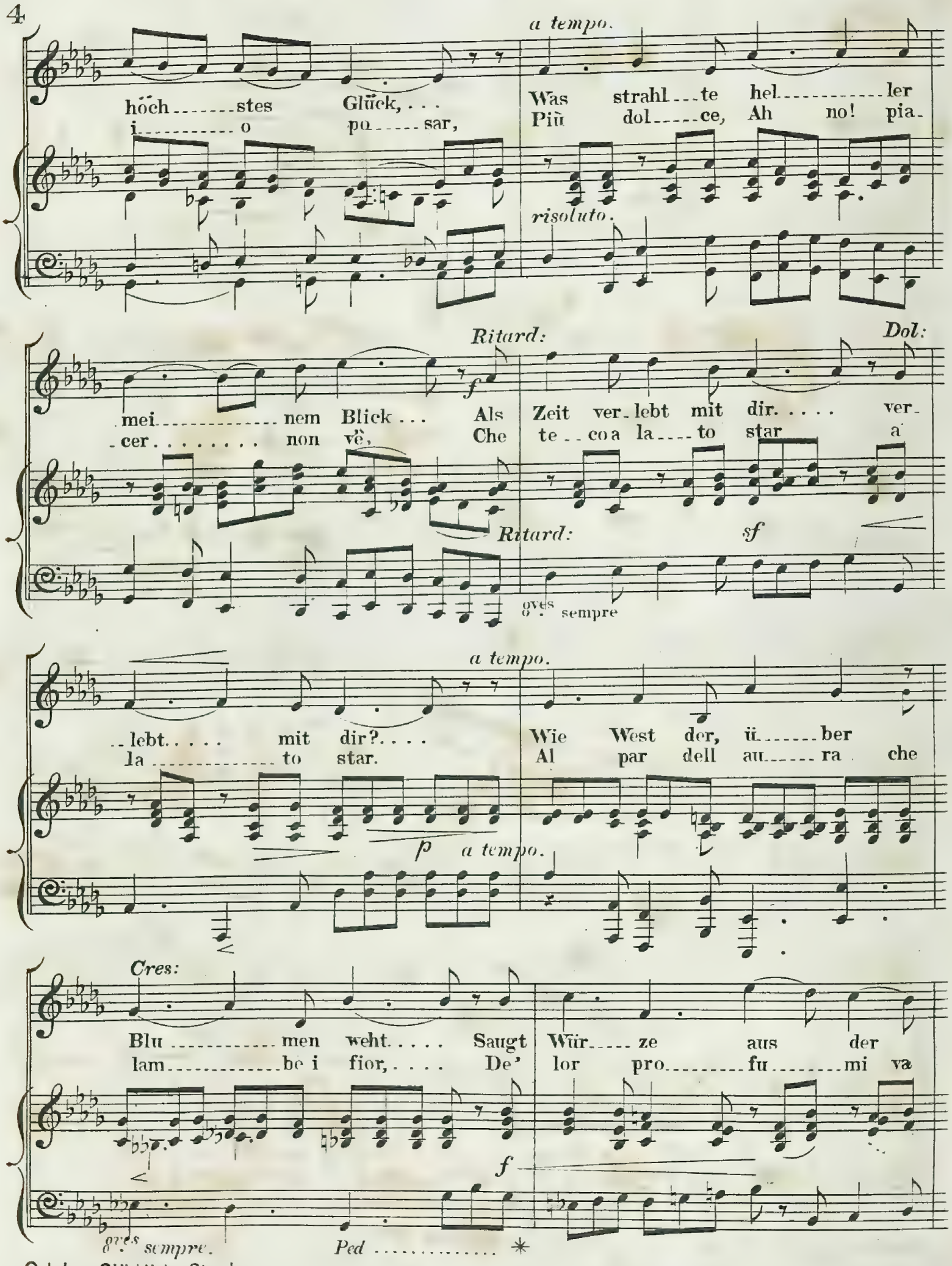
Ped

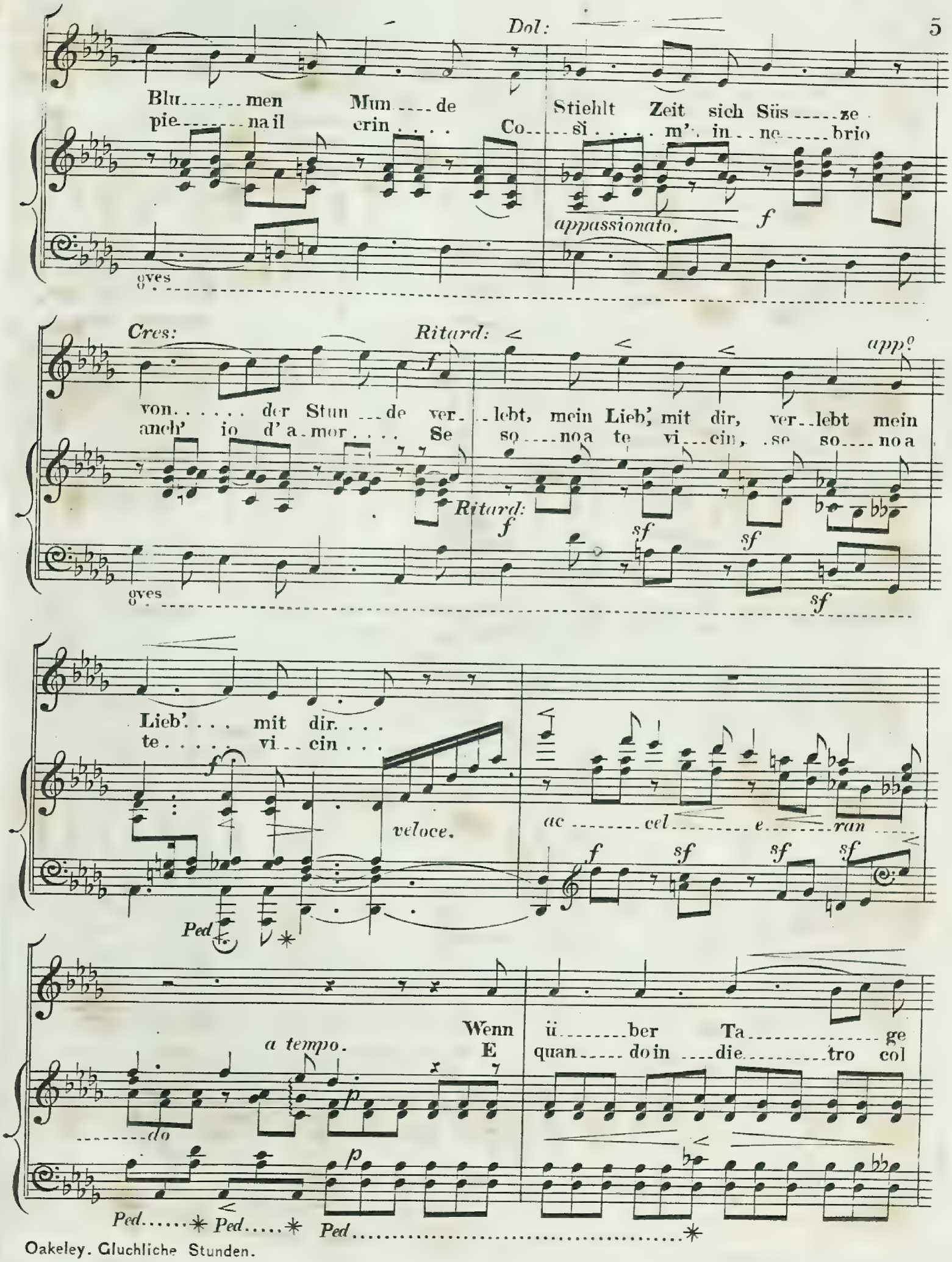
Cres: *Rall:*

Stun - de, die .... mein Lieb', mit dir, Ich le - be ist ... mein
- li .... ce il dì .... chin sen a te, Mio ca .... ro ben, poss'

sf

* *Ped* *


a tempo.
höch stes Glück, . . . Was strahl te hel ler
i o po sar, Più dol ce, Ah no! pia
risoluto.
Ritard:
Dol:
mei nem Blick . . . Als Zeit ver lebt mit dir. . . . ver
cer . . . . . non vè, Che te co a la to star a
Ritard:
sf
8ves sempre
a tempo.
lebt. . . . mit dir? . . . Wie West der, ü ber
la to star. Al par dell au ra che
p a tempo.
Cres:
Blu men weht. . . . Saugt Wür ze aus der
lam be i fior, . . . De' lor pro fu mi va
f
8ves sempre.
Ped . . . . . *


Dol:
Blu.....men Mun....de Stiehlt Zeit sich Süs.....ze
pie.....na il crin.... Co....sì.....m'. in..ne.....brio
appassionato.
f
8ves
Cres:
Ritard:
app°
von..... der Stun...de ver..lebt, mein Lieb', mit dir, ver..lebt mein
anch' io d'a.mor.... Se so....no a te vi...cin, se so....no a
Ritard:
f
sf
sf
sf
8ves
Lieb'.... mit dir....
te..... vi..cin...
f
veloce.
ac.....cel.....e.....ran.....
f
sf
sf
sf
Ped
a tempo.
Wenn ü.....ber Ta.....ge
E quan.....do in....die.....tro col
.....do
p
p
Ped.....* Ped.....* Ped.....*

Dim: .....

Rall:

die da - hein Er - inn - rung mu - - - - - de Flü - gel schwingt,
mio pen - sier Ri - tor - no ai dì che non son più, Quel

a tempo.

Ritard:

Nichts Schon' - res sie. . . . . mir heim - - - - - warts bringt Als
tem - - - - - po an - cor. . . . . mi par go - - - - - der Che'a

Ritard:

risoluto.

ves

Zeit ver - lebt mit dir . . . . . ver - lebt . . . . mit dir! . . . .
noi si dol - ce fu. . . . . si dol - - - - - - - - - - ce fu! . . . . .

a tempo.

ves

Und steurt durch der Zu - - - - - kunft nacht . . . . Kühn
E se ta - lor dell' av - - - - - ve - - - - - - - - - - nir . . . . Nel

Cres:

Cres:

ves

Phan - ta - sie in fer - ne Wei - ten, Die
gol - fo o - scu - ro por - ta - to io vo, È

f

Dol: *con anima e cres:* *Ritar:*

Stun - de wird . . . als Stern - sie lei - ten Die
mi - a spe - ran - za, mio sol . . . de - sir . . . Che

f *appº* *Ritar:*

f *appº*

noch mir winkt mit dir, mir winkt, mein Lieb', . . . mit dir . . .
te - co an - cor sa - rò, Che te - co an - cor . . . sa - rò . . .

sf *sf* *veloce.*

con fuoco.

f

ac - cel - e - ran - do *ff*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Sup
H/a

OLD BELLS,

SONG

THE POETRY FROM

Guy Roslyn's "Village Verses,"

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

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OLD BELLS.

GUY ROSLYN'S
"VILLAGE VERSES."

THE REVD SIR F. A. GORE OUSELEY. BART.
M. A. MUS: DOC: OXON:

VOICE.

PIANO.

mez:

Af_ _ter years of ci_ty toil, I

p

cresc:

hear the village bells, They sing a new song, while the old song

in my mem'_ _ry dwells, A strange new song, with

f

strange new words, that ma_ _ny sor rows bring; O

cresc:

would that I could hear a - gain, The song they used to sing; When

f *dim:* *p*

I was young, and love was young, And the green sod's dai - sy stud, Was a

p

sweet new thing that won the heart, And hope was in the bud, and

hope was in the bud!

mf

Ring on, old bells! Sing on, sweet bells! ring on! for now I hear The

p

pp

both Pedals.

pp

echo of lost me - lodies, And dis-tant days draw near:

p

Day is dy-ing, the lake has lost the light of af - ter - noon; Stars

p

shine, and waters shimmer, round the shadow of the moon;

f

Ring on, old bells! ring on, old bells! ring on, old bells! And let me dream . .

. . . . . of a morning in the Spring, When I went out with my young love, To

mez:

hear the small birds sing, The sky was blue, the grass was green, The

gorse had spread its gold, And little gusts of scent - ed wind Came

laughing o'er the wold, Ring on, old bells! Sing on, sweet bells!

p

ad lib:

Ring on, for now I hear The echo of lost me - - - lo - dies, And

colla voce.

ritenuto.

dis - - tant days seem near, and dis - tant days seem near.

colla voce. *a tempo.*

rall:

SIX SONGS,

Written by

The Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A.

Composed by

THE REV. SIR FRED^K. A. GORE OUSELEY, BAR^T.

Nº 1. OH WHERE.
2. UNDER THE SNOW.
3. HOME.
4. THE SPARROW.
5. THE RESTING PLACE.
6. APPLE BLOSSOMS.

(These Songs are adapted for Sunday use.)

Nº .....

Price 10/
or each Song Separate ...

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D1477/23

OH WHERE.

The Revd RICHARD WILTON. *M.A.*

The Revd SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY. Bart.

VOICE.

PIANO

MODERATO.

Sempre legato.

mez.

S. mez

Sweet vi..o...lets we
Sweet Night..in..gales we

S.

p

joy to hail your love...ly blooms once more
joy to hear your hap...py wild—wood song

Cres:

Coo--

--ru.....lean pur...ple snow.....y pale And fra...grant as of
Thrill..ing once more the moon...light clear With mu.....sic soft and

yore Sweet vi..o..lets we joy to hail your
strong Sweet Nightin-gales we joy to hear your

mf *p*

love.....ly blooms once more Cœ.....ru....lean pur...ple
hap.....py wild..wood song Thrill..ing once more the

espress *f*

snow.....y pale And fra.....grant as..... of yore Oh!
moon.....light clear With mu.....sic soft..... and strong Oh!

Colla voce. *Cres:* *f*

a Tempo. *p*

where Oh! where Oh! where Hide
where Oh! where Oh! where Hide

Dim: *p*

ye your pe---tals fair Be------fore Mys------
ye thro' win---ter bare And long Be-----

pp

--te-----rious winds of March Come wan---dring down the
-fore the voice of Spring Bids you re---turn to

mf pp

shel------ter'd vale, And tuft with rose the
charm our ear, On O-------cean - - wan----------dring

f 1st

larch And tuft with rose the larch.
wing On O---cean - wan--dring

f Dim:

2nd

wing.

mf

Dear Saints in heav'n, ar...ray'd in light

Dim:

mez

Sing...ing to harps of gold Your glo....ry.... ra-vishes my

sight Where wan.....der'd ye of old Oh!

f

Cres:

f

where Oh! where Oh! where Found ye that

mez:

Dim:

p

beau ---ty rare Un --- told? Rall: un poco 'Neath a dim Tree on

Cres: p Colla voce.

earth We wash'd our robes and made them white And

Cres: mf a Tempo. f

tuned our harps to mirth, And tuned our harps to

ad lib: Colla voce.

mirth.

a Tempo. pp ppp

UNDER THE SNOW.

The Revd RICHARD WILTON. *M.A.*

The Revd SIR F.A.G. OUSELEY. Bart.

MODERATO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

mez espress.

Our dar.....ling of the sum.....mer hours Our

sun ....beam in the sum ....mer glow

L.H.

Our blos... som mid the dan.....cing bowr's A..

..las. A.....las he li.....eth

pp

p

Dim: al ppp

low, he li ....eth low Un.. der the snow

ppp

mez:

mez:

We mourn him thro' the win.....ter gloom, We

Cres:

miss him in the fire_side glow Which

L.H.

Cres:

dan_ces round the cur_tain'd room The while he_li_eth low he

p

p

Dim: ppp

li _____ eth low, he li_eth low Un_der the snow

ppp

mez

f

Oh! no! 'tis but our dar_____ling's dust

Cres:

f

He basks in Heavns e.....ter ....nal glow

mez:

Fold ...

mez

.....ed in arms that we can trust

Cres:

Fold.....ed in arms that

Cres:

we can trust, He lies not low, He lies not low,

f

Un...der the

mez

p

f

snow.

Rall:

Dim:

Un .....der the snow.

Ritenuto

Colla voce.

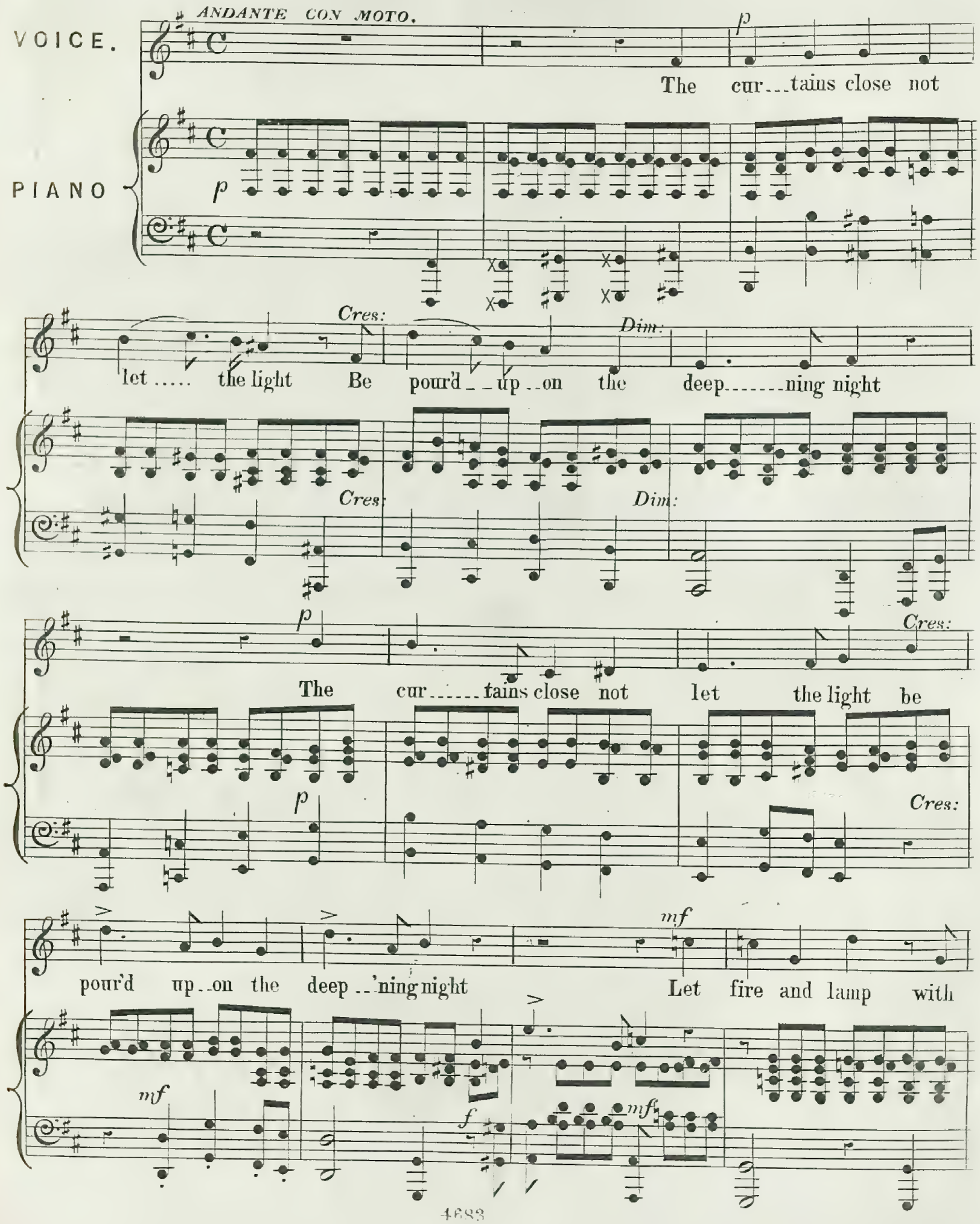
pp

Ped.

HOME.

The Revd RICHARD WILTON. M. A.

The Revd SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY. Bart.



rud ... dy glow A_cross the dusk a wel ... come throw That

Dim: *Dim:*

p

home - ward eyes may all the way Re_joice in that al ... lu.... ring ray And

p

Accell un poco

f

home_ward foot-steps from a_far May has..ten twards that eve ....ning star May

Colla voce.

f

Rall:

has_ten twards that evening star. The

Rall: *a Tempo.* *p*

Cres: Dim:

cur_ tains close, and let . . . the gloom Be ban ..... ish'd from that

Cres: Dim:

p

hap..... py room The cur..... tains close, and

p

Cres:

let the gloom Be .. ban .....ish'd from that hap..... py room

mf f

mf

While sooth .. ing touch of Child and Wife Re_

mf

Dim:

moves the dust of toil and strife And

Dim:

Dim:

p

in fantile ca ress and kiss Make all the heart o'er flow with bliss And

p

Accell: un poco

f

a Tempo.

plea sant talk and sun ny smile Those evening hours with love beguile Those

Colla voce.

f

eve ning hours with love be guile.

p

In

Rall:

a Tempo.

p

Cres: Dim:

toil ... some ways of earth we roam With fa ..... ces twards our

Cres: Dim:

p

far ..... off home, In toil ..... some ways of

p

Cres:

earth we roam With fa ..... ces twards our far ..... off home

Cres: mf f

mf

Drawn on ... ward by the cheer ing gleams Of

mf

Dim:

p

light which from its glo ..... ry streams Our

Dim:

Dim:

faith ...ful foot..steps shall not miss Those man - sions of re ...pose and bliss That

p

Accell un poco

f

a Tempo.

home se..cure in heav'n above Those greetings of e ...ter ...nal love Those

Colla voce.

f

Rall:

greet - ings of e..ter - nal love.

Rall:

a Tempo.

p

THE SPARROW.

The Revd RICHARD WILTON. *M.A.*

The Revd SIR F.A.G.OUSELEY Bart.

MODERATO.

FLUTE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

mf

p

A spar ....row light.....ed chirp.. ing on a spray

Close to my win..dow as I knelt in pray'r Bow'd by a

hea...vy load of anx.....ious care

The morn was bit ...ter, but the bird was gay The morn was bit..ter

but the bird was gay And seem'd by cheery look and chirp to say, And

Cres:

f

f

seem'd by cheer..y... look and chirp to say

mez:

What tho' the snow con-

f

mez:

f

ceals my wont..ed fare

Nor have I barn..... or

store house a..... ny..where

mf

Yet I trust Heav'n e'en

mf

..on a win..ters day

Rall: un poco

Yet I trust Heav'n e'en

a Tempo.

.on a winters day.

Colla voce.

pp

p

Cres:

p

That lit..tle bird came like a wing..ed text

f

p

Cres:

mf

Flutt'..ring from out God's Word to soothe my breast What tho' my life with

Cres:

mf

wintry cares be vext What tho' my life with win..try cares be vext,

Cres:

Cres:

On a kind Fa..ther's watchful love I rest He meets this moment's need I

p

Cres:

> p

leave the next, And al..ways trust..ing shall be always blest, And

Cres:

p

tr

Cres:

ad lib:

al ....ways trust..ing shall be al.....ways blest ..... al..ways

f

Cres:

f

Colla voce

8va

perdendosi.

8va

blest.

Smorzando

p

pp

Una corda.

THE RESTING PLACE.

The Revd R. WILTON, M.A.

The Revd SIR F.A.G.OUSELEY, Bart.

VOICE.

PIANO.

MODERATO.

mez:

In serious or in cheer-ful hours, My

mez

fre-quent footsteps wan-der by The Churchyard nook of grass and flow'rs,

Where I shall lie

Where I shall lie.

mez:

mez:

Near it the Chancel ri-ses grey, And

mez:

mez

drooping branches gent-ly sigh, And throw their sha dows all the day

mez

p

Where I shall lie Where I shall lie.

p

mez:

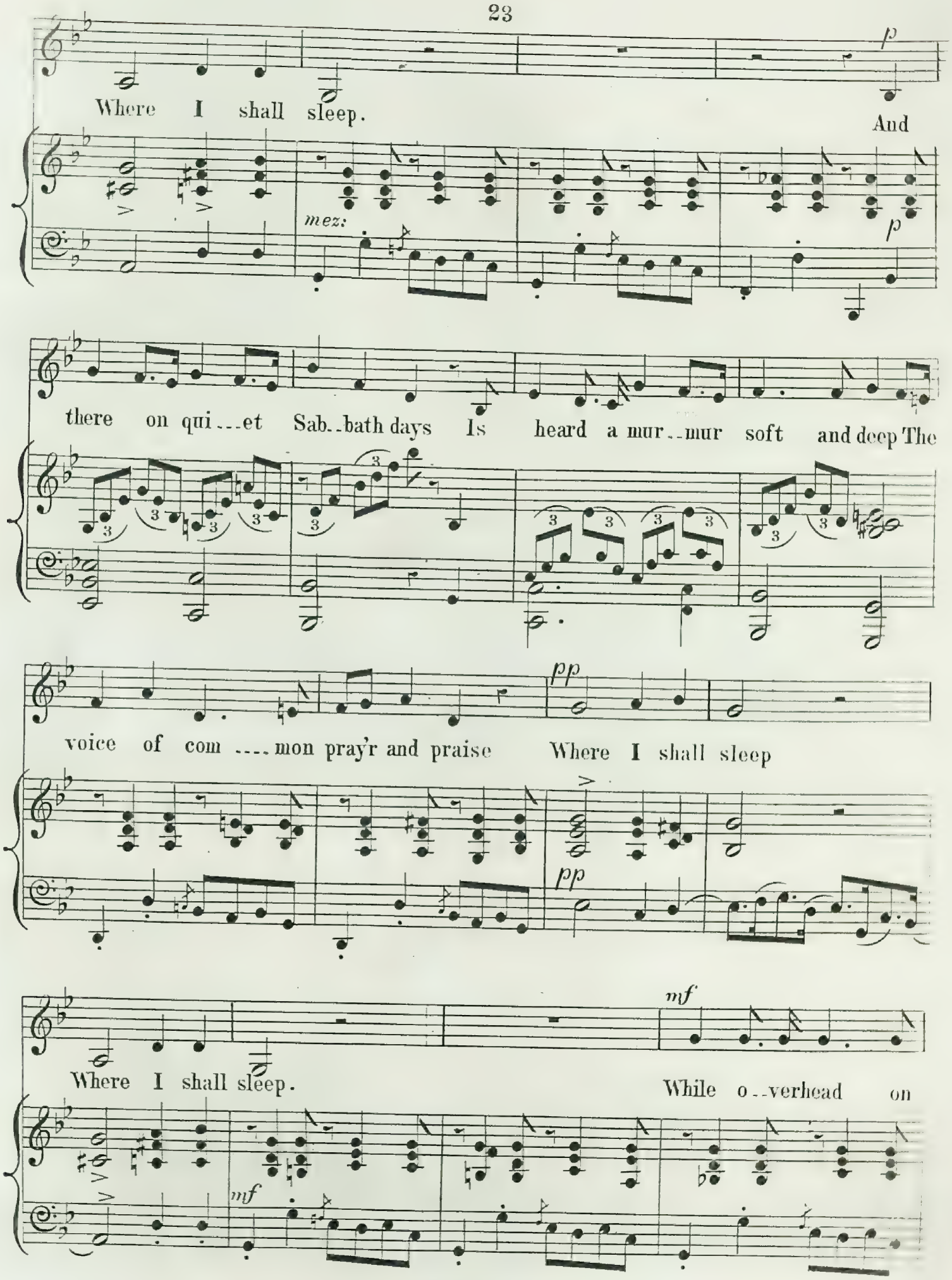
mez:

There long has slumber'd pre-cious dust O'er which our eyes were wont to weep Till

p

sor ---- row merg'd in per--fect trust, Where I shall sleep

p


Where I shall sleep. And

there on qui...et Sab..bath days Is heard a mur..mur soft and deep The
voice of com ....mon pray'r and praise Where I shall sleep
Where I shall sleep. While o..verhead on

hap---py wing The birds flit by and build their nest And smooth their plumes and

p

sweet-ly sing Where I shall rest Where I shall rest.

p

f

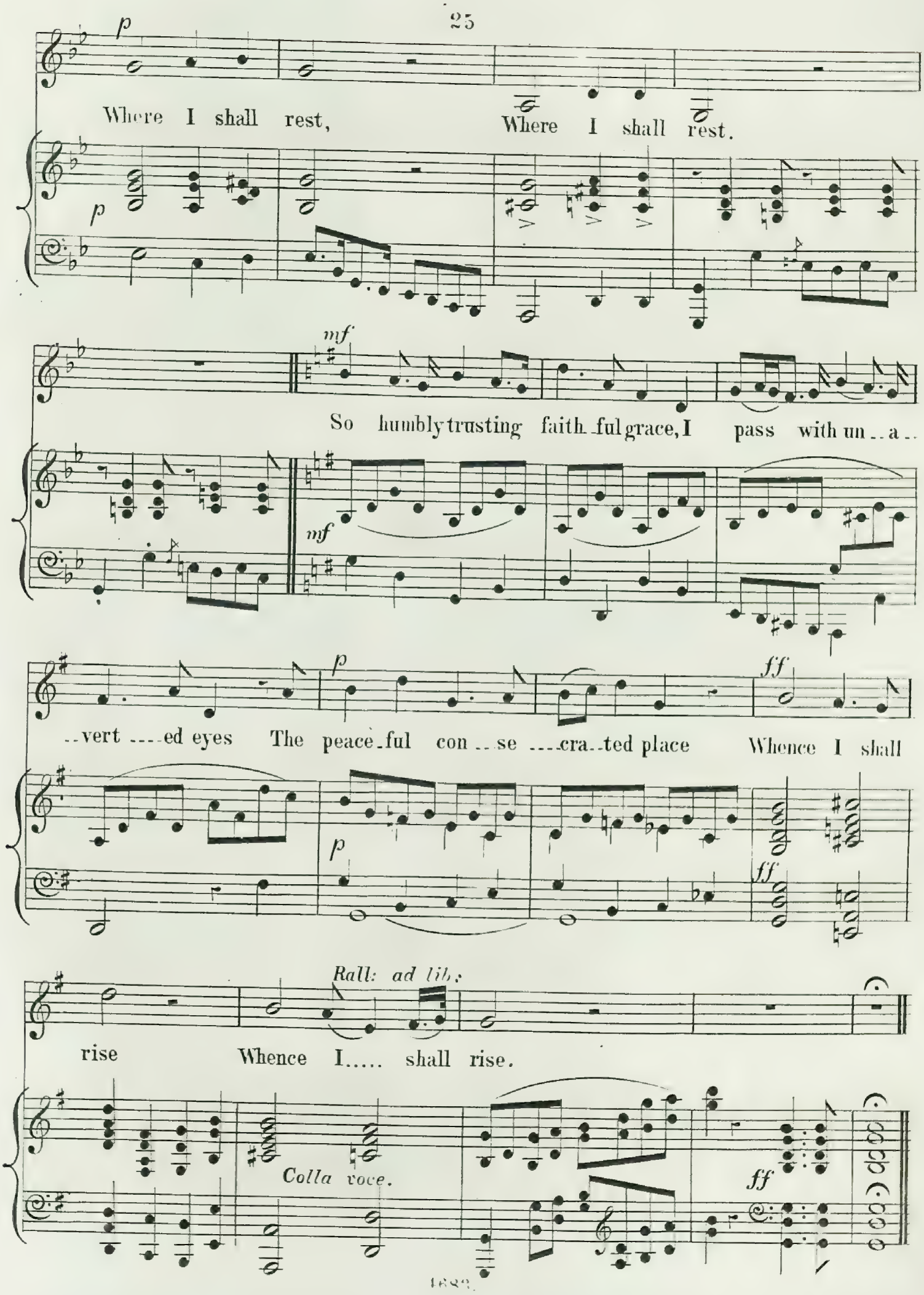
And there sounds forth the Word divine, And

Cres:

f

tenuto

there are seen the Symbols blest, That I am His and He is mine.


p
Where I shall rest, Where I shall rest.
p
mf
So humbly trusting faith_ful grace, I pass with un_a_
mf
p
ff
_vert ___ed eyes The peace_ful con_se ___cra_ted place Whence I shall
p
ff
Rall: ad lib:
rise Whence I..... shall rise.
Colla voce.
ff

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

The Revd RICHARD WILTON. *M.A.*

The Revd SIR F.A.G.OUSELEY. Bart:

ANDANTINO,

VOICE.

Ap...ple blos..soms, full of

PIANO.

p

glad...ness Smil.....ing o'er my or.....chard walk, Tell of

Cres:

Cres:

Win..ter's van..ish'd sad..ness, And of songs and sun..shine talk;

f

mf

Pink and white, all rare ..... ly

mez

paint ...ed, Like the ro .... sy dawn of life, Bright with

f

f

hope, and un ..... ac .. quain .. ted With the sha ... dow and the

strife With the sha ... dow and the strife.

Ap---ple blossoms full of sad-ness Rain--ing

Cres:

on my or----chard walk Tell of Spring's de----part----ed

Cres:

gladness And of care and sor---row talk;

f

mf

All the pain---ted pe--tals shatter'd Soil'd and crush'd beneath my

mez:

f

feet All the ro...sy sun ...beams scatterd Which made youth and love so

f

sweet Which made youth and love so sweet.

But those blossoms reft of beau..ty Strewn a...long my or....chard

Cres:

walk Sweet..ly hav..ing done their du...ty As they die of Au...tumn

Cres:

talk;

mf

What tho' now the bran__ches

f

mez:

o'er me Wear a sad and so ___ber green Still there shines a hope be-

f

f

-fore me Life's fair fruit shall yet be seen Life's fair fruit shall yet be-

seen.

ff

George Goodall Esqr.
With the Composers
Kind regards

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND,

a Poem of

LONGFELLOW'S

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TO

Miss Dolby.

By

GEORGE RUSSELL.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

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Rema 16425
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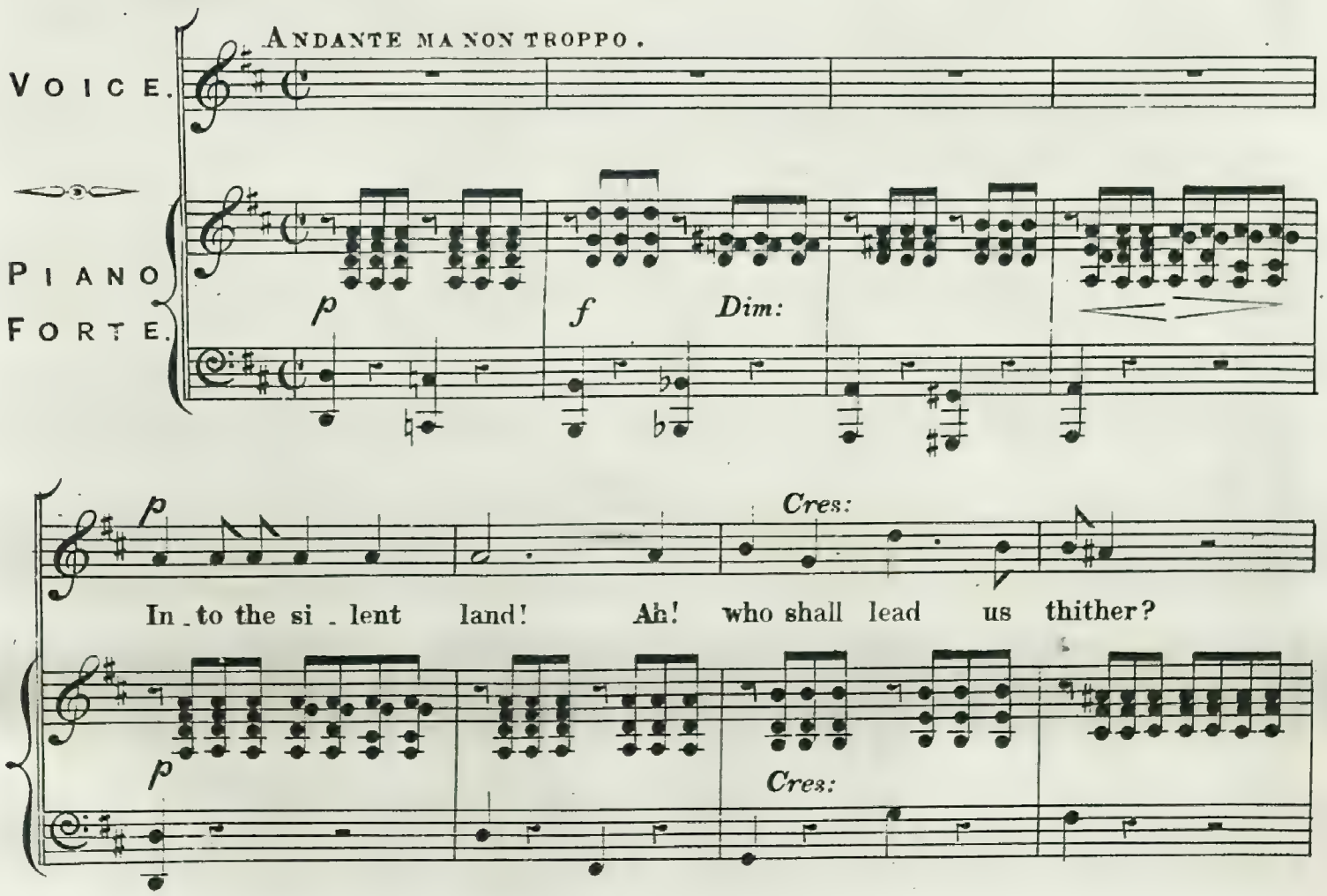
FROM SALIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

COMPOSED BY GEORGE RUSSELL.



poco più mosso.

f

Clouds in the ev'- ning sky more dark-ly ga-ther, And shatter'd wrecks lie

Cres:

thicker on the strand Who leads us with a gen-tle hand,

p

Cres:

ff

Thither, O thi-ther, In-to the si-lent land, ...

p

pp

In-to the silent land?

pp *con voce* *p* *Cres:*

p Cres: f

In - to the si - lent land! To you, ye bound - less regions of all per - fec - - - tion,

p Cres: f

p Cres:

Ten - der morning visions of beauteous souls. The fu - - ture's pledge, the

p Cres:

Cres.....cen.....

fu - - ture's pledge, and band..... Who in Life's bat - - - tle

Cres.....cen.....

.....do.

firm does stand, Shall bear Hope's ten - - der blossoms In - to the si - lent

.....do.

f p

4

land . . . . . In_to the si_lent land?. . . .

più animato.

O land! O

più animato.

land! for all the bro_____ken heart_____ed, The

mild_est he___rald by our fate al_____lot_ted,

Cres: f

Beckons, and with in..ver..ted torch does stand To

Cres: f

p Cres: f

lead us with a gen..tle hand In..to the land of the great de-

p Cres: f

-part.....ed, In..to the si..lent land,.....

p

poco rall.

or

In....to the si..lent land.....

pp Con voce. pp

Sing of the silent land.

With the Composers
Kind Regards.

TO

Miss Webb.

FRIENDSHIP,

Composed

By

GEORGE RUSSELL.

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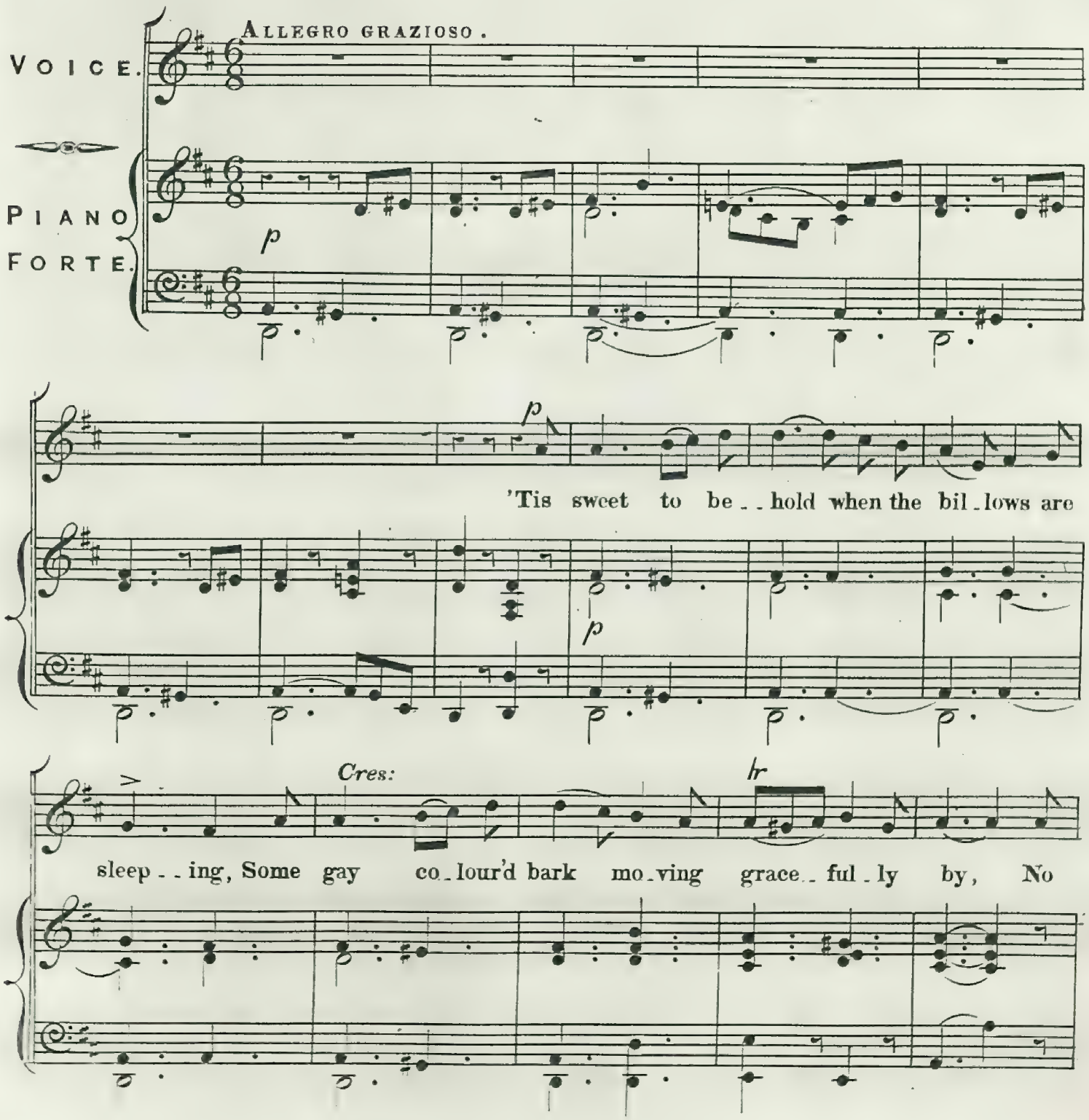
FRIENDSHIP.

MUSIC BY GEORGE RUSSELL.



damp on her deck but the e-ven tide's weep-ing, No breath in her

poco cres.

Cres molto.

sails, but the sum-mer winds sigh. But who would not

molto cres.

turn with a fon - - - der e - - - mo - - - - tion To gaze on the

Life - Boat, though rug - ged and torn, Which of - - - - - - - ten hath

f

poco rall.

waft - - - - ed o'er hills of the o- - - - cean, The last light of

poco rall.

piu animato.

hope to the sea - - man for - - lorn - - - - - Oh! grant that of

piu animato.

those who in Life's sun - ny slum - - - ber, A - - round us like

Dim:

sum - - mer barks, i - - - - - - - - - - dly have play'd - - - - - - If

Dim:

1.

Cres:

f

storms should a - - rise we may find in the num - ber, One Friend like the

Cres:

f

Cres: molto.

Life - Boat to fly to our aid. If storms should a - - rise we may

Cres molto.

find in their num - ber, One Friend like the Life Boat, to fly

f con. voce:

Cres:

to .... our aid.

p

Morendo.

pp

~~1183~~
1346
I

For the Library of the
Sacred Harmonic Society
from A. Roffe

TWELVE
English Base Songs
IN TWO BOOKS

Selected from the

Dramatic Works of the last Century

NOW FIRST REPRINTED WITH A

Piano Forte Accompaniment

Arranged by

ALFRED ROFFE

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rcm16439
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ADDRESS.

The extreme scarcity of English Base Songs is well known to those who are at all interested in the subject; and it has consequently been thought, that to the Amateur Base Singer, any addition, however small, to his very limited repertory, would be acceptable. Accordingly, a selection has been made of the best Base Songs to be found in the English *dramatic works* of the first half of the last century—Songs, which have *never been reprinted*, and, as originally printed, were without any arranged Pianoforte accompaniment, sometimes having only a figured base, and sometimes a full score. No alteration will be made in the Music of any of the Songs; and if any change should occasionally be suggested, it will be indicated by a smaller note. It will, however, occur that, in a few instances, a word, or two or three words, will be changed. Occasionally, short passages, where they could be obtained, and it was otherwise deemed advisable, of the Recitative or Dialogue from the scene in which the Air occurs, are prefixed, as tending to give that explanation which dramatic music so often requires. When it is considered how few works, even of those produced by men of acknowledged talent, survive for any number of years, we may reasonably presume that many totally-forgotten Operas contain compositions which might still be used, if they were only made accessible, and brought together upon *the principle of supplying each one with that which he more especially requires.*

Should this First Set of Base Songs be favourably received, it will be followed by two other sets, also containing Twelve Base Songs each, from the Dramatic Works of the same period.

A. R.
1854.

CONTENTS OF PART I.

THUS A CLOUD, &c.	*Royal Shepherd*	G. Rush.
HOW BLEST, &c.	*Thomyris*	Dr. Pepusch.
THE THUNDERS OF BATTLE	*Pharnaces*	W. Bates.
MY SLAVES BELOW, &c.	*Enchanter*	J. C. Smith.
THE LION'S SONG	*Pyramus and Thisbe*	J. F. Lampe.
A MONARCH'S DUTY, &c.	*Pharnaces*	W. Bates.

"THUS A CLOUD EXPANDING WIDE."

(IN THE ROYAL SHEPHERD.)

Drury Lane 1764.

SCENE.

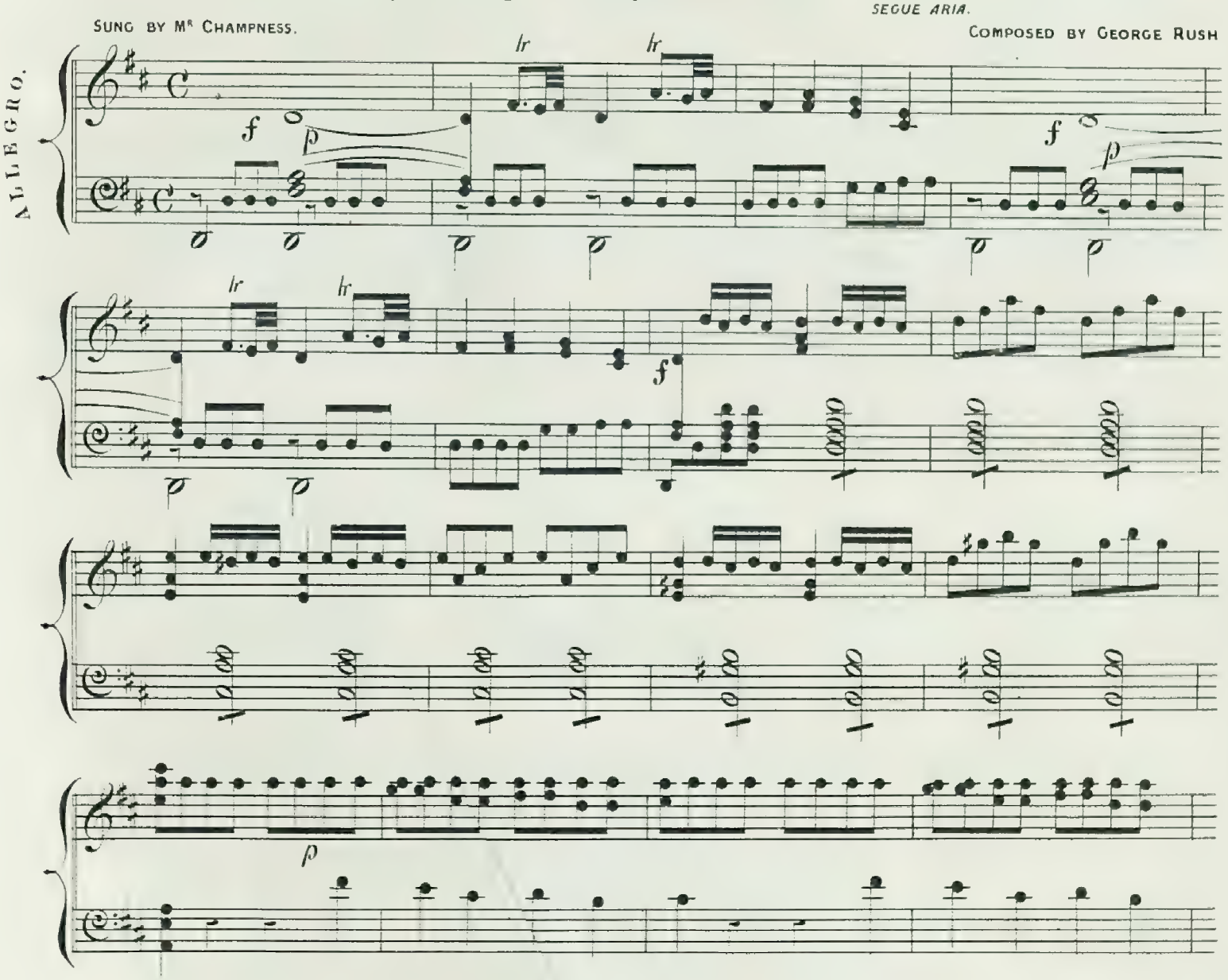
An extensive Plain. Shepherds feeding their Flocks. AMYNTAS (a Shepherd, who, unknown to himself, is Heir to the Crown of Sidon) is discovered near the front of the Stage. . . . . Enter ALEXANDER with a small attendance, and AGENOR.

Agenor. Great Sir, what say you now?
Alexander. That Sidon's Heir,
Undoubtedly lives in that Youth concealed—
His speech, his heart, his noble air revealed him;
And strengthen all your Proofs—'Tis then but just
To yield him up his birthright and his throne.

SUNG BY Mr CHAMPNESS.

SEGUE ARIA.

COMPOSED BY GEORGE RUSH



f *hr*

p *f* *hr*

ALEXANDER.

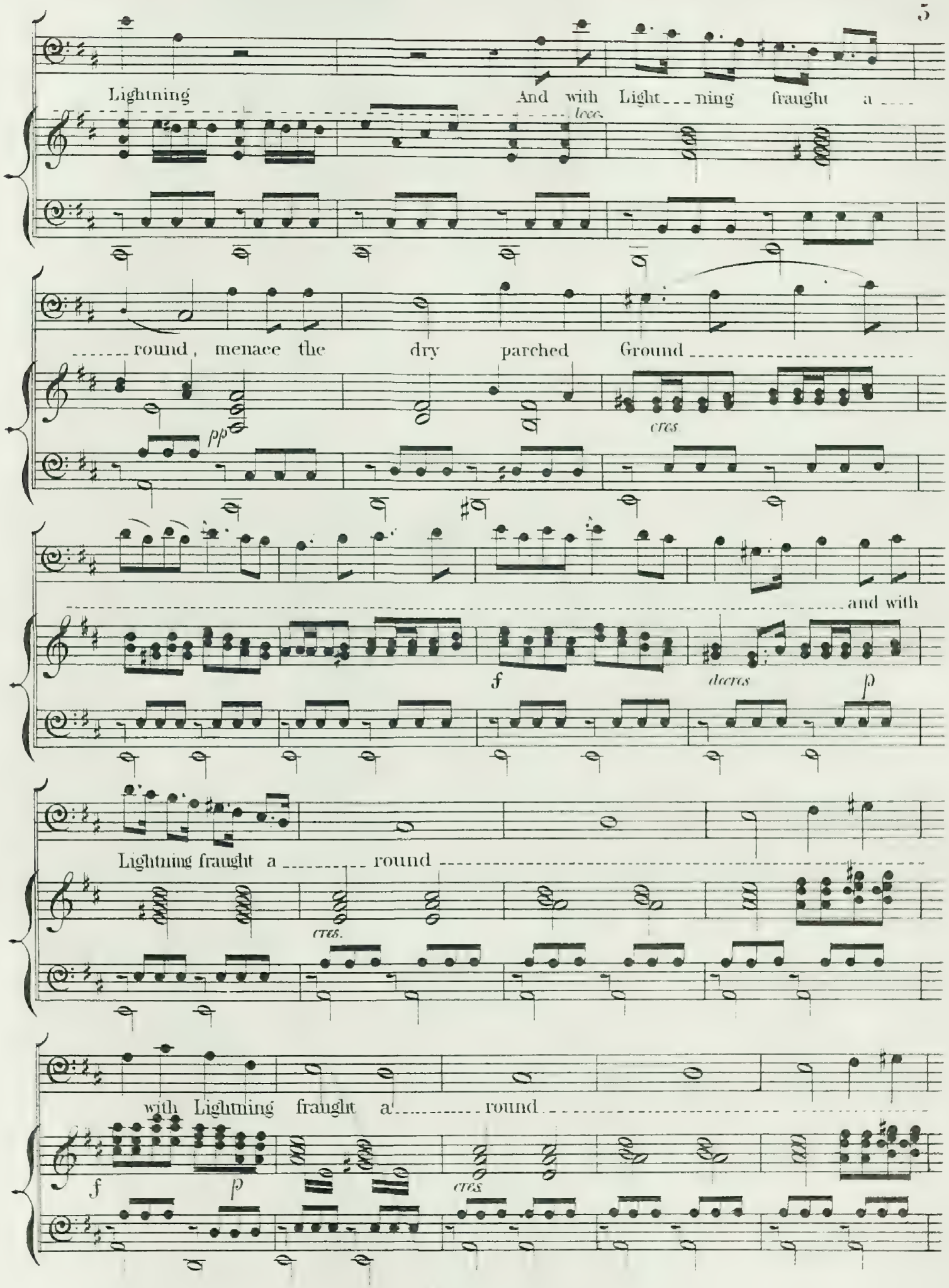
Thus a Cloud ex ..... pand ... ing wide, From the

mf

Earth the Sun may hide From the Earth the Sun may

f

sw hide, and with Lightning


Lightning And with Light___ning fraught a ___

_____round, menace the dry parched Ground _____

_____ and with

Lightning fraught a _____ round _____

with Lightning fraught a _____ round _____

menace the dry parch ed ground

f ff ff

Till with

hr

wat ry Va pors fill'd, Forc'd at length its stores to yield, It

p

dis si pates in kind ly Rain, And ferti li zes all the

mf

Plain

ferti li zes all the Plain

p *Cres.*

ferti li zes all the

f

8

Plain ferti li zes

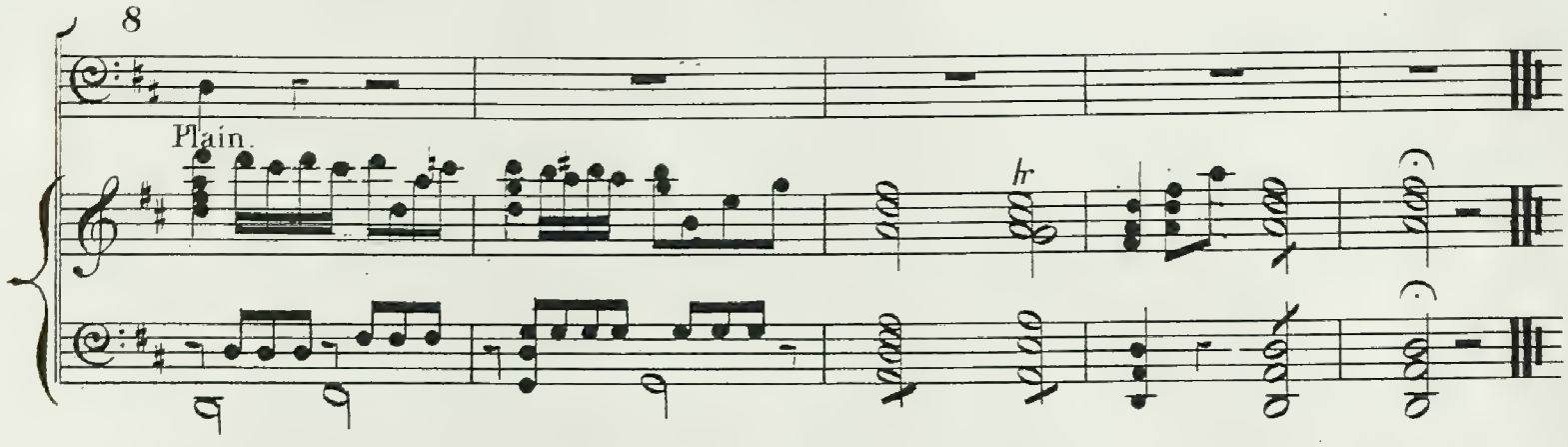
p *Cres* *f*

all the Plain ferti li zes all the

8 8

Plain all the all the

f

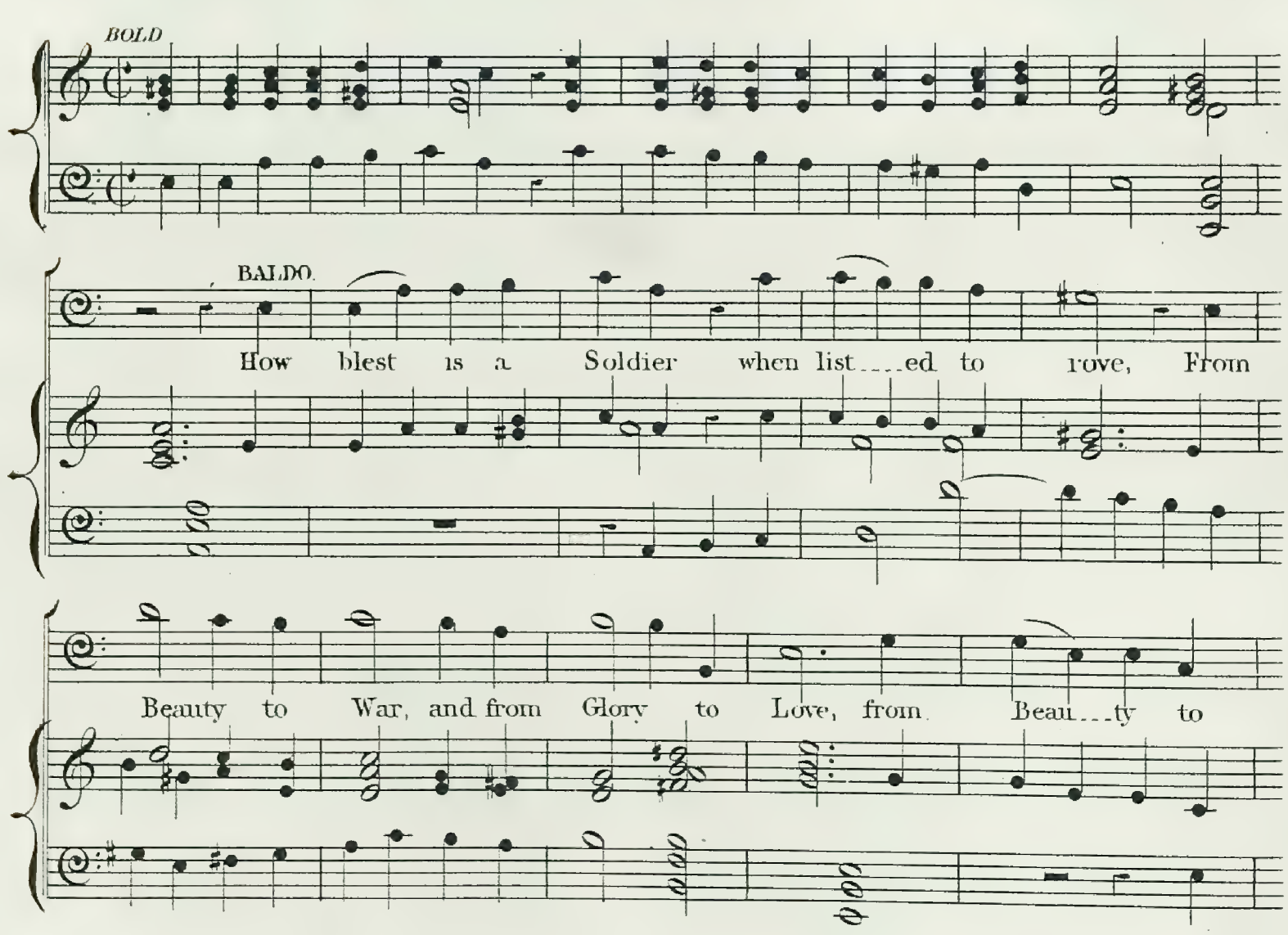


"HOW BLEST IS A SOLDIER."

(IN THOMYRIS)

Haymarket 1708.

SUNG BY Mr. LEVERIDGE. COMPOSED BY Dr PEPUSCH.



Glo...ry, From Glo....ry to Love. From Glo..... ry, From

Glo...ry to Love.

How blest is a sol....dier, When lis.....ted to

rove, From Beau.....ty to War And from Glo.....ry to Love, From

p

Beau.....ty to Glo.....ry, From Glo.....ry to Love, From

cres.

Ad lib. 2nd time

Glo ..... ry. From Glo ..... ry to Love.

f *ff*

p *f*

In fields or in quar.. ters in ..... spir'd by their charms, He lives and he

Fine *f* *f* *mf* *f*

conquers or dies in their arms, He con ..... quers or

f *pp* *cres* *f* *pp*

dies in their arms, He con ..... quers or dies in their arms.

cres. *f* *pp* *Repeat "How blest" &c*

"THE THUNDERS OF BATTLE PREPARE"

IN PHARNACES

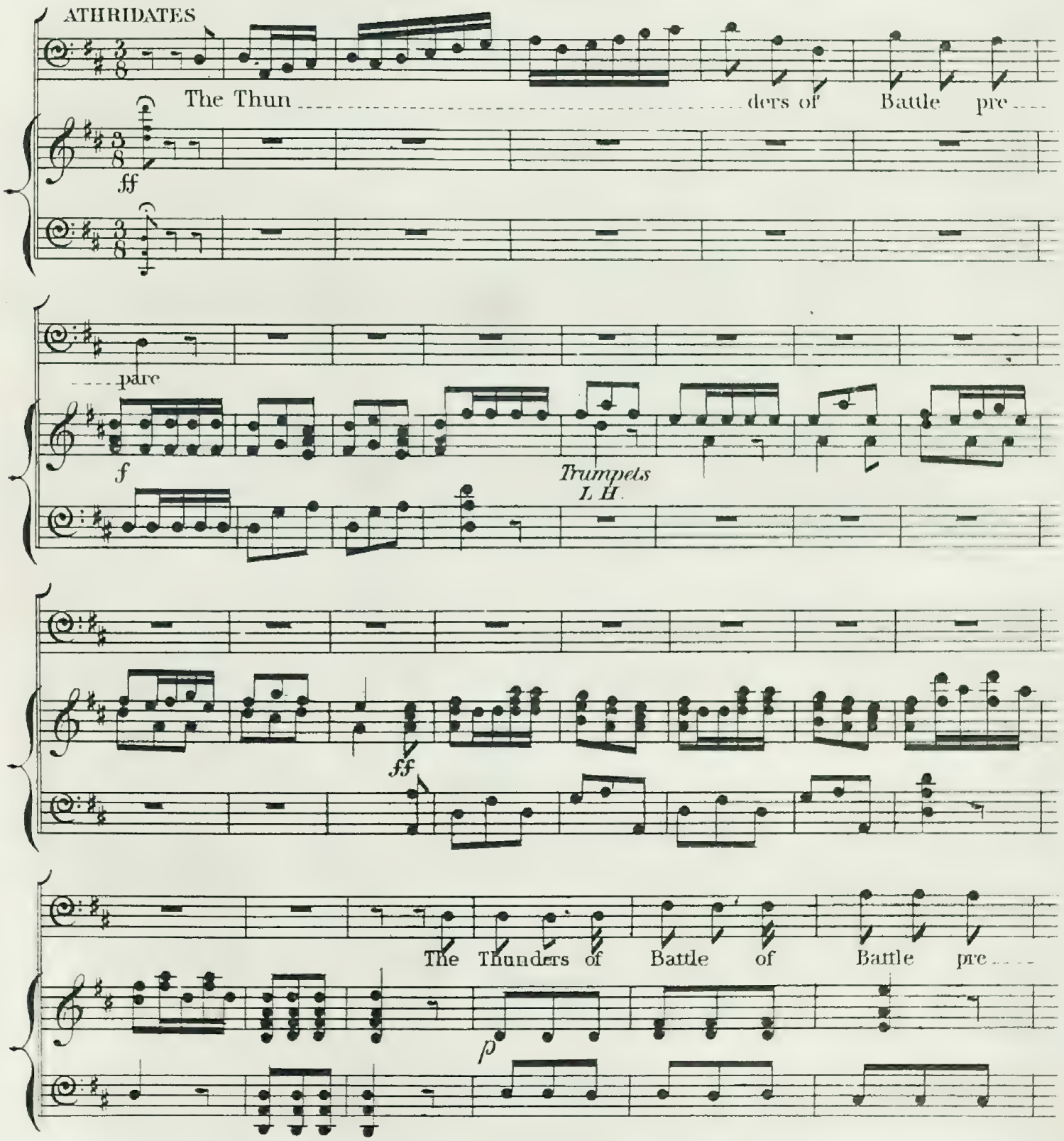
Drury Lane 1765.

Athridates. Pompey, enjoy
Thy last of Pleasures: for, this very hour,
Thou sleep'st; to wake no more.

SEGUE ARIA.

SUNG BY Mr CHAMPNESS.

COMPOSED BY WILLIAM BATES.



----pare with Horrors un---wonted to roll. The Thunder of

Cres. f p

Battle, of Battle pre----pare, with Horrors un---wonted to roll.

Cres f

to roll

p Cres. p

Loud echo---ing groans thro the Air, Loud

f

echo---ing groans thro the Air, Are the Pleasure the

mf

Pleasure and Pride of my Soul

f *ff*

Are the Pleasure, the Pleasure and Pride of my Soul, The Plea

p *pp*

lr

sure Are the

Cres. *f*

Pleasure the Pleasure and Pride of my Soul The Pride of my

p

Soul, the pride of my Soul. See

f *ff*

Carnage, see Carnage her Cavern un....folds, Forth issues a

pp *Cres.*

ter..ri..ble Train, while Vengeance ex....ulting ex....ulting be.....holds ex..

f

Octaves

.....ulting ex..ulting be..holds ..... And smiles .....

ff *p*

And

smiles and smiles o'er th'en san...guin'd Plain.

f *ff*

See Car--nage, see Carnage her ca--vern un--folds, Forth

cres.

is sues a ter--ri--ble train While Ven geance ex--ul ting, ex

ul ting be holds, And smiles o'er th'en san guin'd plain, And

cres

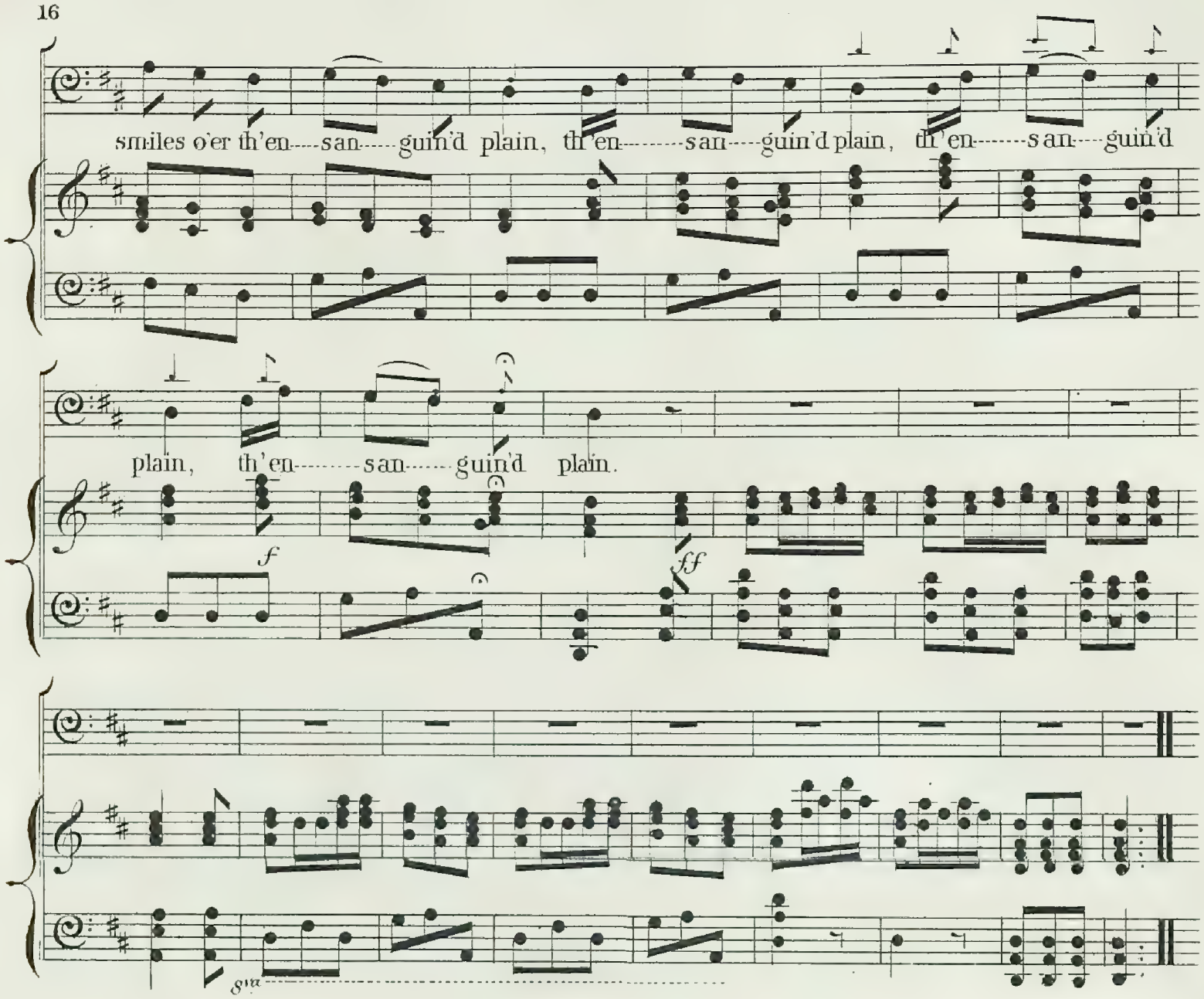
8va

smiles

cres.

And smiles, and smiles o'er th'en----san----guin'd plain, And smiles, and

cres



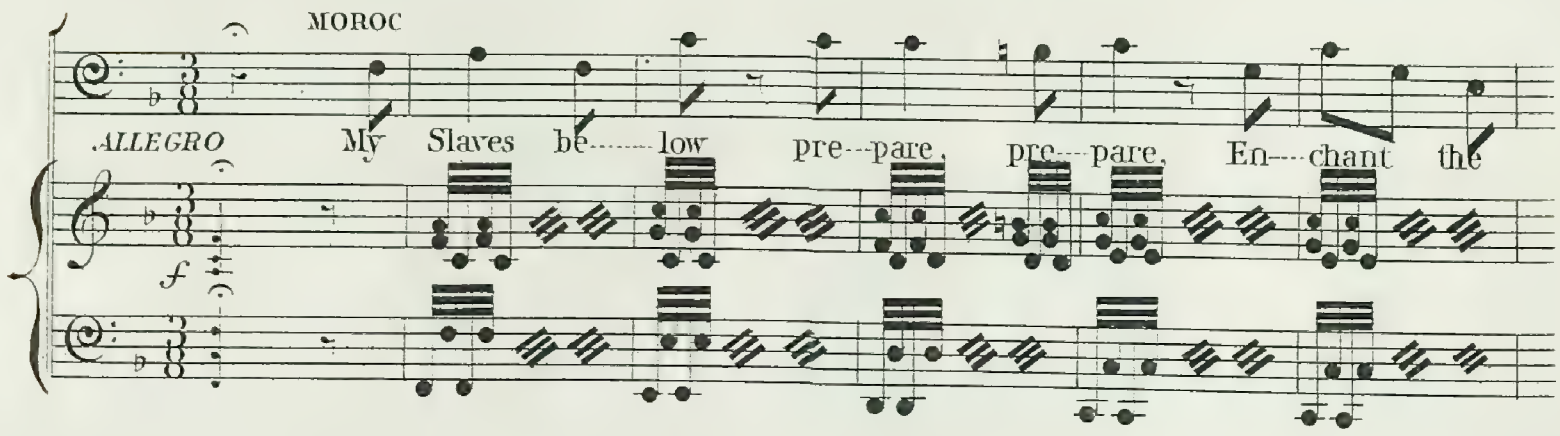
"MY SLAVES BELOW, PREPARE, PREPARE."

(IN THE ENCHANTER)

Drury Lane. 1760.

SUNG BY Mr CHAMPNESS.

COMPOSED BY JOHN CHRISTOPHER SMITH.



Foe de.....ceive the Fair, Magic now with Mag.....ic

vies, Moroc's Art with Zai.....da's Eyes, with Zai.....da's

cres. *f*

Eyes. My Slaves be.....low pre....

f *p*

.....pare, prepare, Enchant the Foe, de.....ceive the

Fair, Mag....ic now with Magic vies, Mo.....roc's

Art with Zai ..... da's Eyes. Moroc's Art with

The Enchanter sinks.

Zai ..... da's Eyes.

ff

"THE LION'S SONG."

(IN PYRAMUS AND THISBE)

Covent Garden. 1745.

SUNG BY Mr REINHOLD.

COMPOSED BY JOHN FREDERICK LAMPE.

PRESTO

hr

hr

Ladies dont fright ye o ... o ... o ..... o .... o .... oh I will de ... light ye

p

o o o oh I will de-light you with gen-tle Roar

I will de-light you with gentle

Roar, Let not a

f *p*

Creature o o o o o oh tho fierce by Nature o o o

o o oh change any feature I do im-plore

o o o o o o o o o o oh Change any feature

f

I do im plore Change any

fea ture I do im plore So tame a

Li on who can say fie on, So full of Breeding

So far ex ceeding, So far ex ceeding all Lions be

fore o o o o o o o o o oh La dies dont

f *p*

fright you I will de light you I will de

light you with gen tle Roar

I will de light you with gen tle

Roar

f *tr*

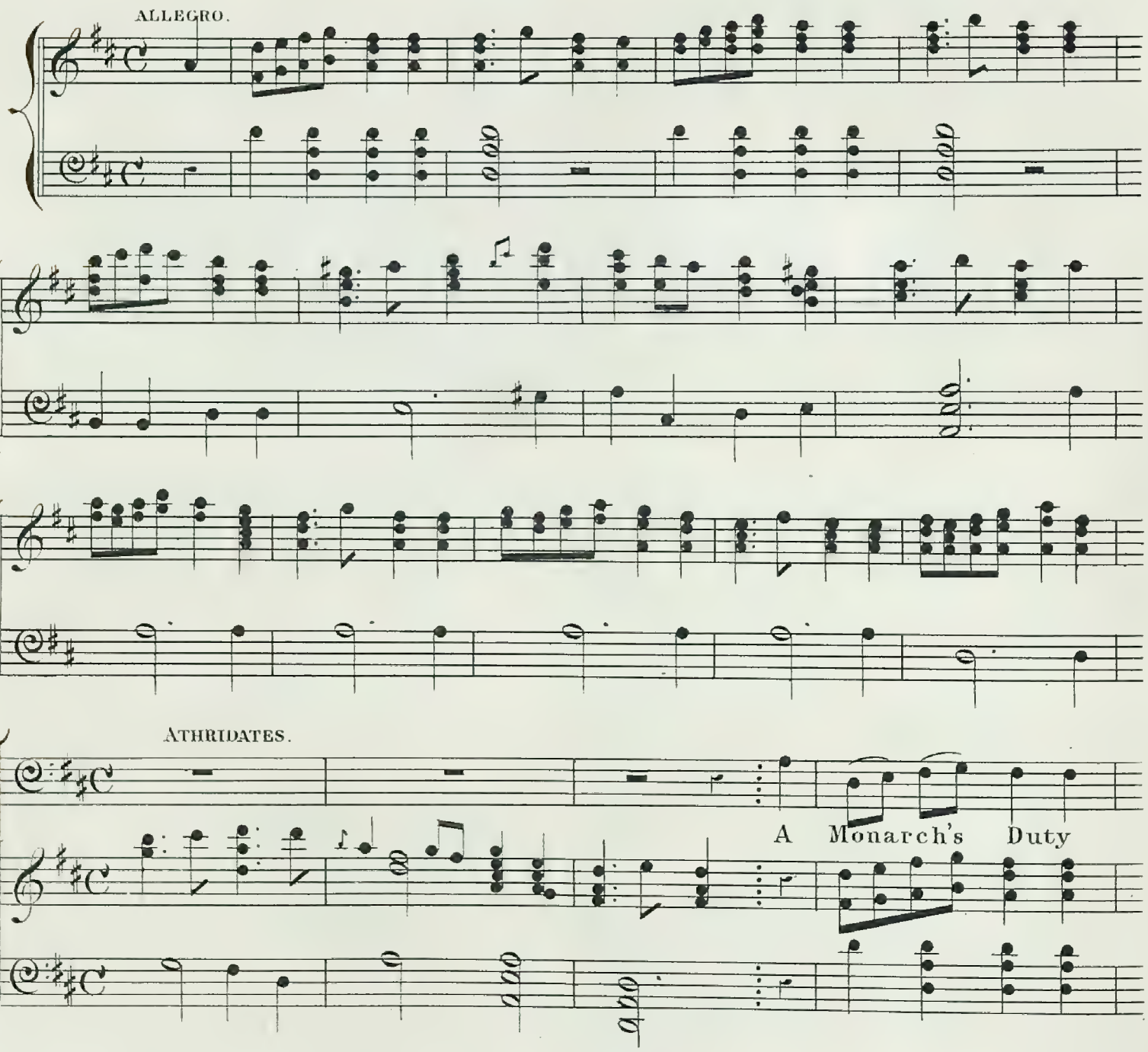
"A MONARCH'S DUTY CLAIMS ME."

(IN PHARNACES)

Drury Lane 1765.

SUNG BY Mr CHAMPNESS.

COMPOSED BY WILLIAM BATES.



claims me, A Sol..dier's pride in flames me, A monarchs duty

claims me, A Sol..dier's pride in flames me. Curst Phar

na..ces, Lo! I come, Pre..pare, pre..pare, to

meet thy Doom. Pre..pare, pre..pare, to meet thy

Doom.

~~1103~~
1346
II

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CONTENTS OF PART II.

I BURN, I BURN, &c.	*Enchanter*	J. C. Smith.
WHILE MORTALS CHARM, &c.	*Cymon*	M. Arne.
YE MONSTERS, &c.	*Calypso*	J. E. Galliard.
ARISE, YE SUBTLE FORMS, &c.	*Necromancer*	J. E. Galliard.
WHEN MARTIAL CLANGOR STRIKES, &c.	*Apparition*	W. Reeve.
SEE, GODDESS, &c.	*Calypso*	J. E. Galliard.

"I BURN, I BURN."

(IN THE ENCHANTER)

Drury Lane, 1760.

SCENE.

A room in the Enchanter's Castle.

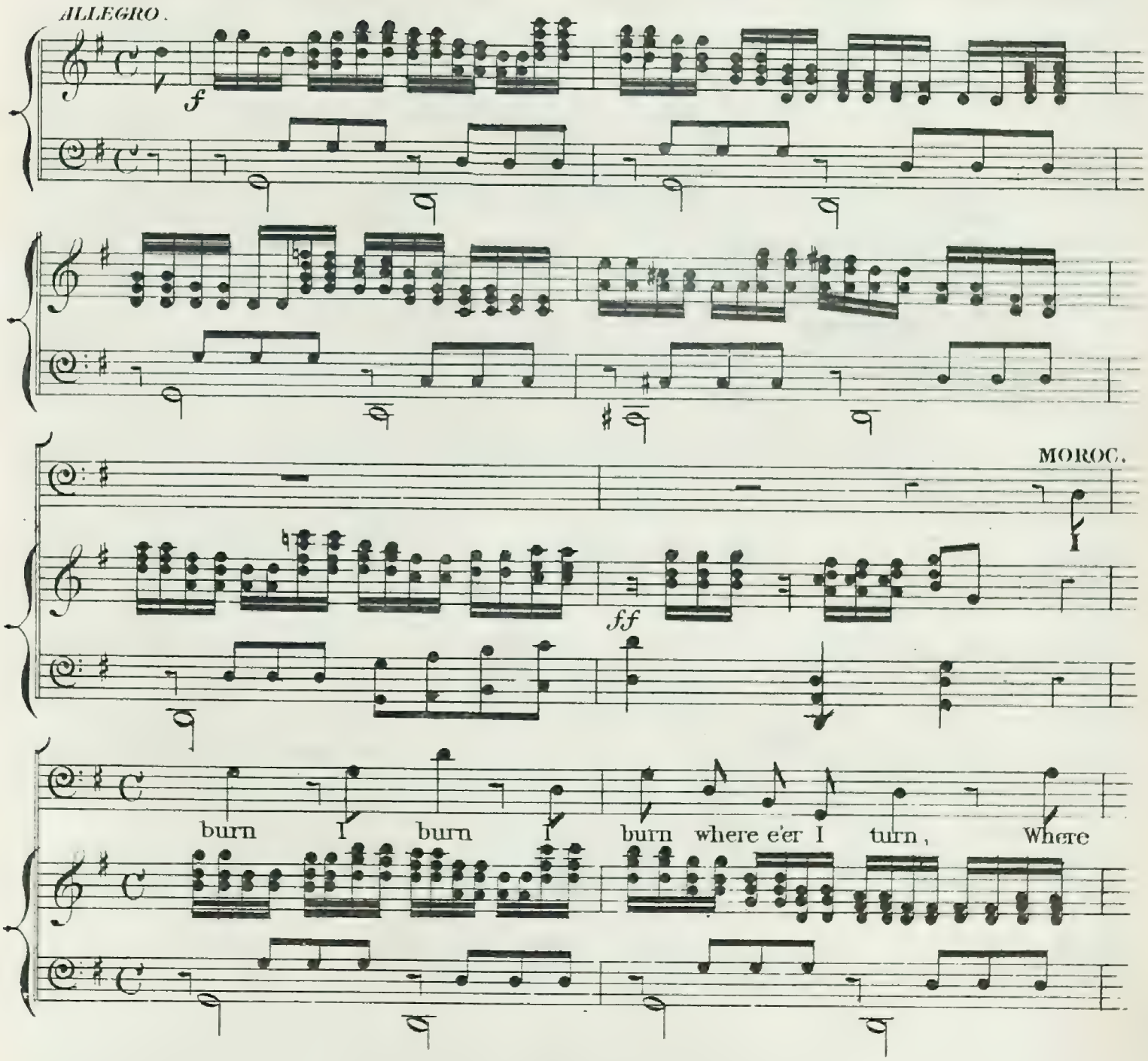
RECIT.

Moroc. O Love, destroyer Love, this ravage cease,
Or give me conquest, or restore my peace.

SEGUE ARIA.

SUNG BY Mr CHAMPNESS.

COMPOSED BY JOHN CHRISTOPHER SMITH.



e'er I turn, Each ob...ject feeds the Flame, Each

ob...ject feeds the Flame, Each ob...ject feeds the Flame

ff

LARGHETTO.

The

p

Hinds that whis....tle care away, The Birds that sing, the Beasts that play. My

wretch..ed...ness pro....claim my wretch..ed...ness pro...

pp

ALLEGRO

claim. I burn, I burn, I

pp *f*

burn where e'er I turn, Each ob-ject feeds the flame where...e'er I

turn, Each ob...ject feeds the Flame Each object feeds the Flame

p *f* *f,f*

8

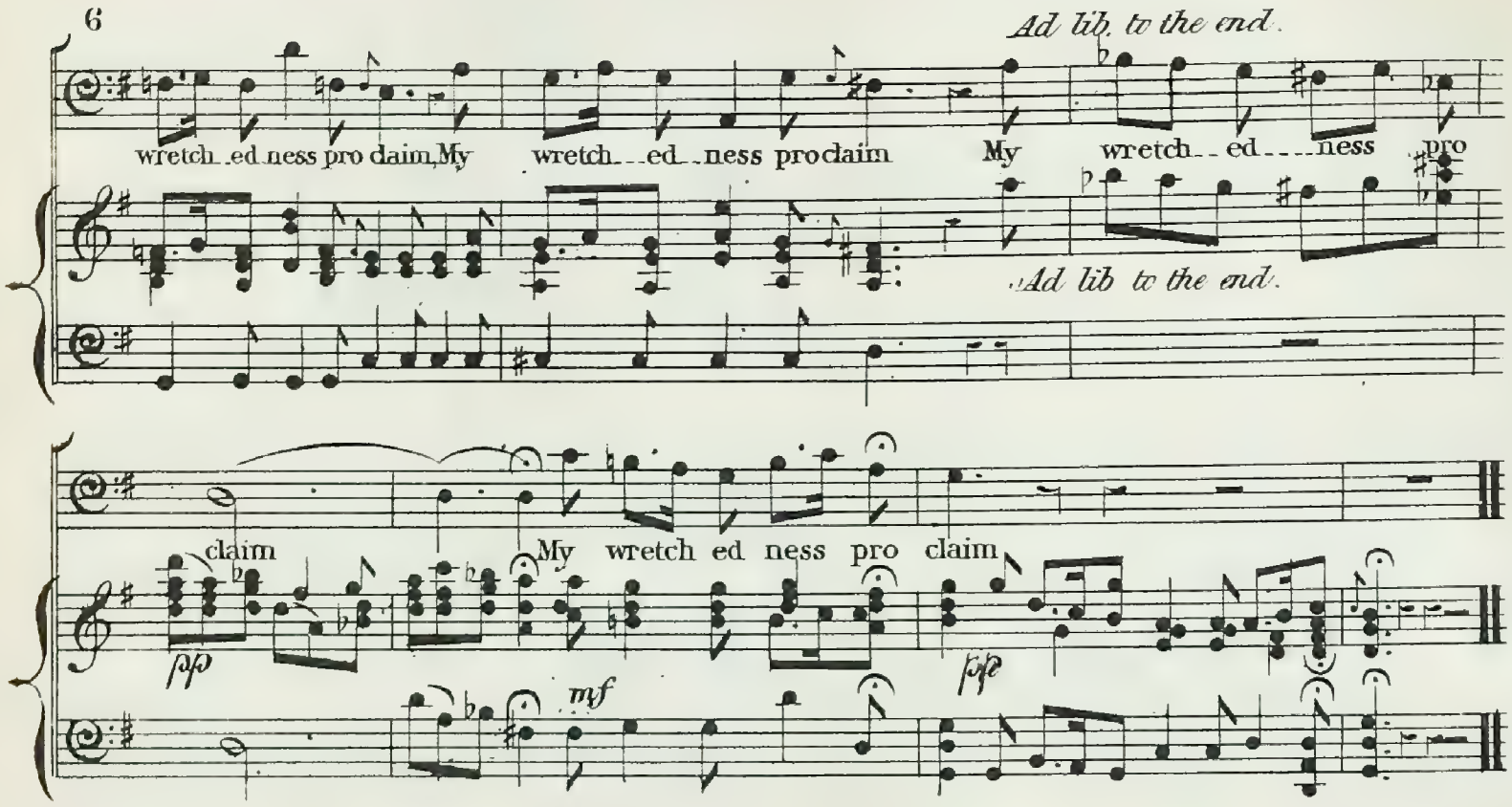
LARGHETTO

The

p

8

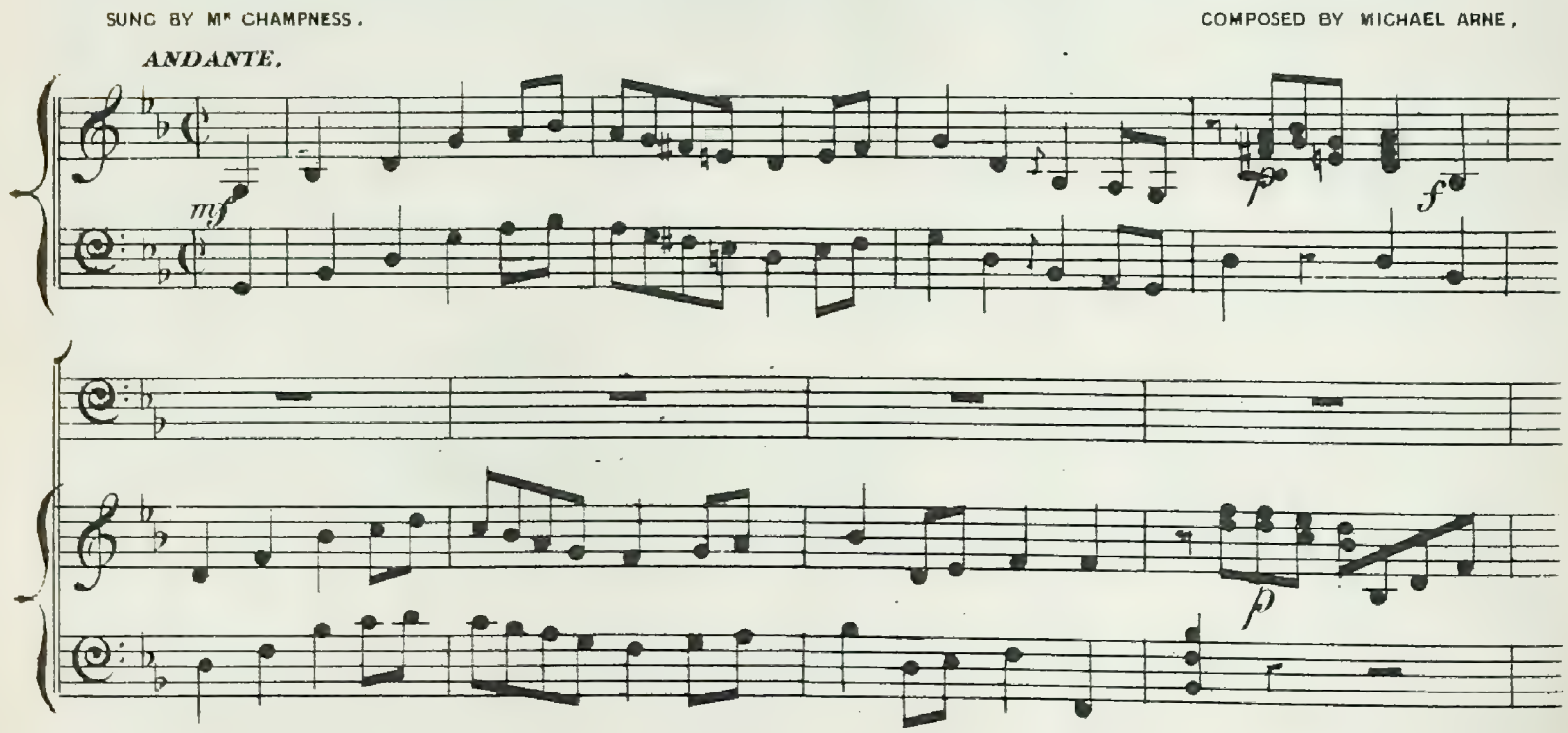
Hinds that whis....tle care a...way, The Birds that sing, the Beasts that play, My

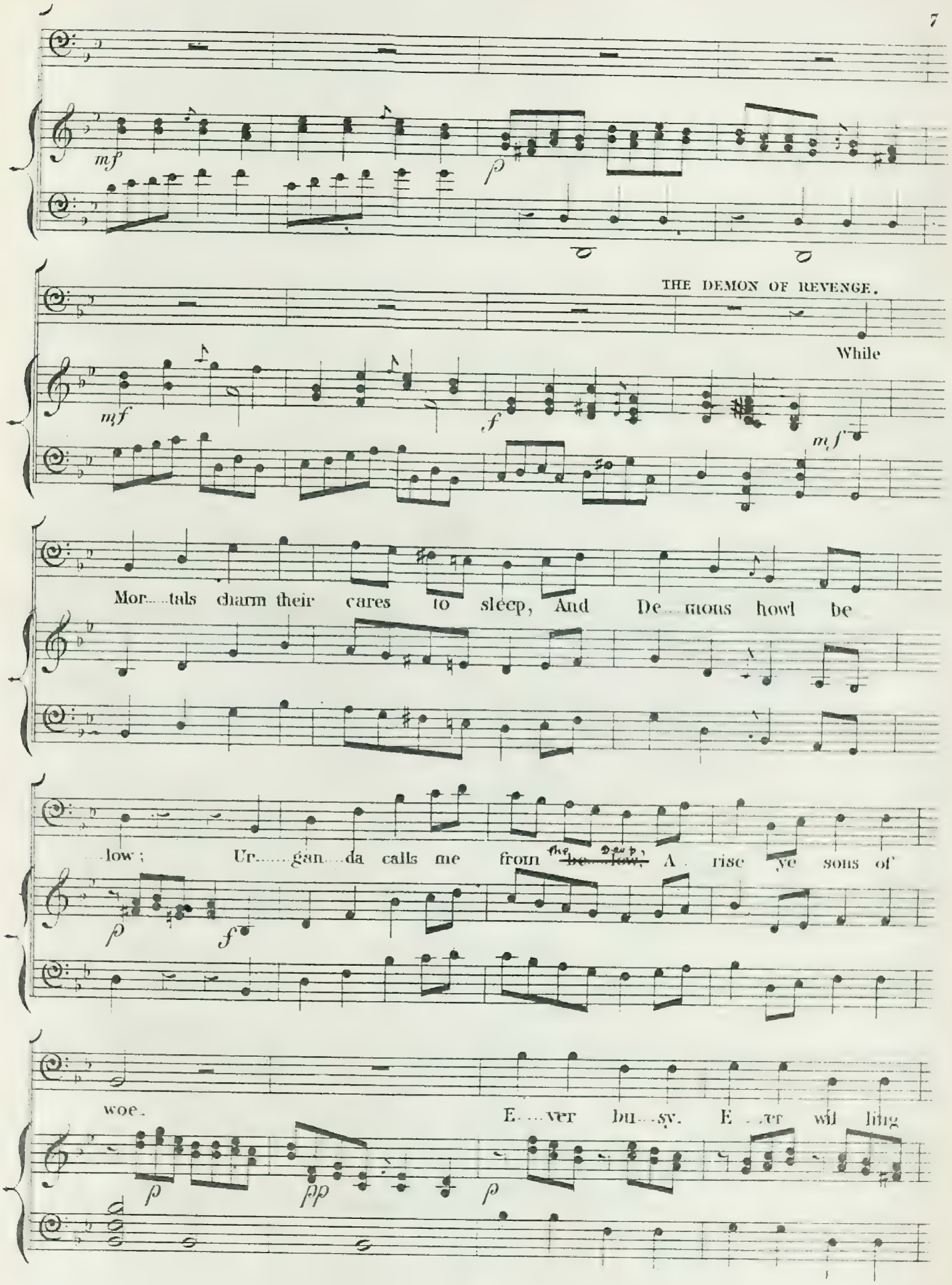


"WHILE MORTALS CHARM THEIR CARES TO SLEEP."

(IN CYMON.)

Drury Lane, 1767.




THE DEMON OF REVENGE.
While
Mor...tals charm their cares to sleep, And De...mons howl be
...low; Ur.....gan...da calls me from the Deep, A...rise ye sons of
woe. E...ver bu...sy. E...er wil...ling

E . . ver horrid tasks fulfil . . ling, Which

mf *f*

draw from mor . tal Breasts the groan, And make their Torments

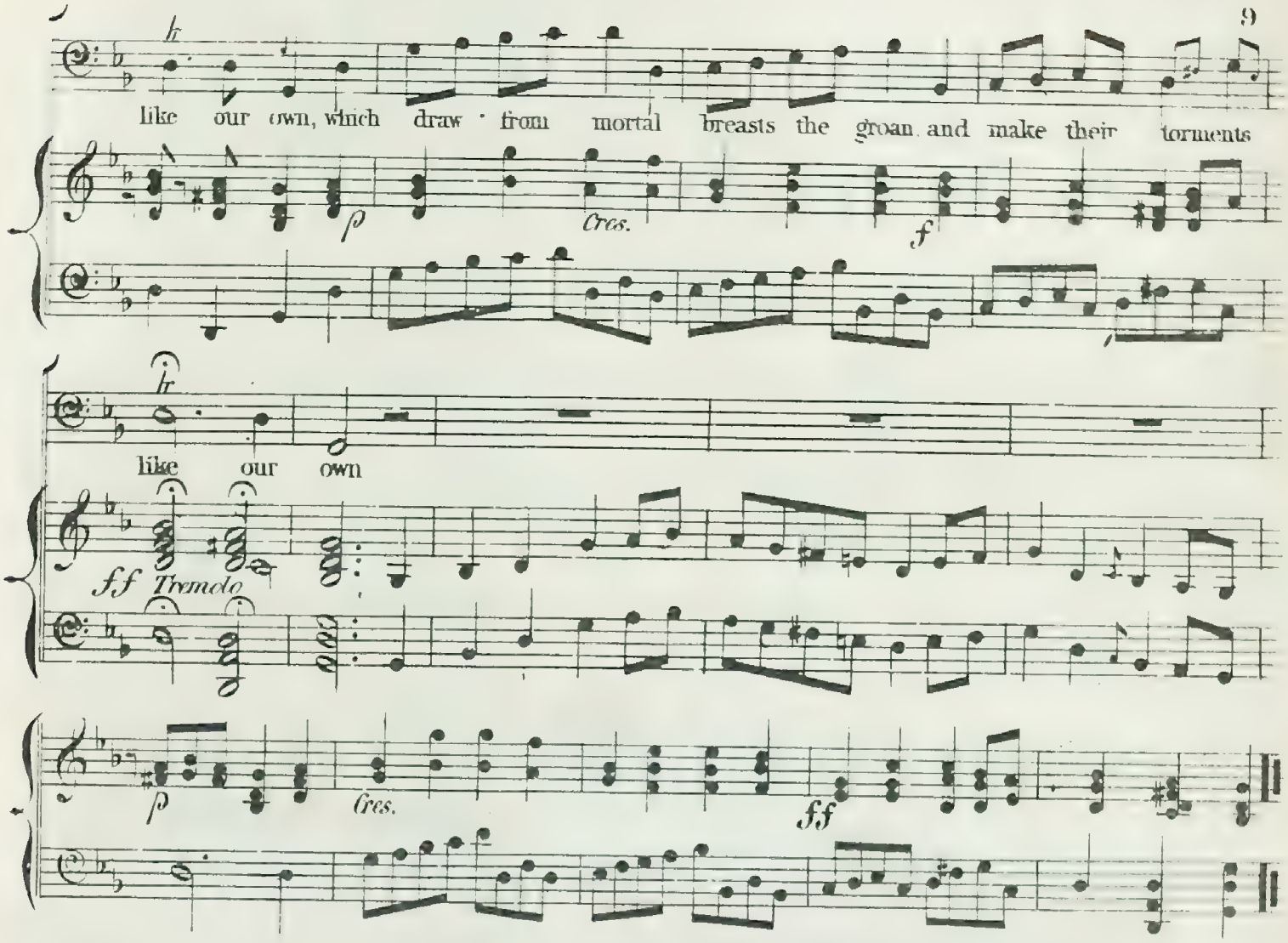
pp *Cres.*

like our own; Their Tor . . . . . ments, Their Tor . . . . . .

. . . . . ments, Their Tor . . . . . ments, Their Torments like our

own; Which draw from Mor-tal breasts the groan, And make their Torments

p *Cres.*



"YE MONSTERS THAT SLEEP."

(IN CALYPSO.)

Queens Theatre, 1712.

SCENE

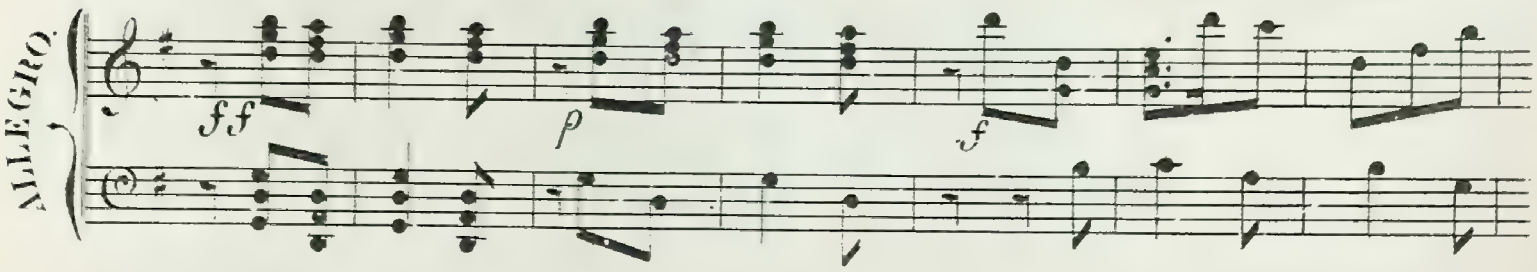
A Canopy in the Wood *PROTEUS following TELEMACHUS*

PROTEUS. Still I trace thee, hated Boy
Nor shalt thou now escape my Fury
(Going, he turns back)
Yet stay, I saw, upon the winding Shore
As on a pointed Rock I sate
When first he landed in this Isle
I saw a Friend of godlike Port attend him
I marked that Strangers mien
Where is he now?
I'll wear his Visage, and decoy
My Rival to his Ruin.

SEGUE ARIA.

SUNG BY Mr LEVERIDGE.

COMPOSED BY JOHN ERNEST GALLIARD.



PROTEUS.

Ye Monsters that sleep In

ff

Cells of the Deep

p

Ye Monsters that sleep, In Cells of the

f

Deep, To re_venge your great Master pre____pare

mf

To re____venge your great Mas__ter pre_____pare

f *ff*

p *f*

ff To re.....venge *p*

Cres. *f* *ff*

Ad lib. 2nd time

To re.....venge your great Master pre.....

Ad lib 2nd time

.....pare

ff *p* *f*

I'll seize and I'll

ff *fine* *p*

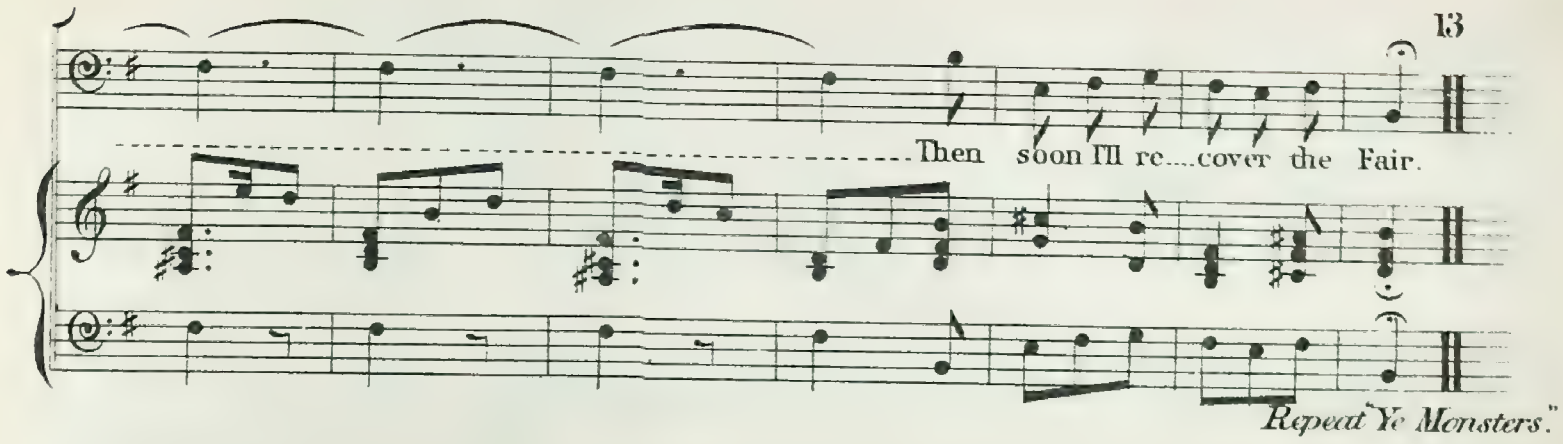
throw to the waves my proud Foe, Then soon I'll re----

-----cover the Fair

Then soon I'll re cover the Fair

ff *p*

then soon I'll re-----co----ver the Fair



"ARISE YE SUBTLE FORMS THAT SPORT"

(IN THE NECROMANCER)

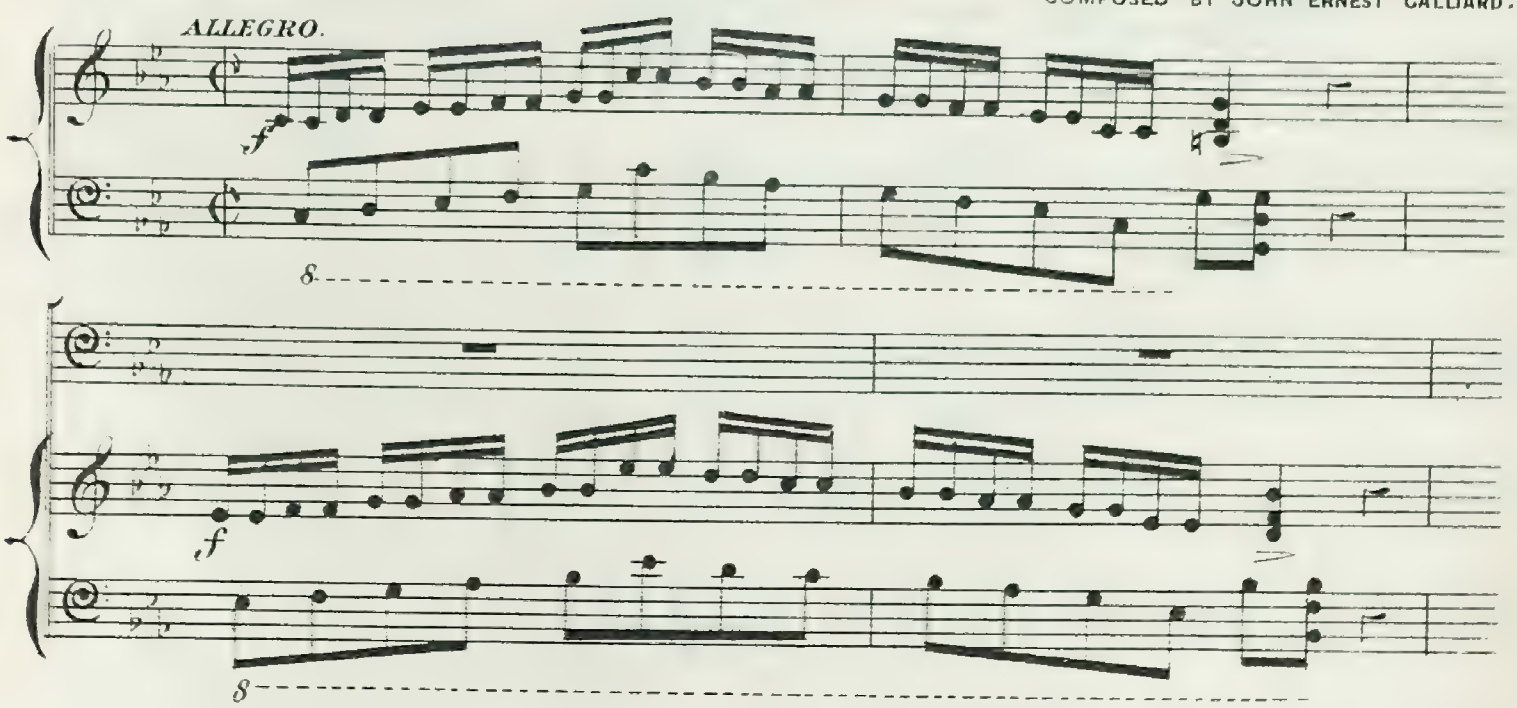
Lincolns Inn Fields, 1723.

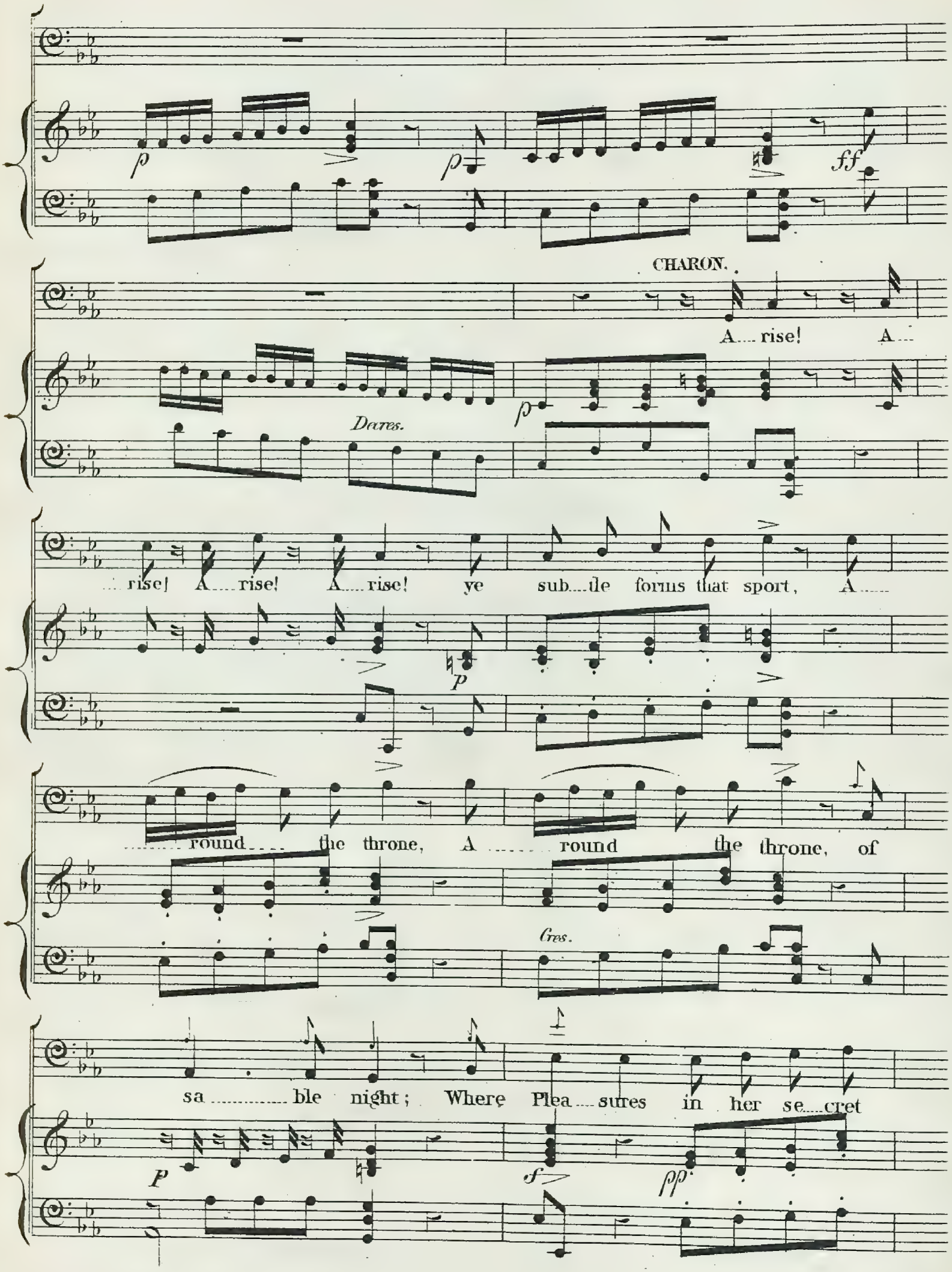
Mr GALLIARD, composed many Songs purposely for him (LEVERIDGE) and one in particular in the NECROMANCER or HARLEQUIN Dr FAUSTUS which LEVERIDGE valued himself much upon singing 'Arise ye subtle Forms that sport".

See Sir John Hawkins History of Music. Vol. 5

SUNG BY Mr LEVERIDGE.

COMPOSED BY JOHN ERNEST GALLIARD.




CHARON.
A.... rise! A...
Decres.
...rise! A....rise! A....rise! ye sub....tle forms that sport, A.....
.....round.... the throne, A ..... round the throne, of
Cres.
sa ..... ble night; Where Plea....sures in her se....cret

Court Are un ..... pro ..... fan'd with bale ..... ful

f

Light

A

f

.... rise the Screech — Owls voice pro ..... claims

p

The Screech – Owls' voice pro ..... claims .....

Slower

Dark ..... ness is in her aw ..... ful

pp

Slower

16

Tempo.

Noon, The Stars keep back their glimm'.....ring Flames, The Stars keep

Tempo.

pp *mf*

back, their glimm'.....ring Flames, The Stars keep

Cres. *f*

back their glimm'.....ring Flames, And Veils of

pp *mf*

Cloud shut in the Moon, And Veils of Cloud shut in the

p *f* *8va alta*

8

Moon.

ff *loco*

8

"WHEN MARTIAL CLANGOR STRIKES THE EAR."

(IN THE APPARITION.)

Haymarket, 1794.

SCENE.

An outside view of HUBERT'S Cottage, enter EARL EGBERT.

EGBERT.—Thus far I've journey'd safe . . . . . since dire misfortune drove me hence, I have incessant courted danger, and strove in vain for death: I wish to erase her image from my heart, 'mid crimson carnage and the clash of arms.

SUNG BY Mr SEDGWICK.

COMPOSED BY WILLIAM REEVE.

ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.

f *p*

Trumpet *f*

ff *ff*

EGBERT.

When martial Clangor strikes the Ear, And parting Lovers

mf *p*

drop a Tear, and warriors shake the glitt'ring Spear, My Bo___som pants for

Glory My Bo___som pants for Glory I hear e___late the

Din of Arms, There's Rapture in their dire A___larms. The no___ble wish my

Bosom warms, The noble wish my Bosom warms, To die the Theme of warlike Story, the

Theme of war___like Sto___ry

Behold the Combatants engage Behold the Combatants engage

mf ff mf ff

8v

view Valor stem the Battle's Rage the Battle's Rage. You

mf ff p

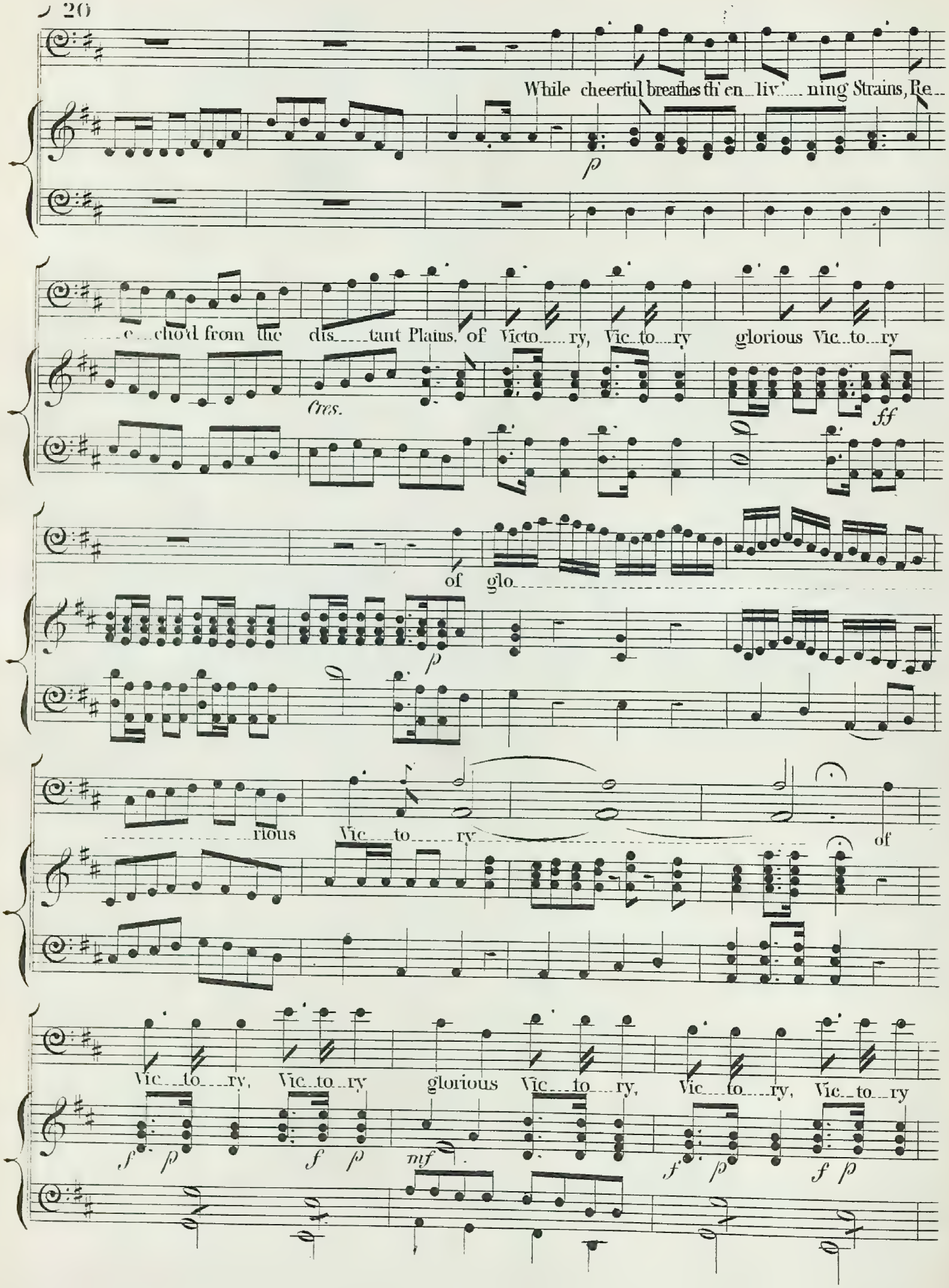
crimson Ri...ver, see yon crimson Ri...ver see And hark!

pp

hark! The wounded's dismal moans as sail the

Ear, with dy...ing groans, dy...ing groans.

Trumpets


While cheerful breathes th' en_liv'_ning Strains, Re_

_e_cho'd from the dis_tant Plains, of Victo_ry, Vic_to_ry glorious Vic_to_ry

of glo_

_rious Vic_to_ry of
Vic_to_ry, Vic_to_ry glorious Vic_to_ry, Vic_to_ry, Vic_to_ry

glorious Vic...to...ry glo..... rious Vic...to...ry

f p f f

ff

"SEE, GODDESS OF THIS HAPPY LAND."

(IN CALYPSO.)

Queens' Theatre, 1712.

SUNG BY Mr LEVERIDGE. COMPOSED BY JOHN ERNEST GALLIARD.

PROTEUS

ALLEGRO.

See, see, see, Goddess

f

8 8

of this happy Land, Proteus is here, Proteus is here, at thy com--

----mand, See, see, see, see, Proteus is here at thy com--mand

p *f*

See, see Goddess of this hap----py

p

Land, Proteus is here, Proteus is here, Goddess of this hap----py

Cres. *f*

land, Proteus is here at thy command.

ad lib 2nd time f *ff*

8

For thee I leave my oo---zy Caves

fine *p*

On the green mar---gin of the Waves

For thee I leave my oo---zy Caves, On the green mar-gin of the

Waves On the green margin of the Waves.

p

Repeat. See, Goddess of this happy Land.

To dear Bessie
from her old friend
the Composer:
Revised 1869.

C. 0528

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Sonnet,

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The Music by
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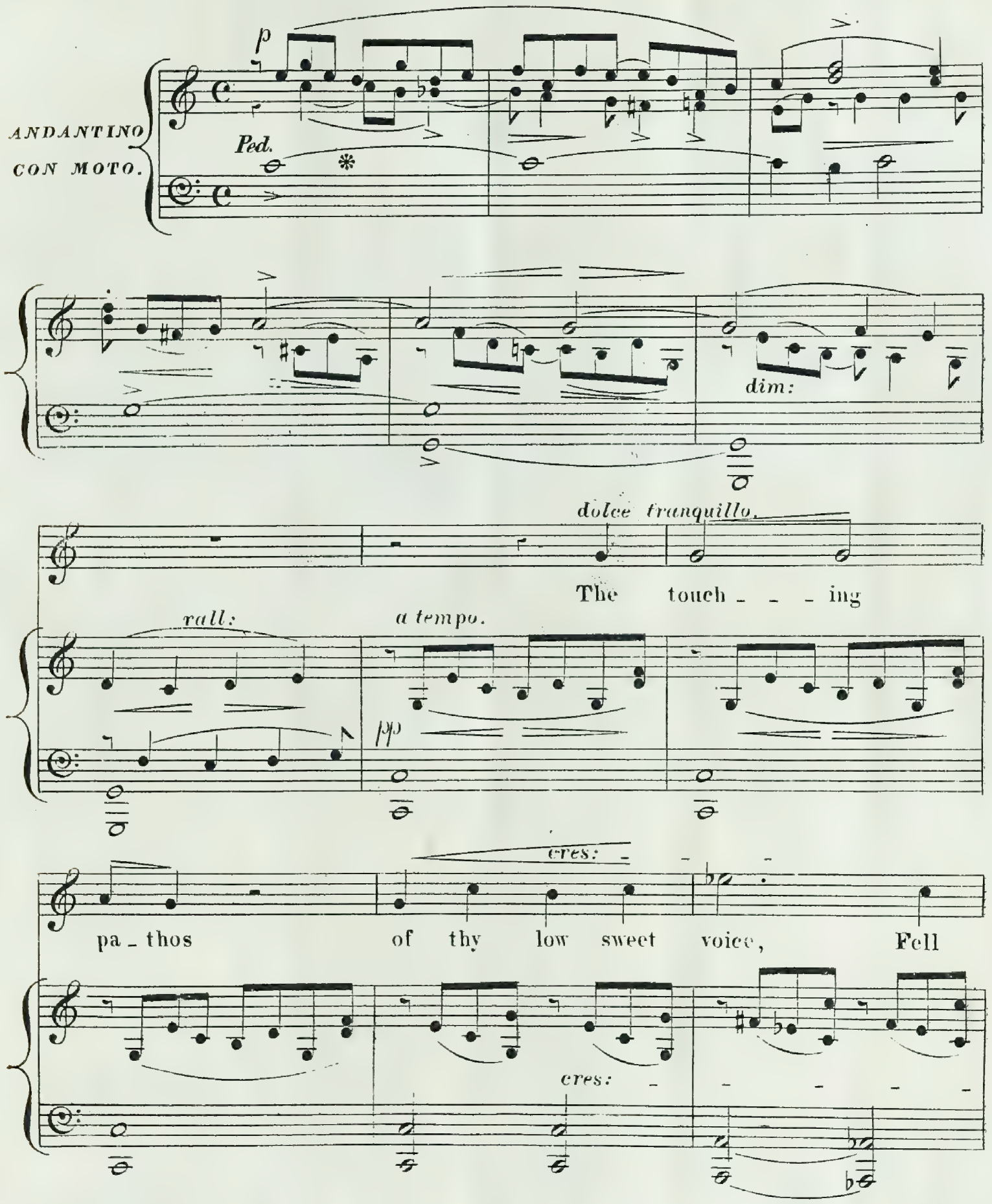

on my heart like dew on wi - ther'd flow - ers;

dim:

And brought such mem' - ry

cres: - - - - *fp*

of de - part - ed hours As made me weep, as

cres: *fp*

rall: *a tempo.*

made me weep,.. Yet in my tears re - joice: For

colla voce. *p*

Ped. ✻

one I lov'd now lost to me for e - - ver, For

p Ped. *

one I lov'd, now lost, now lost to me! . . . . . .

riten: dim:

colla voce.

Breath'd e - - ven so the voice of me - - - lo - dy,

f

sf

Ped. * Ped.

And since that voice has perish'd ne - ver, ne - ver

till I heard thine

riten:

Till I heard thine

rall:

such sounds have greet - ed

riten:

colla voce.

me!

cres:

Ev'n now thy tones recall'd by night and day, re - -

cres:

cres:

- call'd . . . . . by night and day,

p

riten:

Ev'n now thy

p

Ped.

riten:

tones . . . . recall'd by night and day,

cres:

re - -

cres:

p

_call'd by night..... and day, by night and

dim:

p

pp

day, Lin _ ger in mem'_ry's e _ cho haunt _ _ ed

cell, lin_ger in mem'ry's echo haunt _ _ ed cell Thrilling sweet

f

a _ go_ny! Thrilling sweet a _ go_ny! Nor know I well whether to

p agitato.

p

chide them Or to bid them stay. . . . . At

p con

p

abandono.

times I scarce can bear the paind regret Which they ex_cite, which they ex_

f

rall:

cres:

sf

rall:

_cite Then cry oh do not leave me yet! oh do not leave me

f *molto appassionato.* *sf*

f

sf

yet! oh do not leave me yet! oh do not leave me.

sf

rall:

rall:

p tranquillo.

The touch _ _ ing pa _ thos

a tempo.

p

cres: *sf*

of thy low sweet voice, Fell on my heart like

cres: *sf*

dew on wi _ ther'd flow _ ers; And

dim:

brought such mem' _ ry of de _ part _ ed

f *dim:*

hours as made me weep, as made me weep.....

dim:

riten: *agitato.* *cres:*

Yet in my tears re-joice! And since that voice has

colla voce.

dolente. *dim:* *riten:* *rall:*

perish'd, never, never, never such sounds such

colla voce. *p cres:*

più lento.

sounds.... have greet - - - ed me.

più lento. *colla voce.* *p* *pp*

Ped. *

1876

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to his old friend Sir George Grove &c
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Dedicated to his dear friend,
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Song

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BY

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WHAT SHALL I SEND TO THEE, SWEET?

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LATE, SO LATE. Song. (in D.) *(SOP: MEZ: SOP:)* ..... ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

A LEAVE-TAKING. Song. *(SOP: TEN:)* ..... ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

MY SWEET HEART. Song. *(BAR: MEZ: SOP:)* ..... D. C. HASBROUK.

À TOI, TOUJOURS À TOI. *(BAR: MEZ: SOP:)* ..... VICTOR HUGO.

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.. .. *(English Version by* MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.)

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HEART TO HEART.

SONG.

Words by
MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

Music by
CHARLES SALAMAN.
1889.

M.M. ♩ = 120. Tempo Moderato, con moto.

Grazioso.

PIANO.

mf *p*

agitato.

cres: *sf* *sf*

sf *f* *dolce.*

a tempo. *mf*

I

riten: *p* *dim:* *p* Lento. *p*

(In D.)

con molto espressione.

wish the world were burn _ ing, I wish that life were

p *cres:*

fire, That all my spir _ its yearn _ ing, That

cres:

cres:

all my souls' de _ sire For love of one sweet woman Might

cres:

cres:

flame to space a _ bove. Ah, no! I am but

Appassionato. *f* *riten:*

cres:

f colla voce.

riten: a tempo.

hu - man, I on - ly long for love.

riten: mf

dim: espressivo. p

O you that my heart

p dim:

cres:

cries to, Will you not turn and hear?... Shall my soul nev - er

cres:

rise to A height your soul may near? That

we may soar to _ geth _ er In _ to some un _ known

sky. . . . . Through fair, un _ cloud _ ed wea _ ther, Where

cres: *riten:* *a tempo.*

love may nev _ er die. may nev _ er die. . . . . Where

cres: *riten:* *a tempo.*

dim:

you shall be the sum _ mer, And I shall be the

dim:

rain, To glad_den each new com_er, And

cres: poco a poco.

wash his heart of pain. Then would our lives have sweetness, And

cres: poco a poco.

colla voce.

bring forth death_less flow_ers, Then would the world's com_

f

f

cres:

ff *sf* *riten:*

a tempo. ***dim:***

_plete_ness Be vague..... com_pared.... to ours.

cres:

ff *riten: colla voce.*

a tempo. ***dim:***

Affe•tuoso. *cres:*

O an_swer, sweet my lov_er, Take

dim:

colla voce.

all my heart to you, And make your heart its cov_er, That

grazioso.

none may peer there through; That you a_lone per:

colla voce.

_ceiv_ing Its ev'_ry shade and tone.... May

Appassionato. *ff*

take me, all be - liev - ing, As lov - er all your

ff *colla voce.*

dim:

own! All your own!

dim: *colla voce.*

sf appassionato. *ritenuto.*

All your own! Take all my heart!.. Take... all my

f *sf* *riten.*

heart! *rall: al fine.*

p *pp* *pp*

HALF A CENTURY OF SONG.

1836 to 1886,

BY

CHARLES SALAMAN,

Hon. Mem. Acad. St. Cecilia, Rome; Hon. Mem. Phil. Acad., Rome, &c.

"One of the best of modern English Composers, and as a Song-writer one of the most refined and original of his period. Certain of his lyrical compositions are not matched for taste, skill, or melody in the anthology of any nation in Europe. 'I arise from dreams of thee,' the Classical Lyrics, and many others, are unequalled for beauty of melody, fine sympathy with the feeling of the poet, and warmth of musical imagery. His Pianoforte Music and Choral works are likewise marked by similar evidences of poetic and scholarly treatment."—*Biographical Dictionary of Musicians.*—*Jas. D. Browne, 1886.*

Date.		*The Words by*
FROM 1836	I arise from dreams of thee (Serenade), in C, B♭, and A♭	PERCY B. SHELLEY
	Medora's Song, "Deep in my soul" (*The Corsair*). Mez.-Sop.	LORD BYRON
	Dost thou love the blue to see? Ten.	HERRICK (1648)
	The moonbeams. Mez.-Sop.	HARRIETT WINDSOR
	The farewell. Ten.	C. H. TOWNSHEND
	I cannot part (Sonnet). Mez.-Sop.	T. R. C.
	This rose to calm (*The Bride of Abydos*). Sop.	LORD BYRON
	Think'st thou on me? Con.	C. H. TOWNSHEND
	Are other eyes beguiling? Sop.	L. E. L.
	The touching pathos (Sonnet). Con., Bar.	C. H. TOWNSHEND
	Why didst thou ever? Sop.	MRS. HEMANS
	The sun has set (Serenade). Ten.	ANON.
	Without thine ear to listen to my lay (*The Corsair*). Sop.	LORD BYRON
	Perdita's Song. Sop.	ANON.
	O linger on the oar (*A Song of Delos*). Mez.-Sop.	MRS. HEMANS
	O there lie such depths of woe. Mez.-Sop.	MRS. HEMANS
	I would that I were a voiceless sigh. (In F and A♭)	SIR TERLAGH O'BRIEN (16th Century)
	Farewell, if ever fondest prayer. Bar., Con.	LORD BYRON
	Linger not long. Sop.	ANON.
	Leila (Serenade). Ten.	BARRY CORNWALL
	Home (Ballad). Mez.-Sop.	LADY FLORA HASTINGS
	I ever think of thee (Serenade). Bar., Mez.-Sop.	LADY FLORA HASTINGS
	Oh, let me only breathe the air (*Lalla Rookh*). Mez.-Sop.	THOS. MOORE
	Memory (*The Epicurean*). Ten., Sop.	THOS. MOORE
	There's not an accent (Sonnet). Mez.-Sop.	MRS. JAMIESON
	I hae lost my Jeanie (Scotch Ballad). Sop.	JAMES HOGG
	Katie (Scotch Song). Ten.	ELIZA COOK
	Come dry those tears (Ballad). Con.	ANON.
	How shall I woo her? Ten.	MACKWORTH PRAED
	Where is my loved one? Bar.	MISS PARDOE
	Love's Philosophy (in C and A♭). Ten., Bar.	PERCY B. SHELLEY
	Hinweg mit den sorgen / Away with sorrow (Swiss Song)	ANON.
	I dare not ask a kiss (The Modest Suitor)	ROBERT HERRICK
	Pyrrha. (*After the German*)	CHAS. SALAMAN
	How lonely (Ballad)	C. R.
TO 1847	Placido Zefiretto. Ten., Sop.	METASTASIO
	Io lo so. Mez.-Sop.	METASTASIO
	Sol tu sei. Sop.	METASTASIO

Date.		*The Words by*
FROM 1847	Tu di saper. Sop.	METASTASIO
	No, non vedrete. Bar., Con.	METASTASIO
	Già la notte (Serenade). Ten.	METASTASIO
	Oh, if thou wert mine own, love (Ballad)	MARY BOYLE
	Good bye, a long good bye	ZEILA
	Loved One (Serenade). Bar., Con.	After the GERMAN
	Come quel fior. Mez.-Sop.	COUNT PEPOLI
	Io sento che in petto. Sop.	METASTASIO
	Trova un sol. Ten.	METASTASIO
	Oh, I have loved thee (Sonnet). Ten.	ANON.
	There's not a fibre (Sonnet). Sop.	FANNY KEMBLE
	As I did walk. Con.	ANON. (17th century)
	T'amo d'amor dolcissimo. Ten., Sop.	COUNT LINATI
	No, I never was in love. In C and A	ANON. (1650)
	Celia (in F and D). Ten., Bar.	WHITEHEAD (1740)
	Al salir el sol dorado (La Perijelera). Mez.-Sop. *Spanish and Italian text*	TRUEBA
	I would tell her (in G and A). Ten., Bar.	R. E. FRANCILLON
	Cradle Song (Lullaby)	DR. W. C. BENNETT
	There is beauty	ROSA E. COLLINS
TO 1875	Ad Chloen (Ode 23, Book 1), in F and G. *Latin and English*	HORACE
	Zuleika (Oriental Scena). Ten. Sop.	ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY
1876	Donec Gratus (Ode 9, Book 3). Duet for Sop. and Ten. *Latin and English*	HORACE
	What shall I send to thee, sweet? Bar., Con.	MALCOLM C. SALAMAN
	Eva Tual (Irish Song) (F and A♭)	A. PERCEVAL GRAVES
	Pára tén skíen. "Deep is the silence." (Duet, Sop. and Con.) *Greek and English*	ANACREON
1877	A Leave-taking. Sop., Ten.	A. C. SWINBURNE
1879	Sweet, have the roses. Sop., Ten.	MALCOLM C. SALAMAN
	Thought (Sonnet 44)	SHAKESPEARE
1880	Biondina's Song	MALCOLM C. SALAMAN
	A Song of Welcome (Flute, Voice, and Piano)	MALCOLM C. SALAMAN
	Luctus in morte passeris. *Latin and English*	CATULLUS
1882	Zahra (Arab Love Song). Ten., Bar., Bass	MALCOLM C. SALAMAN
1883	Hebrew Love Song, "Máh lach tzébyátt hén." *Hebrew and English text*	JUDAH BEN SABBATHAI HALEVI (*circa*, A.D. 1200)
1884	My Sweetheart. Bar.	C. D. HASBROUK
	Love's Legacy (in D and B)	MALCOLM C. SALAMAN
1885	À toi, toujours à toi. Bar., Mez.-Sop.	VICTOR HUGO
	Du süsses Mädchen. Bar., Mez.-Sop. *German and English*	"MIRZA SCHAFFY" (BODENSTEDT)
1886	My Star. Ten., Bar., Sop.	After PLATO, by EDWIN ARNOLD
	Late, late, so late (*Guinevere*)	LORD TENNYSON
	Murmured Music (Sonnet)	MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

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Xmas Day 1853

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Sonnet.

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OH! I HAVE LOV'D THEE!

SONNET.

CHARLES SALAMAN.

ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.

p

Oh! I have lov'd thee with a bound ... less love,

p

Thro' all the way ..... ward chan ..... ges of my fate,

Thou wert the star whose rays could dis..si..pate my

gather'd gloom, and bid all clouds re...move!..... Our

passion grew from childhood, With its days it strengthen'd, And it

con passione e cres:

f

pros...per'd, and be..came within our souls an Et...na of pure

f

Oh! I have lov'd thee!

stringendo e sempre crescendo.

flame, Warm as the sun, warm as the sun,

f

warm as the sun, and quenchless in its blaze.

riten:

tranquillo.

The mas....ter cur.....rent of my mind was bowd to thine,

p

Like rainbows o'er a mountain stream,

dolce.

Oh! I have lovd thee!

When ev'..ning shines up.....on the silv'..ry cloud, steal..ing and

lend..ing beau...ty in its beam; Thou wert the

cres.

cres.

i...dol of my heart..... a.....vow'd, And life without thee was a

troublous dream,_ a troublous dream with...out thee; And

Oh! I have lov'd thee!

a piacere.

f

life with-out thee was a troublous dream! a troublous dream with-out

f *colla voce.* *colla voce.*

Tranquillo.

thee! Oh! I have

a tempo. *p*

f *con passione.*

lov'd thee! Lov'd thee with a bound.....less, bound.....less

f

love!

p *rit:* Ped

pp

Oh! I have lov'd thee!

E MINOR (FOR SOPRANI)

C♯ MINOR (FOR CONTRALTI)

BIONDINA'S SONG

The Poetry by

MALCOLM CHARLES SALAMAN

(Author of "Ivan's Love-Quest, and Other Poems"

The Music

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BIONDINA'S SONG.

THE POETRY BY MALCOLM CHARLES SALAMAN.
(Author of IVAN'S LOVE-QUEST, and other Poems.)

THE MUSIC BY
CHARLES SALAMAN.

Moderato, e con molto expressione.

VOICE.

PIANO.

pp

p

The

dolente.

Spring with gifts of flowers Came with the bright young year, And

p

molto sost:

ev'- ry sweet and gladness That drowned the dead year's sadness, And

cool refresh _ ing showers, And birds' songs loud and clear. But

though Spring brought the flowers, My love was not yet here. My

love my love My love was not yet here, not

here. The

Dolce. Lo stesso tempo.

gold _ en days of Summer Girdled the glad mid-

p *cres.*

- year With gar _ lands of red ros _ es And

Ped. ✻

cres.

ma _ ny co _ loured po - sies, And gave each wea _ ry

cres.

cres. *un poco rit:* *a tempo.*

comer A swal _ low's song to cheer. But

cres. *colla voce.* *a tempo.*

Ped. ✻

cres. dim.

though we had the Summer, My love was not yet

Ped. dim.

cres. f

here. My love my love my

cres. f sf

Ped.

love . was not . . yet here, not here.

sf

dim. mf Poco Agitato. Lo stesso tempo.

The Autumn with its ten _ der Red

p

tints of . . leaves grown sere, Gives sign the year is

wan _ ing; While those few flow'rs re _ main _ ing Give

what sweet they can ren _ der, Then slow _ ly dis _ ap _

ritard. *f* *Affettuoso ed animato.*

_ pear. Still Au _ tumn is more dear. . . . . Than

ritard. *Cres.* *f*

Ped. Ped.

cres. *ff*

spring-time young and ten - der, And all the Sum - mer's

ff

Ped. ✻

con molto expressione. *cres.*

splen - dour, For now my love is here. Still

colla voce. *cres.*

Ped. ✻

con tenerezza.

Au - tumn is more dear. . . . . Than spring-time young and

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

ff appassionato.

ten - - der, For now for now my

ff *sf*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

cres. ff

love my love . . . . . is here is

sf cres. ff

Ped. Ped.

cres.

here For now . . my love . . is

cres.

ff

here my love . . . . . my love is here . . is

ff

here.

sf

ritenuto al fine,

f/p dim. p/p

Ped.

Biondina's Song.

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The Poetry by

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The Poetry by

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Sol tu sei. *Sop^r. & Tenor*..... Ditto 2*s.*

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RIGHT HONBLE WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.

AD CHLOEN.

ODE

BY HORACE.*

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BY

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* ODE XXIII—Book 1. † Published by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Routledge & Sons.

Pamph 16476
D1977/31

HORACE'S TWENTY-THIRD ODE. (BOOK I.)

AD CHLOEN.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis Chloë,
Quærenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem, non sine vano
Aurarum et siluæ metu.

Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Adventus foliis, seu virides rubum
Dimovere lacertæ,
Et corde et genibus tremit.

Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera
Gætulusve leo, frangere persequor:
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

*LORD LYTTON'S METRICAL TRANSLATION.

TO CHLOE.

Like a fawn dost thou fly from me, Chloe,
Like a fawn that, astray on the hill-tops,
Her shy mother misses and seeks,
Vaguely scared by the breeze and the forest.

Shudders Spring newly born, thro' quick leaflets?
Slips the green lizard stirring a bramble?
She is seized with a panic of fear,
And her knees and her heart are one tremble.

Nay, but not as a merciless tiger,
Or an African lion I chase thee;
Ah! cling to a mother no more,
When thy girlhood is ripe for a lover.

(* Published by kind permission of Messrs. GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS.)

HORACE (QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS).
Born A.U.C. 689, B.C. 65. Died A.U.C. 746, B.C. 8.

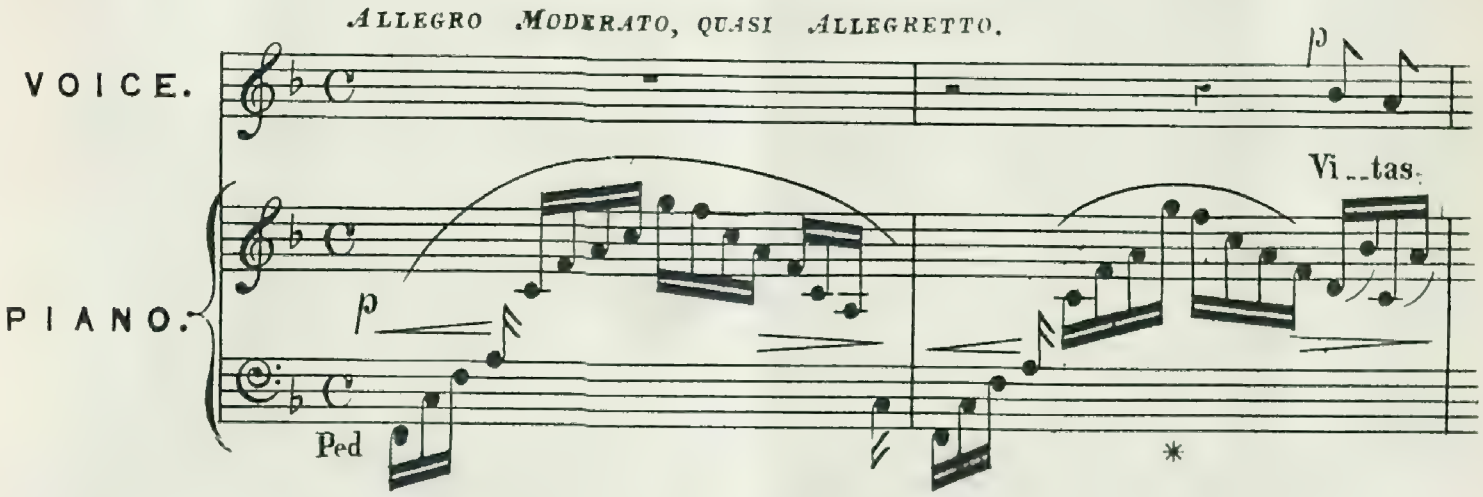
THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON. Born 1805. Died 1873.

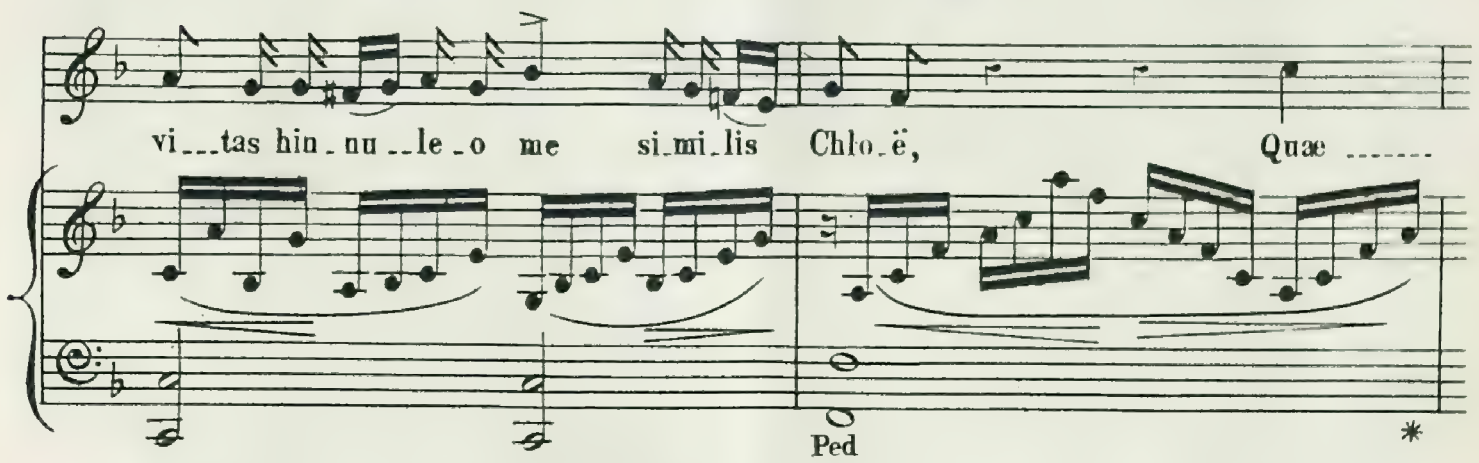
AD CHLOEN.

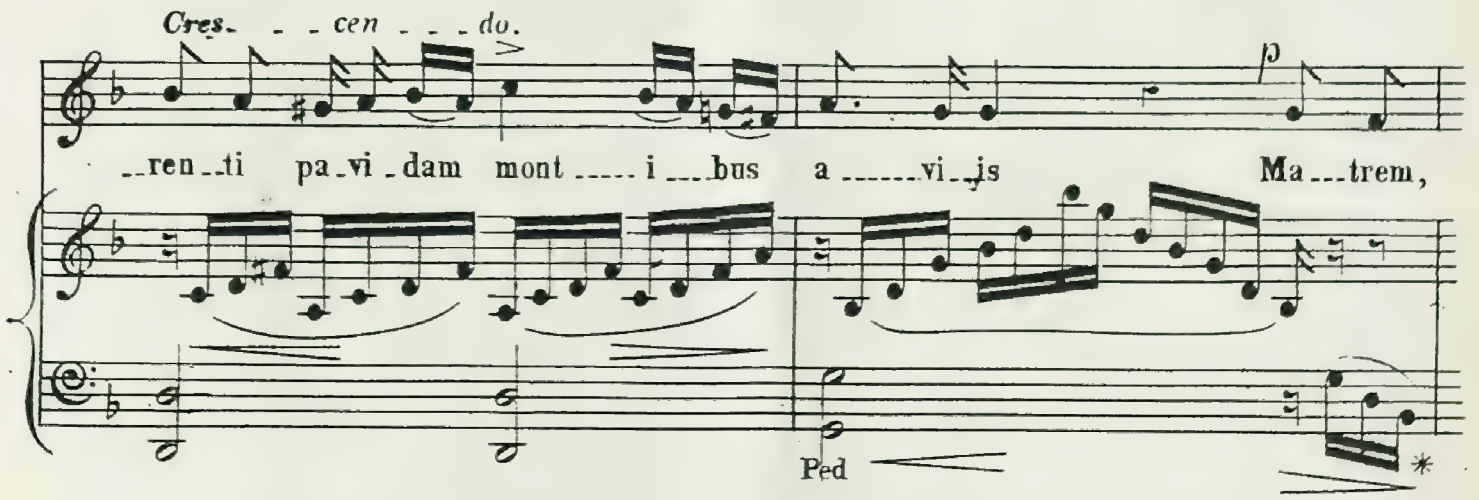
ODE.

HORACE. (BOOK 1. Nº XXIII)

MUSIC BY CHARLES SALAMAN.







p Cres.

Ma-trem, non si-ne va-no Ma-trem, Ma-trem, non si-ne va-no Au-

p Cres.

f

-ra-rum et sil-væ me-tu

Rall p

Vi-tas

f

Rall p

vi-tas hin-nu-le-o me si-mi-lis Chlo-ë,

Quae

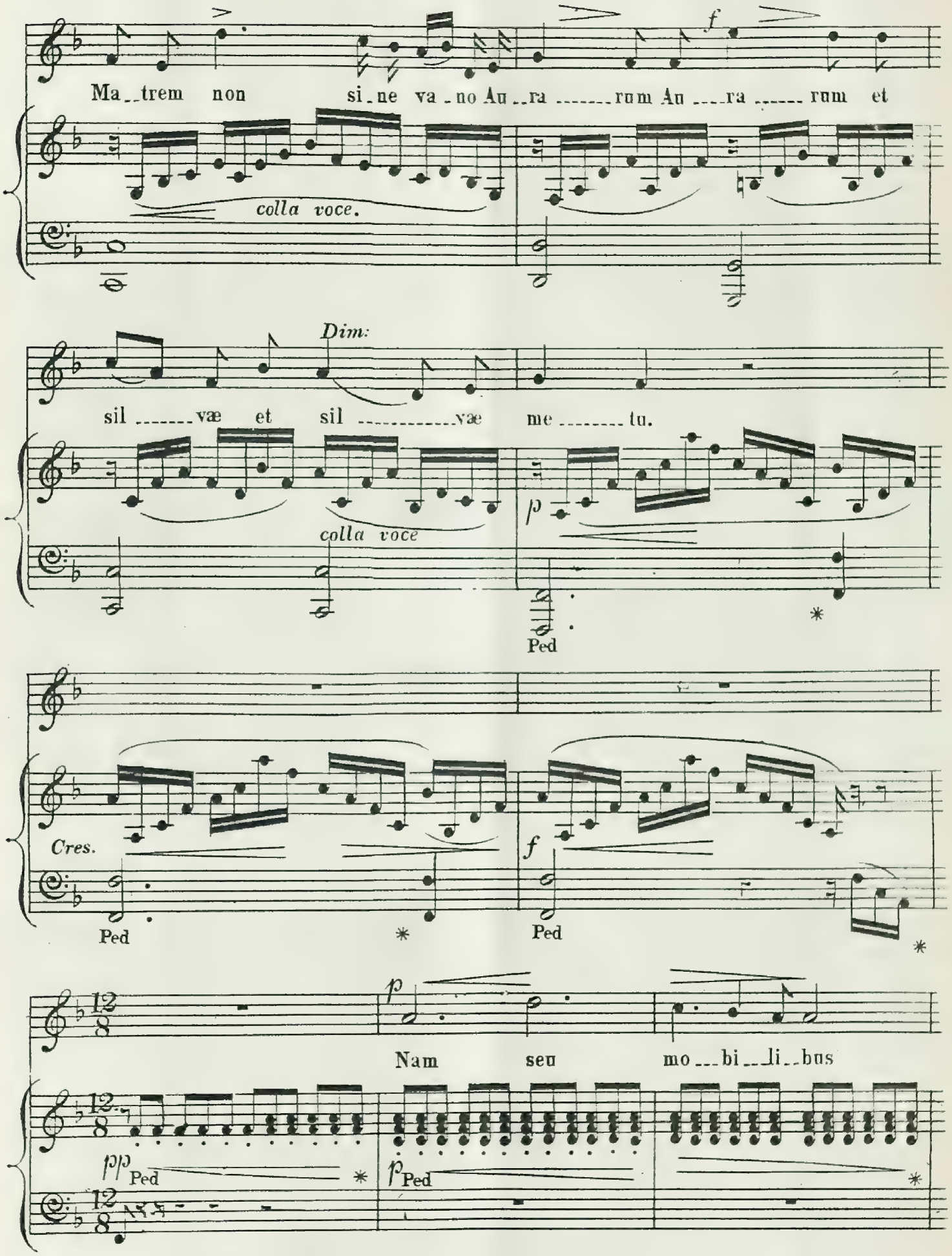
Ped

p

-ren-ti pa-vi-dam mont-i-bus a-vi-is Ma-trem,

Ped

Ad Chloën. (Salomon.)


Ma_trem non si_ne va_no Au_ra_rum Au_ra_rum et
colla voce.
Dim:
sil_væ et sil_væ me_tu.
colla voce
Ped
Cres.
Ped
Ped
Nam seu mo_bi_li_bus
Ped
Ped

ve ris . . . . in hor ru it Ad

pp f

ven tus fo li is

sf

Ped

pp Dim: Cres.

Seu vi ri des . . . . ru bum Di mo

pp Dim: Cres.

Ped *

ve re . . . . la cer tae, Di mo

f f

Ped * Ped *

f

ve ..... re . . . . . la ....cer ..... tæ,

f

Dim:

p *animato.*

Cres.

Nam seu mo..bi.....li..bus Ve ..... ris in hor...ru..it Et

p

Cres.

Cres.

f

cor ..... de et ge.. ni..bus tre ..... mit Et

p

pp

cor ..... de et ge.... ni..bus tre ..... mit. Et

pp

Ped * both Ped *

espressivo.

cor ..... de et ge ... ni .. bus tre ..... mit Et

pp

Dim:

cor ..... de et ge ..... ni .. bus tre ..... mit. Et

pp

cor ..... de et ge ..... ni .. bus

pp

tre ..... mit.

pp

tremolo

Ped *Ores.* *

Ad Chloen. (Salaman.)

risvegliato. *con anima.* *f*

ff *Dim.* At ...qui *colla voce.*

Ped

Cres. *f*

non e-go te, ti-gris ut as.....pe-ra Gae-tu...

Ped

Dolce

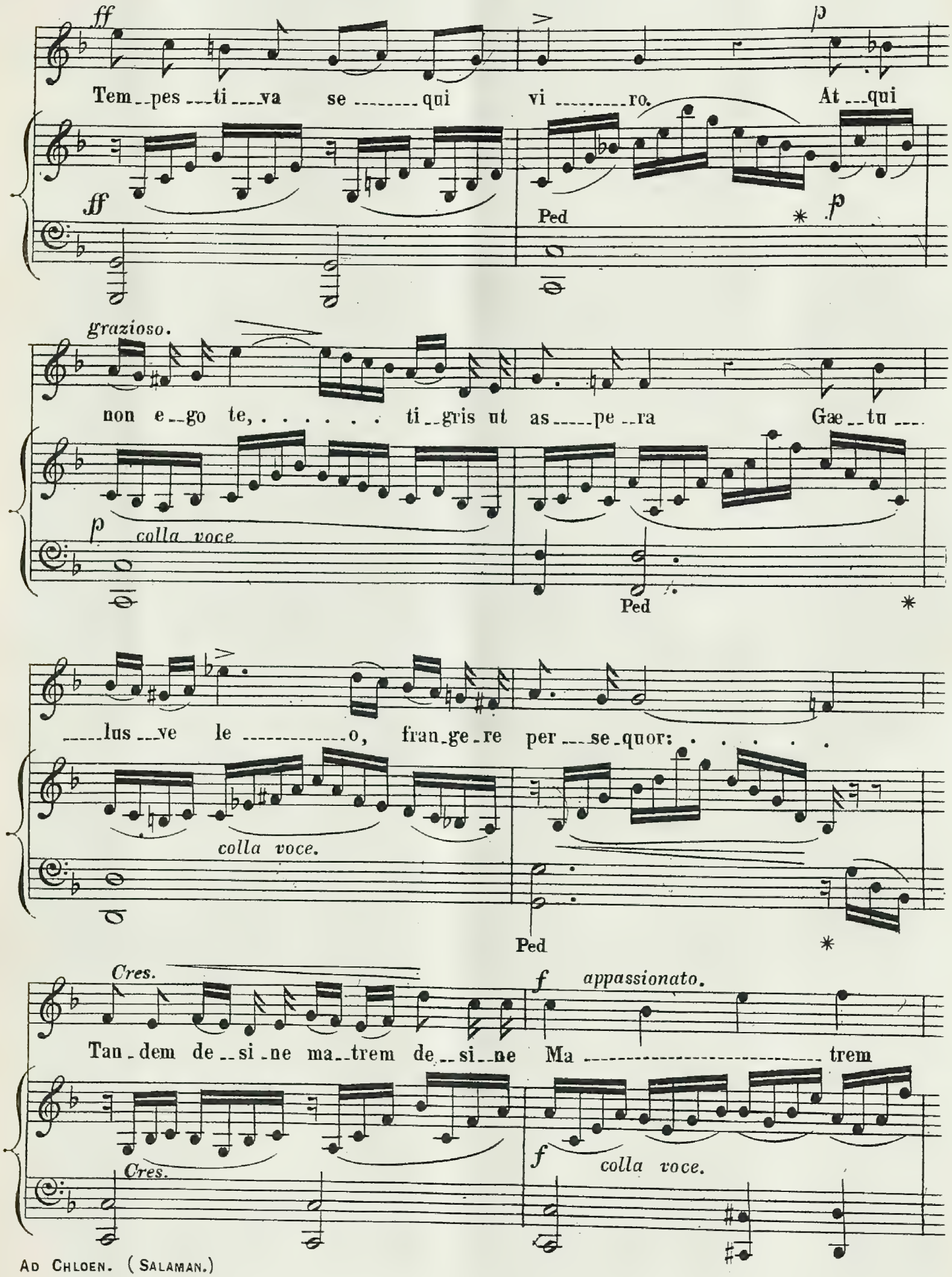
...lus-ve le.....o, fran.....ge...re per.....se-quor: Tan-dem

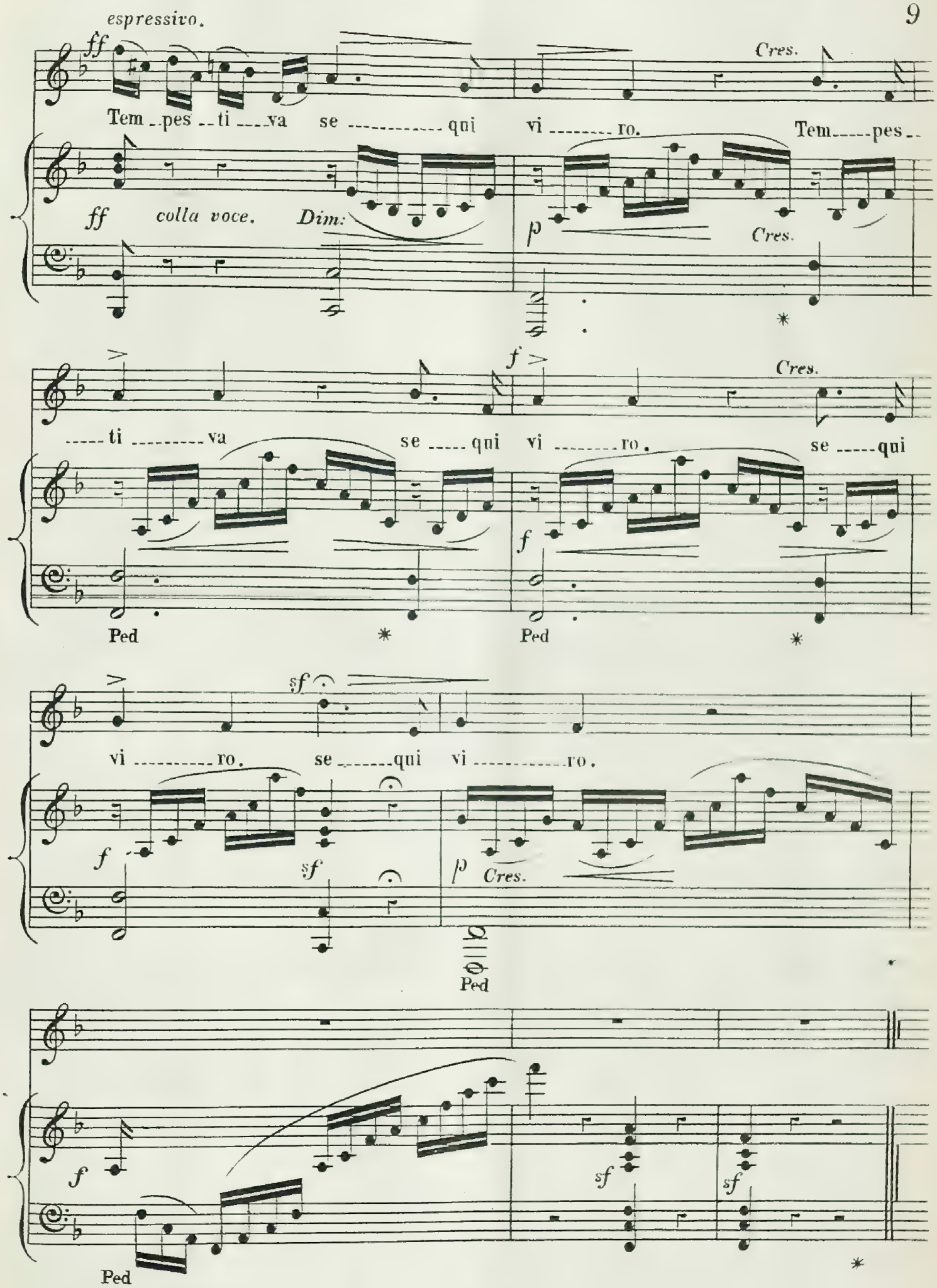
Ped

cres-ed animato.

Tan-dem de...si-ne Ma-trem Tan-dem Tan-dem de...si-ne Ma-trem

colla voce


ff
Tem_pes_ti_va se_qui vi_ro.
p
At_qui
ff
Ped
p
grazioso.
non e_go te, ... ti_gris ut as_pe_ra Gæ_tu_
p colla voce
Ped
_lus_ve le_o, fran_ge_re per_se_quor: . . . . .
colla voce.
Ped
Cres.
f appassionato.
Tan_dem de_si_ne ma_trem de_si_ne Ma_trem
Cres.
f colla voce.


espressivo.
Tem _ pes _ ti ___ va se _____ qui vi _____ ro. Tem ____ pes _
colla voce.
Dim:
Cres.
_____ ti _____ va se ____ qui vi _____ ro. se ____ qui
Ped
vi _____ ro. se _____ qui vi _____ ro.
Cres.
Ped

NEW AND CELEBRATED SONGS

BY

CHARLES SALAMAN.

"In every respect, Mr. Salaman's songs stand apart from the commonplace effusions of the day, and we can conscientiously affirm that vocalists will consult their own interest, by giving them their best attention."—*Musical Times.*

"Mr. Salaman's name is a sufficient guarantee for the artistic character and high finish of his compositions for single voices."—*Sunday Times.*

"Mr. Salaman's compositions are always elegant, and the production of an imagination of no common order."—*Choir and Musical Record.*

The Poetry by

A voiceless sigh. *Mez. Sop^r. Ten.*.....SIR F. O'BRIEN 3*s.*
(16th Century)

"'A VOICELESS SIGH.'—Some very charming words set with that poetical feeling which we invariably find in Mr. SALAMAN'S vocal music. The melody is really beautiful. The harmonies and accompaniments are written throughout with the delicacy of a true artist."—*Musical Times.*

Are other eyes? *Sop^r.*..... L.E.L. 3*s.*

"The varied shades of feeling are well reflected in the poetry of L.E.L., and we can conscientiously recommend the song 'ARE OTHER EYES' to vocalists who can give the requisite meaning to the words. These three songs are an excellent addition to our stock of sterling modern vocal music."—*Musical Times.*

Dost thou love the blue to see? *Tenor*...HERRICK (1648) 3*s.*

Farewell, if ever fondest prayer. *Bar., Mez. Sop^r.*
LORD BYRON 3*s.*

"'FAREWELL, IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER'—'THE SUN HAS SET'—both are highly dramatic—both are beautiful. The second would be amply sufficient at once to confer *éclat* on a new singer who should do justice to its merits."—*Sunday Times.*

Good bye! a long good bye. *Mez., Sop^r.*..... ZEILA 3*s.*

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(In B flat and A flat).

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I ever think of thee. *Mez. Sop^r. and Bar.*
LADY FLORA HASTINGS 3*s.*

"'I EVER THINK OF THEE' is thoroughly German in character. The vivid triplet quaver accompaniment, which runs through the song, against the two even quavers in the voice part, is extremely 'telling.'"—*Musical Times.*

I would tell her. *Ten., Sop^r. Bar.*.....FRANCILLON 3*s.*
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Sung by Mr. SANTLEY and Mr. LEWIS THOMAS.

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"Mr. Salaman's powers as a composer were strikingly exemplified in a very charming song, 'Lov'd one,' sung with the happiest effect by Mr. Santley."—*Morning Post.*

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Medora's Song. *Mez. Sop^r.*..... LORD BYRON 4*s.*
(*The Corsair.*)

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(*The Epicurian.*)

"'MEMORY' is somewhat eccentric both in melody and accompaniment; but it may be made effective by any vocalist who can fully catch the meaning of the composer."—*Musical Times.*

The Poetry by

Oh! let me only breathe the air. *Mez. Sop^r.*
(Sung by Madame RUDERSDORF).
THOMAS MOORE 4*s.*
(*The Paradise and Peri.*)

"One of Mr. Salaman's most successful songs."—*Musical Review.*

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Oh! linger. *Mez. Sop^r.*..... ..... Mrs. HEMANS 3*s.*

Perdita's Song ..... 3*s.*

"'THIS ROSE,' 'PERDITA'S SONG,' and 'ARE OTHER EYES,' are graceful contributions to drawing-room vocal music, by Charles Salaman."—*Illustrated News.*

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The touching pathos. *Ditto* ditto 3*s.*

"The theme is exceedingly graceful, and the accompaniment is peaceful, and in loving sympathy with the voice part."—*Musical Times.*

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"The serenade 'THE SUN HAS SET' contains passages of extreme beauty. We are specially pleased with the manner in which the pianoforte part is held in loving conversation with the voice."—*Musical Times.*

There's not a fibre. *Sop^r.*..... FANNY BUTLER 3*s.*

There's not an accent. *Sop^r. Ten.*..... Mrs. JAMESON 3*s.*

This rose. *Mez. Sop^r.*..... LORD BYRON 3*s.*
(*The Bride of Abydos.*)

"With the exception of Mr. Salaman's charming setting of Shelley's serenade, 'I arise from dreams of thee' (which first drew our attention to his compositions), we are inclined to think that No. 1 of the group of vocal pieces forwarded to us—'THIS ROSE,' the poetry from Byron's 'Bride of Abydos,'—is the best song he has yet written."—*Musical Times.*

Think'st thou on me? *Contralto*... C. H. TOWNSHEND 3*s.*

Why didst thou ever? *Sop^r. Ten.*..... Mrs. HEMANS 3*s.*

"Madame Parepa's rendering of Mr. Salaman's recitative and air, 'WHY DIDST THOU EVER LEAVE ME?' was in all respects admirable. This composition possesses much beauty and was loudly applauded."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Where is my loved one? *Sop^r. Ten.*.....Miss PARDOE 3*s.*

Without thine ear. *Sop^r.*..... LORD BYRON 3*s.*
(*The Corsair.*)

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"The third, and we think the best, is an Arietta in D minor. The style of this is passionate, and there are some excellent points in the harmony."—*Musical World.*

Gia la notte. *Tenor*..... METASTASIO 2*s.*

"This is as charming a song for an average tenor voice as can well be imagined."—*Athenæum.*

Io sento che in petto. *Sop^r.*.....METASTASIO 2*s.*

"Another Canzonet in G minor is full of tenderness, and contains a charming quaint point at the end of each verse."—*Musical World.*

Io lo so. *Mez. Sop^r.*..... METASTASIO 2*s.*

No, non vedrete. *Bar. & Mez. Sop^r.* ... Ditto 2*s.*

Placido Zefiretto. *Sop^r. & Tenor* ..... Ditto 2*s.*

Sol tu sei. *Sop^r. & Tenor*..... Ditto 2*s.*

Trova un sol. *Tenor* ..... Ditto 2*s.*

Tu di saper. *Mez. Sop^r.* ..... Ditto 2*s.*

HOW LOVELY ARE THY HABITATIONS. Anthem (84th Psalm) for Treble, Alto, Tenor and Bass, by CHARLES SALAMAN. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*; separate vocal parts, 3*d.* Well adapted for Church Choirs. London: Novello, Ewer & Co.

"'HOW LOVELY ARE THY HABITATIONS,' Anthem by Charles Salaman (Novello, Ewer & Co.), is a very charming composition. Mr. Salaman has not attempted the conventional 'cathedral' style—indeed anything more unlike the ordinary run of church music we have seldom met with. We say this not with the intention of disparaging the piece, but on the contrary, because it is interesting to see how a skilful musician can avoid the beaten track in sacred music without allowing the tone of his composition thereby to become secular. The music is beautiful throughout, and when well sung would be highly effective."—*Monthly Musical Record.*

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Magnolia

Words by

J. D. Delille

Music by

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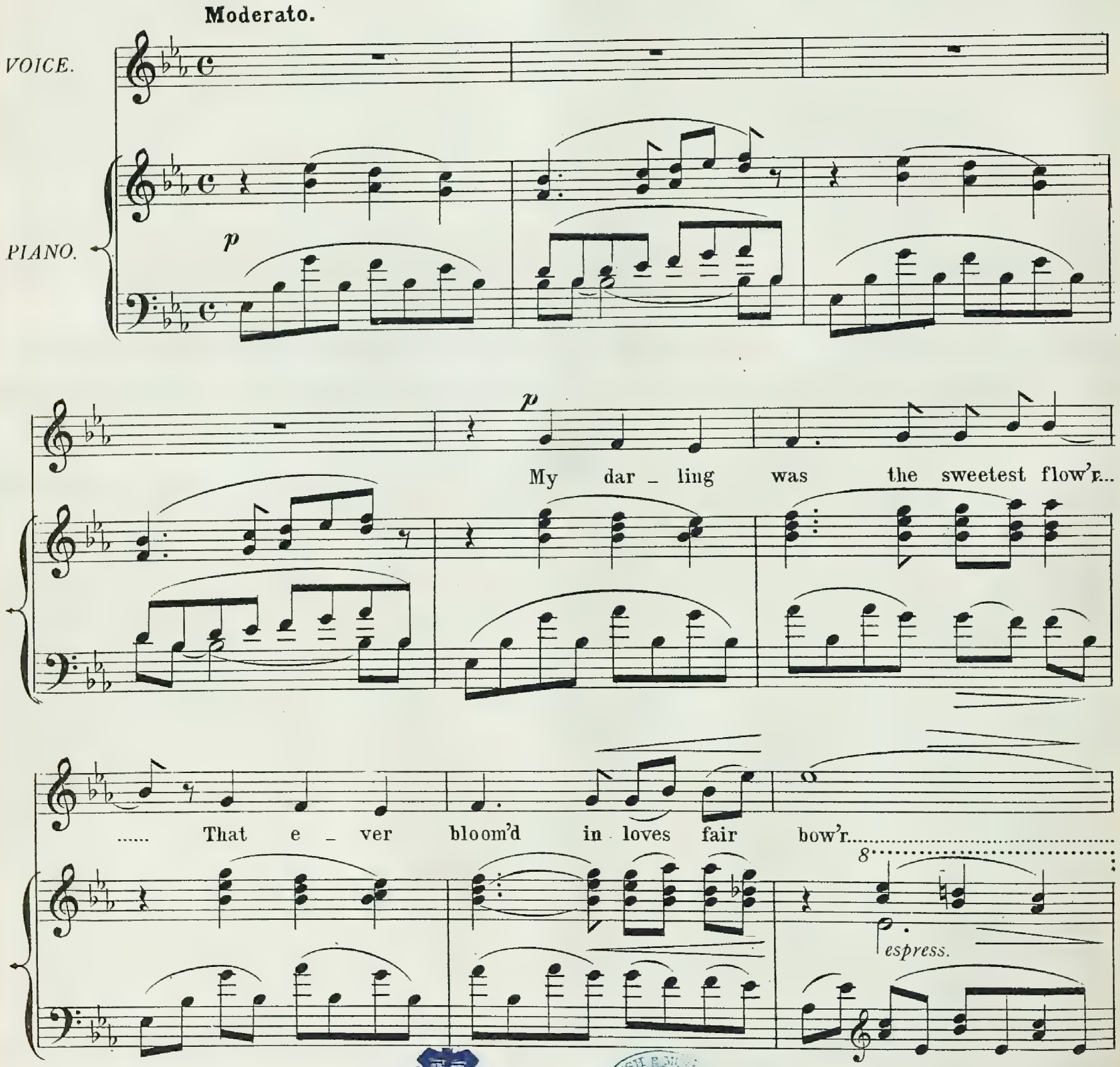
MEMORIES.

Written by
F. D. DELILLE.

Composed by
A. GORING THOMAS.



BRITISH MUSEUM Transferred DUPLICATE.

..... The sweetest flow'r that e_ver bloom'd in loves fair bow'r

poco cres. *cres.*

But ro _ ses soonest fall beneath the cru _ _ el wind's destructive

poco cres.

dim.

breath Soon _ _ est fall .....

p

rit. *mp*

beneath the wind's destructive breath So young.....

colla voce.

So young ..... rit.

tempo tempo pp rit.

tempo tempo cresc.

And so ear – – ly fled..... Yet love still

tempo rit. tempo cresc.

animando.

lives Yet love..... love .....

animando.

..... still lives yes love still lives

rit. rit. dim. p rit.

p

Tho' its i _ _ dol is dead

sempre dim. *c* *ritard.* *a tempo.*

The sad_dest thoughts may seem to fade....

p

..... Their bit _ t'rest pangs by o _ thers stay'd..... .....

..... Their bit _ ter_est pangs by o _ _ thers stay'd

But though the voice rings high..... The heart beats

p

p

low the heart beats low..... And

ritard.

mur _ murs soft a _ part

p

So young

pp

tempo

So young .....

tempo

pp *a tempo.*

ritard.

a tempo

ritard.

a tempo. *cresc.*

And so ear _ _ ly fled..... Yet love still

ritard.

lives

più animato cresc.

Yet love

cresc.

love..... still

lives Yes love still lives

p

Tho' its

colla voce.

p rit.

rit.

i _ dol is dead!..... *rit. e dim.*

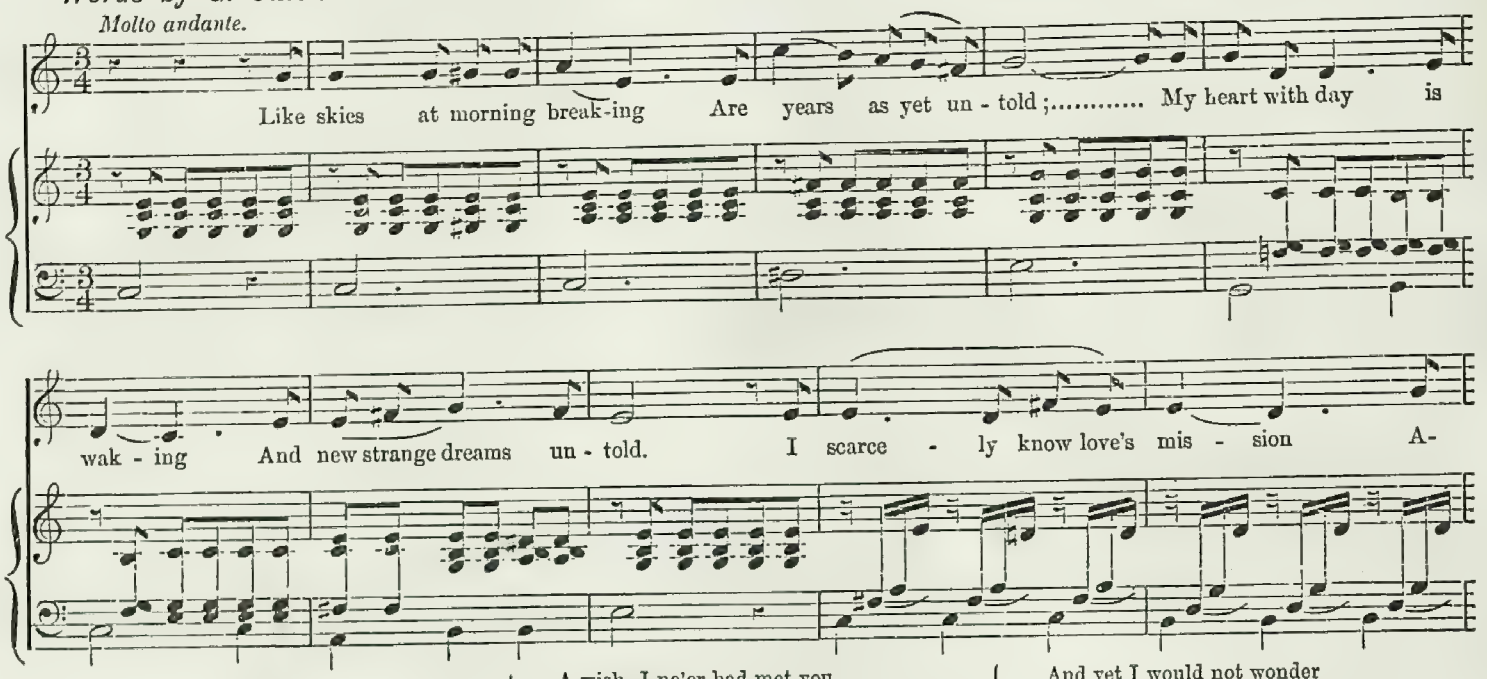
pp

DRAWING-ROOM SONGS.

Price Two Shillings each net.

I LOVE YOU TOO WELL.

Words by G. CLIFTON BINGHAM. *Music by FREDERIC H. COWEN.*



I.

Like skies at morning breaking,
Are years as yet untold;
My heart with day is waking,
And new strange dreams untold.
I scarcely know love's mission
Apart from love's vague pain,
Yet if I scorn the vision,
It ne'er may come again.

A wish, I ne'er had met you,
In heart of mine may dwell;
But vain to say forget you,
I love you too well.

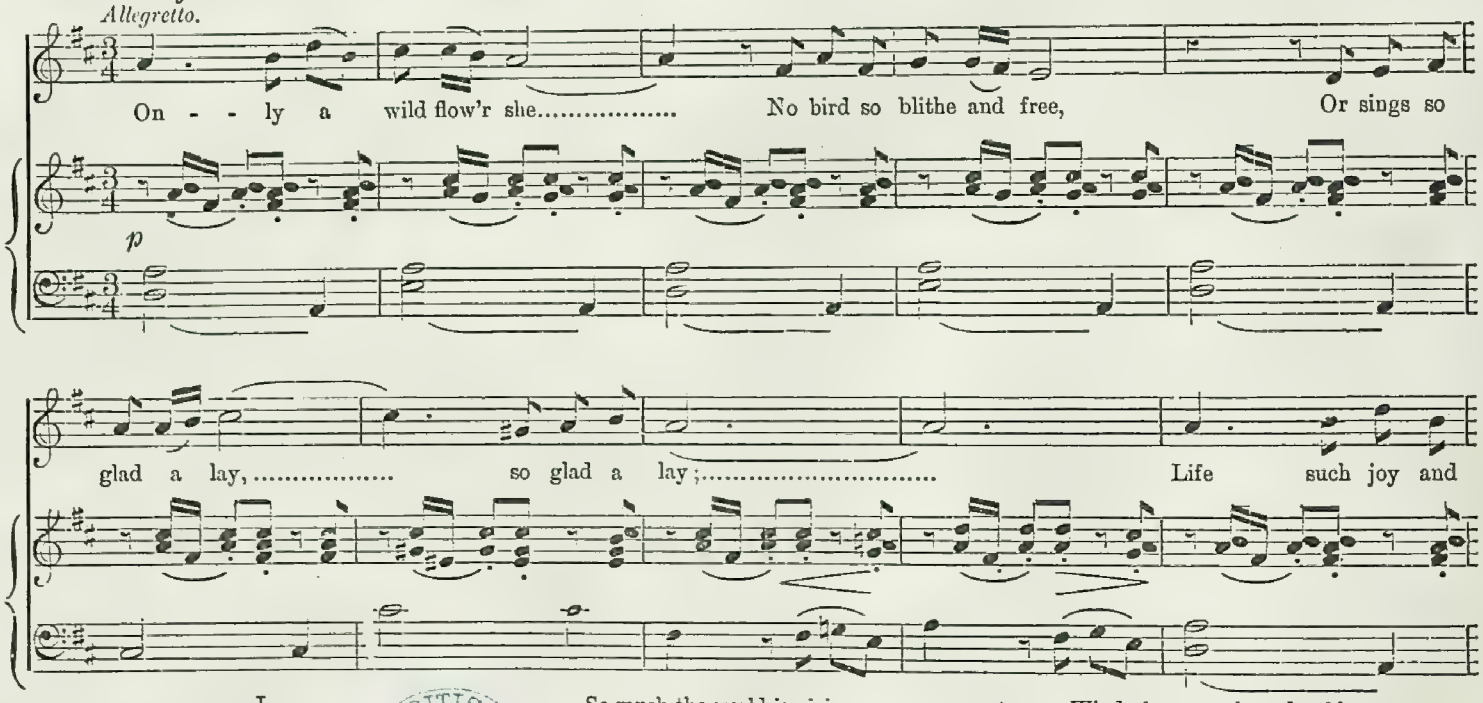
II.

It may be ere the morrow,
The dream will pass away!
The love that laughs at sorrow,
May only last a day;

And yet I would not wonder
An hour, if I but knew,
For hearts are best asunder
If love be found untrue!
Some day I may regret you,
The years alone can tell,
But vain to say forget you,
I love you too well.

WILDFLOWER.

Words by G. CLIFTON BINGHAM. *Music by GABRIEL PIERNE.*



I.

Only a wild flow'r she
No bird so blithe and free,
Or sings so glad a lay,
Life such joy and freedom gives
'Tis enough for her she lives,
Lives to sing to-day!
Time enough for sigh and tear,
When life's golden year
Has gone away.

BRITISH MUSEUM 13SE92

So much the world is giving
Field, and flow'r, and sky,
There is such joy in living,
What matters how or why!

II.

When her song rings no more,
Its music stilled and o'er,
Lie her where wild-flow'rs blow,
Where, thro' pines that vigil keep,

Winds from southward softly sweep,
Sweep, and birds sing low.
Then, if aught that lov'd her sigh,
Now she is not nigh,
She will not know!
So all to her be giving,
Field, and flow'r, and sky,
The joy she lov'd in living,
What matter how or why!

London: JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.

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